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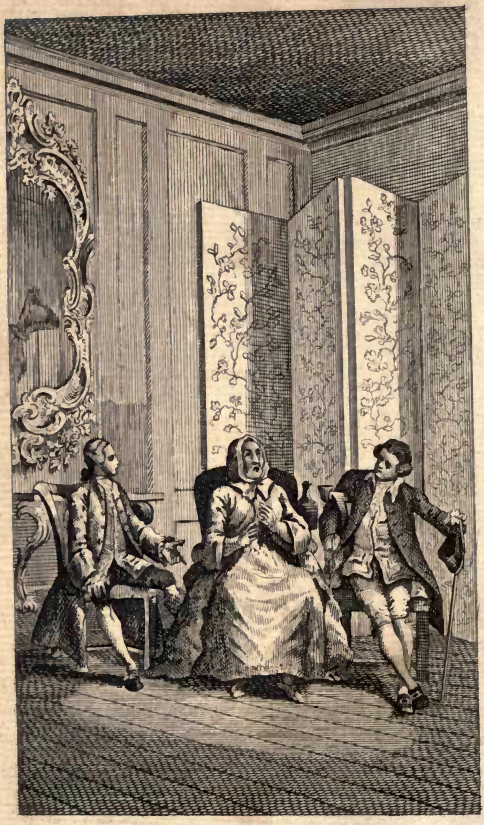
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M[r] Foote *in the Character of* M[rs] Cole.

Colmond

THE DRAMATIC

WORKS

OF

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

In FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

MINOR,
COMMISSARY,
LAME LOVER,
ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS,
ENGLISHMAN RETURN'D FROM PARIS.

44447

LONDON:
Printed for P. VAILLANT, J. RIVINGTON, T. CADELL,
W. NICOLL, and S. BLADON.

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THE

MINOR,

A

COMEDY.

WRITTEN BY

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

Tantum Religio potuit suadere Malorum.

The NINTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for T. LOWNDES, in Fleet-street; T. CASLON, opposite Stationers Hall; T. BECKET, Adelphi; W. NICOLL, in St. Paul's Church-Yard; and S. BLADON, in Pater-noster-Row.

1781.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

PERSONS in the INTRODUCTION.

FOOTE,

CANKER,

SMART,

PEARSE,

In the COMEDY.

Sir WILLIAM WEALTHY,	Mr. BADDELEY.
Mr. RICHARD WEALTHY,	Mr. WRIGHTEN.
Sir GEORGE WEALTHY,	Mr. AICKIN.
SHIFT,	Mr. BANNISTER.
LOADER,	Mr. BRANSBY.
DICK,	Mr. BURTON.
TRANSFER,	Mr. PARSONS.
SMIRK,	Mr. BANNISTER.
The BARON, aſſum'd,	Mr. BADDELEY,
Mrs COLE,	Mr. BANNISTER.
LUCY.	Miſs HOPKINS.

TO HIS GRACE

WILLIAM DUKE of DEVONSHIRE,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majeſty's Houſhold.

MY LORD,

THE MINOR, who is indebted for his appearance on the ſtage to your Grace's indulgence, begs leave to deſire your further protection, at his entering into the world.

Though the allegiance due from the whole dramatic people to your Grace's ſtation, might place this addreſs in the light of a natural tribute; yet, my Lord, I ſhould not have taken that liberty with the Duke of Devonſhire, if I could not at the ſame time, plead ſome little utility in the deſign of my piece; and add, that the public approbation has ſtamped a value on the execution.

The law, which threw the ſtage under the abſolute government of a lord chamberlain, could not fail to fill the minds of all the objects of that power with very gloomy apprehenſions; they found themſelves (through their own licentiouſneſs, it muſt be confeſs'd) in a more precarious dependent ſtate, than any other of his Majeſty's ſubjects. But when their direction was lodged in the hands of a nobleman, whoſe anceſtors had ſo ſucceſsfully ſtruggled for national liberty, they ceaſed to fear for their own. It was not from a patron of the liberal arts they were to expect an oppreſſor; it was not from the friend of freedom, and of man, they were to dread partial monopolies, or the eſtabliſhment of petty tyrannies.

The

Their warmeſt wiſhes are accompliſhed; none of their rights have been invaded, except what, without the firſt poetic authority, I ſhould not venture to call a right, the Jus Nocendi.

Your tenderneſs, my Lord, for all the followers of the Muſes, has been in no inſtance more conſpicuous, than in your late favour to me, the meaneſt of their train; your Grace has thrown open (for thoſe who are denied admittance into the palaces of Parnaſſus) a cottage on its borders, where the unhappy migrants may be, if not magnificently, at leaſt, hoſpitably entertained.

I ſhall detain your Grace no longer, than juſt to echo the public voice, that, for the honour, progreſs, and perfection of letters, your Grace may long continue their candid Censor, who have always been their generous protector.

I have the honour, my Lord, to be, with the greateſt reſpect, and gratitude,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful,

moſt obliged,

and obedient Servant,

Elleſtre, SAMUEL FOOTE.
July 8, 1760.

THE

MINOR.

INTRODUCTION.

Enter Canker *and* Smart.

Smart.

BUT are you ſure he has leave?

Cank. Certain.

Smart. I'am damn'd glad on't. For now we ſhall have a laugh either with him, or at him, it does not ſignify which.

Cank. Not a farthing.

Smart. D'you know his ſcheme?

Cank. Not I. But is not the door of the Little Theatre open?

Smart. Yes. Who is that fellow that ſeems to ſtand centry there?

Cank. By his tatter'd garb and meagre viſage, he muſt be one of the troop.

Smart. I'll call him. Holo, Mr.——

Enter Pearſe.

What, is there any thing going on over the way?

Pear. A rehearſal.

Smart. Of what?

Pear. A new piece.

Smart. Foote's?

Pear. Yes.

Cank. Is he there?

Pear. He is.

Smart. Zounds, let's go and ſee what he about.

Cank. With all my heart.

Smart. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Foote *and an* Actor.

Foote. Sir, this will never do? you muſt get rid of your high notes, and country cant. Oh, 'tis the true ſtrolling.—

Enter Smart *and* Canker.

Smart. Ha, ha, ha! what, hard at it, my boy!——Here's your old friend Canker and I come

I come for a peep. Well, and hey, what is your plan?

Foote. Plan?

Smart. Ay, what are your characters? Give us your groupe; how is your cloth fill'd?

Foote. Characters!

Smart. Ay.—Come, come, communicate. What, man, we will lend thee a lift. I have a damn'd fine original for thee, an aunt of my own, juſt come from the North, with the true Newcaſtle bur in her throat; and a noſe and a chin.—I am afraid ſhe is not well enough known: but I have a remedy for that. I'll bring her the firſt night of your piece, place her in a conſpicuous ſtation, and whiſper the ſecret to the whole houſe. That will be damn'd fine, won't it?

Foote. Oh, delicious!

Smart. But don't name me. For if ſhe ſmokes me for the author, I ſhall be daſh'd out of her codicil in a hurry.

Foote. Oh, never fear me. But I ſhou'd think your uncle Tom a better character.

Smart. What, the politician?

Foote. Aye; that every day, after dinner, as ſoon as the cloth is remov'd, fights the battle of Minden, batters the French with cherry-ſtones, and purſues 'em to the banks of the Rhine in a ſtream of ſpilt port.

Smart. Oh, damn it, he'll do.

Foote.

Foote. Or what ſay you to your father-in-law, Sir Timothy? who, tho' as broken-winded as a Hounſlow poſt-horſe, is eternally chaunting Venetian ballads. Kata tore cara higlia.

Smart. Admirable! by heavens!—Have you got 'em?

Foote. No.

Smart. Then in with 'em my boy.

Foote. Not one.

Smart. Pr'ythee why not?

Foote. Why look'e, Smart, tho' you are, in the language of the world, my friend, yet there is one thing you, I am ſure, love better than any body.

Smart. What's that?

Foote. Miſchief.

Smart. No, pr'ythee——

Foote. How now am I ſure that you, who ſo readily give up your relations, may not have ſome deſign upon me?

Smart. I don't underſtand you.

Foote. Why, as ſoon as my characters begin to circulate a little ſucceſsfully, my mouth is ſtopp'd in a minute, by the clamour of your relations,——Oh, damme,—'tis a ſhame,—it ſhould not be,——people of diſtinction brought upon the ſtage.—And ſo out of compliment to your couſins, I am to be beggar'd for treating the public with the follies of your family, at your own requeſt.

Smart.

Smart. How can you think I wou'd be ſuch a dog? What the devil, then, are we to have nothing perſonal? Give us the actors however.

Foote. Oh, that's ſtale. Beſides, I think they have, of all men, the beſt right to complain.

Smart. How ſo?

Foote. Becauſe, by rendering them ridiculous in their profeſſion, you, at the ſame time, injure their pockets. Now as to the other gentry, they have providentially ſomething beſides their underſtanding to rely on; and the only injury they can receive is, that the whole town is then diverted with what before, was only the amuſement of private parties.

Canker. Give us then a national portrait: a Scotchman or an Iriſhman.

Foote. If you mean merely the dialect of the two countries, I can't think it either a ſubject of ſatire or humour; it is an accidental unhappineſs, for which a man is no more accountable, than the colour of his hair. Now affectation I take to be the true comic object. If, indeed, a North Briton, ſtruck with a ſcheme of reformation, ſhould advance from the banks of the Tweed, to teach the Engliſh the true pronunciation of their own language, he would, I think, merit your laughter: nor would a Dublin mechanic, who, from heading the Liberty-

boys

boys in a ſkirmiſh on Ormond Quay, ſhould think he had a right to preſcribe military laws to the firſt commander in Europe, be a leſs ridiculous object.

Smart. Are there ſuch?

Foote. If you mean that the blunders of a few peaſants, or the partial principles of a ſingle ſcoundrel, are to ſtand as characteriſtical marks of a whole country; your pride may produce a laugh, but, believe me, it is at the expence of your underſtanding.

Canker. Heydey, what a ſyſtem is here! Laws for laughing! And pray, ſage Sir, inſtruct us when we may laugh with propriety?

Foote. At an old beau, a ſuperannuated beauty, a military coward, a ſtuttering orator, or a gouty dancer. In ſhort, whoever affects to be what he is not, or ſtrives to be what he cannot, is an object worthy the poet's pen, and your mirth.

Smart. Pſha, I don't know what you mean by your is nots, and cannots—damn'd abſtruſe jargon. Ha, Canker!

Cank. Well, but if you will not give us perſons, let us have things. Treat us with a modern amour, and a ſtate intrigue, or a—

Foote. And ſo amuſe the public ear at the expence of private peace. You muſt excuſe me.

Cank. And with theſe principles, you expect to thrive on this ſpot?

Smart

Smart. No, no, it won't do. I tell thee the plain roaſt and boil'd of the theatres will never do at this table. We muſt have high ſeaſon'd ragoûts, and rich ſauces.

Foote. Why, perhaps. by way of deſert, I may produce ſomething that may hit your palate.

Smart. Your bill of fare?

Foote. What think you of one of thoſe itinerant field Orators, who, tho' at declar'd enmity with common ſenſe, have the addreſs to poiſon the principles, and at the ſame time pick the pockets, of half our induſtrious fellow ſubjects?

Cank. Have a care. Dangerous ground. Ludere cum ſacris, you know.

Foote. Now I look upon it in a different manner. I conſider theſe gentlemen in the light of public performers, like myſelf; and whether we exhibit at Tottenham-court, or the Hay-market, our purpoſe is the ſame, and the place is immaterial.

Cank. Why, indeed if it be conſidered—

Foote. Nay, more, I muſt beg leave to aſſert, that ridicule is the only antidote againſt this pernicious poiſon. This is a madneſs that argument can never cure: and ſhould a little wholeſome ſeverity be applied, perſecution would be the immediate cry: where then can we have recourſe, but to the comic muſe? Perhaps, the archneſs and ſeverity of her

her ſmile may redreſs an evil, that the laws cannot reach, or reaſon reclaim.

Cank. Why, if it does not cure thoſe already diſtemper'd, it may be a means to ſtop the infection.

Smart. But how is your ſcheme conducted?

Foote. Of that you may judge. We are juſt going upon a repetition of the piece. I ſhould be glad to have your opinion.

Smart. We will give it you.

Foote. One indulgence: As you are Engliſhmen, I think, I need not beg, that as from neceſſity moſt of my performers are new, you will allow for their inexperience, and encourage their timidity.

Smart. But reaſonable.

Foote. Come, then, prompter, begin.

Pear. Lord, Sir, we are all at a ſtand.

Foote. What's the matter?

Pear. Mrs. O-Schohneſy has return'd the part of the baw'd; ſhe ſays ſhe is a gentlewoman, and it would be a reflecti onon her family to do any ſuch thing!

Foote. Indeed.

Pear. If it had been only a whore, ſays ſhe, I ſhould not have minded it; becauſe no lady need be aſhamed of doing that.

Foote. Well, there is no help for it; but theſe gentlemen muſt not be diſappointed. Well, I'll do the character myſelf.

ACT

ACT I.

Sir William Wealthy, *and* Mr. Richard Wealthy.

Sir *William.*

COME, come, brother, I know the world. People who have their attention eternally fixed upon one object, can't help being a little narrow in their notions.

R. Weal. A ſagacious remark that, and highly probable, that we merchants, who maintain a conſtant correſpondence with the four quarters of the world, ſhould know leſs of it than your faſhionable fellows, whoſe whole experience is bounded by Weſtminſter-bridge.

Sir *Will.* Nay, brother, as a proof that I am not blind to the benefit of travelling, George, you know, has been in Germany theſe four years.

R. Weal. Where he is well grounded in gaming and gluttony; France has furniſhed him with fawning and flattery; Italy equip'd him with capriols and cantatas: and thus accompliſh'd

compliſh'd, my young gentleman is return'd with a cargo of whores, cooks, valets de chambre, and fiddleſticks, a moſt valuable member of the Britiſh commonwealth.

Sir *Will.* You diſlike then my ſyſtem of education?

R. Weal. Moſt ſincerely.

Sir *Will.* The whole?

R. Weal. Every particular.

Sir *Will.* The early part, I ſhould imagine, might merit your approbation.

R. Weal. Leaſt of all. What, I ſuppoſe, becauſe he has run the gauntlet thro' a public ſchool, where, at ſixteen, he had practis'd more vices than he would otherwiſe have heard of at ſixty.

Sir *Will.* Ha, ha, prejudice!

R. Weal. Then, indeed, you remov'd him to the univerſity; where, leſt his morals ſhould be mended, and his underſtanding improv'd, you fairly ſet him free from the reſtraint of the one, and the drudgery of the other, by the privileg'd diſtinction of a ſilk gown and a velvet cap.

Sir *Will.* And all theſe evils, you think, a city education would have prevented?

R. Weal. Doubtleſs.——Proverbs, proverbs, brother William, convey wholeſome inſtruction. Idleneſs is the root of all evil. Regular hours, conſtant employment, and good example, can't fail to form the mind.

Sir

Sir *Will.* Why truly, brother, had you ſtuck to your old civic vices, hypocriſy, cou-zenage, and avarice, I don't know, whether I might not have committed George to your care; but you cockneys now beat us ſub-urbians at our own weapons. What, old boy, times are chang'd ſince the date of thy indentures; when the ſleek, crop-eared pren-tice us'd to dangle after his miſtreſs, with the great bible under his arm, to St, Bride's, on a Sunday; bring home the text, repeat the diviſions of the diſcourſe, dine at twelve, and regale, upon a gaudy day, with buns and beer at Iſlington, or Mile-End.

R. Weal. Wonderfully facetious!

Sir *Will.* Our modern lads are of a diffe-rent metal. They have their gaming clubs in the Garden, their little lodgings, the ſnug depoſitories of their ruſty ſwords, and occa-ſional bag-wigs; their horſes for the turf; ay, and their commiſſions of bankruptcy too, before they are well out of their time.

R. Weal. Infamous aſperſion!

Sir *Will.* But the laſt meeting at New-market, lord Lofty receiv'd at the hazard-table, the identical note from the individual taylor to whom he had paid it but the day before, for a new ſet of liveries.

R. Weal. Invention!

Sir *Will.* Theſe are anecdotes you will never meet with in your weekly travels from

Cateaton-ſtreet to your boarded box in Clapham, brother.

R. Wealth. And yet that boarded box, as your prodigal ſpendthrift proceeds, will ſoon be the only ſeat of the family.

Sir *Will.* May be not. Who knows what a reformation our project may produce!

R. Wealth. I do. None at all.

Sir *Will.* Why ſo?

R. Wealth. Becauſe your means are ill-proportion'd to their end. Were he my ſon, I would ſerve him——

Sir *Will.* As you have done your daughter. Diſcard him. But conſider, I have but one.

R. Wealth. That would weigh nothing with me: for, was Charlotte to ſet up a will of her own, and reject the man of my choice, ſhe muſt expect to ſhare the fate of her ſiſter. I conſider families as a ſmaller kind of kingdoms, and would have diſobedience in the one, as ſeverely puniſhed, as rebellion in the other. Both cut off from their reſpective ſocieties

Sir *Will.* Poor Lucy! But ſurely you begin to relent. Mayn't I intercede?

R. Weal. Look'e, brother, you know my mind. I will be abſolute. If I meddle with the management of your ſon, it is at your own requeſt; but if directly or indirectly, you interfere with my baniſhment of that wilful, headſtrong, diſobedient huſſy,

all

all ties between us are broke; and I ſhall no more remember you as a brother, than I do her as a child.

Sir *Will.* I have done. But to return. You think there is a probability in my plan?

R. Weal. I ſhall attend the iſſue.

Sir *Will.* You will lend your aid, however?

R. Weal. We ſhall ſee how you go on.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A letter, ſir.

Sir *Will.* Oh, from Capias, my attorney. Who brought it?

Serv. The perſon is without, ſir.

Sir *Will.* Bid him wait. [*Reads.*] [*Exit* Serv.

Worthy Sir,

The bearer is the perſon I promis'd to procure. I thought it was proper for you to examine him in viva voce. So if you adminiſter a few interrogatories, you will find, by croſs-queſtioning him, whether he is a competent perſon to proſecute the cauſe you wot of. I wiſh you a ſpeedy iſſue: and as there can be no default in your judgment, am of opinion it ſhould be carried into immediate execution. I am,

Worthy Sir, &c.

TIMOTHY CAPIAS.

P. S. *The party's Name is* Samuel Shift. *He is an admirable mime, or mimic, and moſt delectable company; as we experience every Tueſday night at our club, the Magpye and Horſe-ſhoe, Fetter-lane.*

Very methodical indeed, Mr. Capias! John.

Enter Servant.

Bid the perſon who brought this Letter, walk in. [*Exit* Serv.] Have you any curioſity, brother?

R. Weal. Not a jot. I muſt to the Change. In the evening you may find me in the counting-houſe, or at Jonathan's.

[*Exit* R. Wealthy.

Sir *Will.* You ſhall hear from me.

Enter Shift *and* Servant.

Shut the door, John, and remember, I am not at home. [*Exit* Serv.] You came from Mr. Capias?

Shift. I did, ſir.

Sir *Will.* Your name, I think, is Shift?

Shift. It is, ſir.

Sir *Will.* Did Mr. Capias drop any hint of my bus'neſs with you?

Shift. None. He only ſaid, with his ſpectacles on his noſe, and his hand upon his chin, Sir William Wealthy is a reſpectable perſonage, and my client; he wants to retain

tain you in a certain affair, and will open the caſe, and give you your brief himſelf: if you adhere to his inſtructions, and carry your cauſe, he is generous, and will diſcharge your bill without taxation.

Sir *Will.* Ha! ha! my friend Capias to a hair! Well, ſir, this is no bad ſpecimen of your abilities. But ſee that the door is faſt. Now, ſir, you are to——

Shift. A moment's pauſe, if you pleaſe. You muſt know, Sir William, I am a prodigious admirer of forms. Now Mr. Capias tells me, that it is always the rule, to adminiſter a retaining fee before you enter upon the merits.

Sir *Will.* Oh, ſir, I beg your pardon!

Shift. Not that I queſtion'd your generoſity; but forms you know——

Sir *Will.* No apology, I beg. But as we are to have a cloſer connection, it may not be amiſs, by way of introduction, to underſtand one another a little. Pray, ſir, where was you born?

Shift. At my father's.

Sir *Will.* Hum!——And what was he?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir *Will.* What was you bred?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir *Will.* How do you live?

Shift. Like a gentleman.

Sir *Will.* Cou'd nothing induce you to unboſom yourſelf?

Shift. Look'e, Sir William, there is a kind of ſomething in your countenance, a certain openneſs and generoſity, a je ne ſcai quoi in your manner, that I will unlock: You ſhall ſee me all.

Sir *Will.* You will oblige me.

Shift. You muſt know then, that Fortune, which frequently delights to raiſe the nobleſt ſtructures from the ſimpleſt foundations; who from a taylor made a pope, from a gin-ſhop an empreſs, and many a prime miniſter from nothing at all, has thought fit to raiſe me to my preſent height, from the humble employment of Light your Honour——A link boy.

Sir *Will.* A pleaſant fellow.——Who were your parents;

Shift. I was produced, ſir, by a left-handed marriage, in the language of the news-papers, between an illuſtrious lamplighter and an eminent itinerant cat and dog butcher.—Cat's meat, and dog's meat. ——I dare ſay, you have heard my mother, ſir. But as to this happy pair I owe little beſides my being, I ſhall drop them where they dropt me——in the ſtreet.

Sir *Will.* Proceed.

Shift. My firſt knowledge of the world I owe to a ſchool, which has produced many a great man; the avenues of the Play-houſe. There, ſir, leaning on my extinguiſh'd link, I learn'd dexterity from pick-pockets, connivance

nivance from conſtables, politics and faſhions from footmen, and the art of making and breaking a promiſe, from their maſters. Here, ſirrah, light me a-croſs the kennel. ——I hope your honour will remember poor Jack.——Your ragged raſcal, I have no half-pence——I'll pay you the next time I ſee you——But, lack-a-day, ſir, that time I ſaw as ſeldom as his tradeſmen.

Sir *Will.* Very well.

Shift. To theſe accompliſhments from without the Theatre, I muſt add one that I obtain'd within.

Sir *Will.* How did you gain admittance there?

Shift. My merit, ſir, that, like my link, threw a radience round me.——A detachment from the head-quarters here, took poſſeſſion, in the ſummer, of a country corporation, where I did the honours of the barn, by ſweeping the ſtage, and clipping the candles. There my ſkill and addreſs was ſo conſpicuous, that it procur'd me the ſame office the enſuing winter, at Drury-Lane, where I acquir'd intrepidity; the crown of of all my virtues.

Sir *Will.* How did you obtain that?

Shift. By my poſt. For I think, ſir, he that dares ſtand the ſhot of the gallery in lighting, ſnuffing, and ſweeping, the firſt night of a new play, may bid defiance to the pillory, with all its cuſtomary compliments.

Sir *Will.* Some truth in that.

Shift. But an unlucky crab-apple, apply'd to my right eye, by a patriot gingerbread-baker from the Borough, who would not ſuffer three dancers from Switzerland, becauſe he hated the French, forced me to a precipitate retreat.

Sir *Will.* Poor devil!

Shift. Broglio and Contades have done the ſame But as it happen'd, like a tennis-ball, I roſe higher than the rebound.

Sir *Will.* How ſo?

Shift. My misfortune, ſir, mov'd the compaſſion of one of our performers, a whimſical man, he took me into his ſervice. To him I owe, what I believe, will make me uſeful to you.

Sir *Will.* Explain.

Shift. Why, ſir, my maſter was remarkably happy in an art, which, however diſeſteem'd at preſent, is, by Tully, reckon'd amongſt the perfections of an orator; Mimickry.

Sir *Will.* Why, you are deeply read, Mr. Shift!

Shift A ſmattering—But as I was ſaying, ſir, nothing came amiſs to my maſter. Bipeds, or quadrupeds, ; rationals, or animals; from the clamour of the bar, to the cackle of the barn-door; from the ſoporific twang of the tabernacle of Tottenham-Court, to the melodious bray of their long-ear'd brethren

thren in Bunhill-Fields; all were objects of his imitation, and my attention. In a word, sir, for two whole years, under this professor, I study'd and starv'd, impoverish'd my body, and pamper'd my mind; till thinking myself pretty near equal to my master, I made him one of his own bows, and set up for myself.

Sir *Will.* You have been successful, I hope.

Shift Pretty well, I can't complain. My art, sir, is a pass-par-tout. I seldom want employment. Let's see how stand my engagements. [*Pulls out a pocket-book.*] Hum, —hum, Oh! Wednesday at Mrs. Gammut's near Hanover-square; there, there, I shall make a meal upon the Mingotti; for her ladyship is in the opera interest; but, however, I shall revenge her cause upon her rival Mattei. Sunday evening at Lady Sustinuto's concert. Thursday I dine upon the actors, with ten Templars, at the Mitre in Fleet-street. Friday I am to give the amorous parly of two intriguing cats in a gutter, with the disturbing of a hen-roost, at Mr. Deputy Sugarsops, near the Monument. So sir, you see my hands are full. In short, Sir William, there is not a buck or a turtle devoured within the bills of mortality, but there I may, if I please, stick a napkin under my chin.

Sir

Sir *Will.* I'm afraid, Mr. Shift, I muſt break in a little upon your engagements; but you ſhall not be no loſer by the bargain.

Shift. Command me.

Sir *Will.* You can be ſecret as well as ſerviceable?

Shift. Mute as a mackrel.

Sir *Will.* Come hither then. If you betray me to my ſon.——

Shift. Scalp me.

Sir *Will.* Enough.—You muſt know then, the hopes of our family are, Mr. Shift, center'd in one boy.

Shift. And I warrant, he is a hopeful one.

Sir *Will.* No interruption, I beg. George has been abroad theſe four years, and from his late behaviour, I have reaſon to believe, that had a certain event happened, which I am afraid he wiſhed,—my death——

Shift. Yes; that's natural enough.

Sir *Will.* Nay, pray,—there wou'd ſoon be an end to an ancient and honourable family.

Shift. Very melancholy indeed. But families, like beſoms, will wear to the ſtumps, and finally fret out, as you ſay.

Sir *Will.* Pr'ythee peace for five minutes.

Shift. I am tongue-ty'd.

Sir *Will.* Now I have projected a ſcheme to prevent this calamity.

Shift. Ay, I ſhould be glad to hear that.

Sir *Will.* I am going to tell it you.

Shift. Proceed.

Sir

Sir *Will.* George, as I have contriv'd it, ſhall experience all the miſery of real ruin, without running the leaſt riſque.

Shift. Ay, that will be a coup de maitre.

Sir *Will.* I have prevail'd upon his uncle, a wealthy citizen——

Shift. I don't like a city plot.

Sir *Will.* I tell thee it is my own.

Shift. I beg pardon.

Sir *Will.* My brother, I ſay, ſome time ſince wrote him a circumſtantial account of my death; upon which, he is returned, in full expectation of ſucceeding to my eſtate.

Shift. Immediately.

Sir *Will.* No; when at age. In about three months.

Shift. I underſtand you.

Sir *Will.* Now, ſir, gueſſing into what hands my heedleſs boy would naturally fall, on his retnrn, I have, in a feign'd character, aſſociated myſelf with a ſet of raſcals, who will ſpread every bait that can flatter folly, inflame extravagance, allure inexperience, or catch credulity. And when, by their means, he thinks himſelf reduc'd to the laſt extremity; loſt even to the moſt diſtant hope——

Shift. What then?

Sir *Will.* Then will I ſtep in like his guardian-angel, and ſnatch him from perdition. If mortify'd by miſery, he becomes conſcious of his errors, I have ſav'd my ſon; but

but if, on the other hand, gratitude can't bind, nor ruin reclaim him, I will caſt him out, as an alien to my blood, and truſt for the ſupport of my name and family to a remoter branch.

Shift. Bravely reſolv'd. But what part am I to ſuſtain in this drama?

Sir *Will.* Why George, you are to know, is already ſtript of what money he could command, by two ſharpers: but as I never truſt them out of my ſight they can't deceive me.

Shift. Out of your ſight!

Sir *Will.* Why, I tell thee, I am one of the knot: an adept in their ſcience, can ſlip, ſhuffle, cog, or cut with the beſt of 'em.

Shift. How do you eſcape your ſon's notice?

Sir *Will.* His firm perſuaſion of my death, with the extravagance of my diſguiſe.—— Why, I wou'd engage to elude your penetration, when I am beau'd out for the baron. But of that by and by. He has recourſe, after his ill ſucceſs, to the cent. per cent. gentry, the uſurers, for a further ſupply.

Shift. Natural enough.

Sir *Will.* Pray do you know,—I forgot his name,—a wrinkled old fellow, in a thread-bare coat? He ſits every morning, from twelve till two, in the left corner of Lloyd's coffee-houſe; and every evening, from five

five till eight, under the clock, at the Temple-exchange.

Shift. What, little Transfer the broker!

Sir *Will.* The ſame. Do you know him?

Shift. Know him! Ay, rot him. It was but laſt Eaſter Tueſday, he had me turn'd out at a feaſt, in Leather-ſeller's Hall, for ſinging Room for Cuckold's, like a parrot; and vow'd it meant a reflection upon the whole body corporate.

Sir *Will.* You have reaſon to remember him.

Shift. Yes, yes, I recommended a minor to him myſelf, for the loan only of fifty pounds; and wou'd you believe it, as I hope to be ſav'd, we din'd, ſupp'd, and wetted five-and-thirty guineas upon tick, in meetings at the Croſs-keys, in order to ſettle the terms; and after all, the ſcoundrel would not lend us a ſtiver.

Sir *Will.* Cou'd you perſonate him?

Shift. Him! Oh, you ſhall ſee me ſhift into his ſhamble in a minute: and, with a wither'd face, a bit of a purple noſe, a cautionary ſtammer, and a ſleek ſilver head, I would undertake to deceive even his banker. But to ſpeak the truth, I have a friend that can do this inimitably well. Have not you ſomething of more conſequence for me?

Sir *Will.* I have. Cou'd not you, maſter Shift, aſſume another ſhape? You have attended auctions.

Shift.

Shift. Auctions! a conſtant puff. Deep in the myſtery; aprofeſſed connoiſſeur, from a Niger to a nautilus, from the Apollo Belvidere to a butterfly.

Sir *Will.* One of theſe inſinuating, oily orators I will get you to perſonate: for we muſt have the plate and jewels in our poſſeſſion, or they will ſoon fall into other hands.

Shift. I will do it.

Sir *Will.* Within I'll give you farther inſtructions.

Shift. I'll follow you.

Sir *Will.* [*Going, returns.*] You will want materials.

Shift. Oh, my dreſs I can be furniſh'd with in five minutes. [*Exit Sir* Will.] A whimſical old blade this. I ſhall laugh if this ſcheme miſcarries. I have a ſtrange mind to lend it a lift—never had a greater—Pho, a damn'd unnatural connection this of mine! What have I to do with fathers and guardians! a parcel of preaching, prudent, careful, curmudgeonly—dead to pleaſures themſelves, and the blaſters of it in others——Mere dogs in a manger—No, no, I'll veer, tack about, open my budget to the boy, and join in a counter-plot. But hold, hold, friend Stephen, ſee firſt how the land lies. Who knows whether this Germaniz'd genius has parts to comprehend, or ſpirit to reward thy merit. There's danger in that,

ay,

ay, marry is there 'Egad before I ſhift the helm, I'll firſt examine the coaſt; and then if there be but a bold ſhore, and a good bottom, have a care, old Square Toes, you will meet with your match. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir George, Loader, *and Servant.*

Sir *Geo.* Let the Martin pannels for the vis-a-vis be carried to Long-Acre, and the pye-balls ſent to Hall's to be bitted——You will give me leave to be in your debt till the evening, Mr. Loader. I have juſt enough left to diſcharge the baron; and we muſt, you know, be punctual with him, for the credit of the country.

Load. Fire him, a ſnub-nos'd ſon of a bitch. Levant me, but he got enough laſt night to purchaſe a principality amongſt his countrymen, the High-dutchians and Huſſarians.

Sir *Geo.* You had your ſhare, Mr. Loader.

Load. Who, I! Lurch me at four, but I was mark'd to the top of your trick, by the baron, my dear. What, I am no cinque and quarter man. Come, ſhall we have a dip in the hiſtory of the Four Kings this morning?

Sir *Geo.* Rather too early. Beſides, it is the rule abroad, never to engage a-freſh, till our old ſcores are diſcharg'd.

Load.

Load. Capot me, but thoſe lads abroad are pretty fellows, let'em ſay what they will. Here, ſir, they will vowel you, from father to ſon, to the twentieth generation. They wou'd as ſoon now-a-days pay a tradeſman's bill, as a play debt. All ſenſe of honour is gone, not a ſtiver ſtirring. They cou'd as ſoon raiſe the dead as two pounds two; nick me, but I have a great mind to tie up, and ruin the raſcals—What, has Transfer been here this morning?

Enter Dick.

Sir *Geo.* Any body here this morning, Dick?

Dick. No body, your honour.

Load. Repique the raſcal. He promis'd to be here before me.

Dick. I beg your honour's pardon. Mrs. Cole from the Piazza was here, between ſeven and eight.

Sir *Geo.* An early hour for a lady of her calling.

Dick. Mercy on me! The poor gentlewoman is mortally altered ſince we us'd to lodge there, in our jaunts from Oxford; wrapt up in flannels: all over the rheumatiſe.

Load. Ay, ay, old Moll is at her laſt ſtake.

Dick.

Dick. She bade me ſay, ſhe juſt ſtopt in her way to the tabernacle; after the exhortation, ſhe ſays, ſhe'll call again.

Sir *Geo.* Exhortation! Oh, I recollect. Well, whilſt they only make proſelytes from that profeſſion, they are heartily welcome to them. She does not mean to make me a convert?

Dick. I believe ſhe has ſome ſuch deſign upon me; for ſhe offer'd me a book of hymns, a ſhilling, and a dram, to go along with her.

Sir *Geo.* No bad ſcheme, Dick. Thou haſt a fine, ſober, pſalm-ſinging countenance; and when thou haſt been ſome time in their trammels, may'ſt make as able a teacher as the beſt of 'em.

Dick. Laud, ſir, I want learning.

Sir *Geo.* Oh, the ſpirit, the ſpirit will ſupply all that, Dick, never fear.

Enter Sir William *as a German baron.*

My dear baron, what news from the Haymarket? What ſays the Florenza? Does ſhe yield? Shall I be happy? Say yes, and command my fortune.

Sir *Will.* I was never did ſee ſo fine a woman ſince I was leave Hamburgh; dere was all de colour, all red and white, dat was quite natural; point d'artifice. Then ſhe was dance and ſing——I vow to heaven, I was never ſee de like!

Sir *Geo.* But how did ſhe receive my embaſſy? What hopes?

Sir *Will.* Why dere was, monſieur le chevalier, when I firſt enter, dree or four damn'd queer people? ah, ah, dought I, by gad I gueſs your buſineſs. Dere was one fat big woman's, dat I know long time: le valet de chambre was tell me dat ſhe came from a grand merchand; ha, ha, dought I, by your leave, ſtick to your ſhop; or, if you muſt have de pritty girl, dere is de play-hous, dat do very well for you; but for de opera, pardonnez, by gar dat is meat for your maſter.

Sir *Geo.* Inſolent mechanic!—but ſhe deſpis'd him?

Sir *Will.* Ah, may foy, he is damn'd rich, has beaucoup de guineas; but after de fat woman was go, I was tell the ſignora, madam, der is one certain chevalier of dis country, who has travell'd, ſee de world, bien fait, well made, beaucoup d'Eſprit, a great deal of monies, who beg, by gar, to have de honour to drow himſelf at your feet.

Sir *Geo.* Well, well, baron.

Sir *Will.* She aſka your name; as ſoon as I tell her, aha, by gar, dans an inſtant, ſhe melt like de lomp of ſugar: ſhe run to her bureau, and, in de minute, return wid de paper

Sir *Geo.* Give it me. [*Reads.*

Les

Les preliminaries d'une traite entre le chevalier Wealthy, and la ſignor Diamenti

A bagatelle, a trifle: ſhe ſhall have it.

Load. Hark'e, knight, what is all that there outlandiſh ſtuff?

Sir *Geo.* Read, read! The eloquence of angels, my dear baron!

Load. Slam me, but the man's mad! I don't underſtand their Gibberiſh——What is it in Engliſh?

Sir *Geo.* The preliminaries of a ſubſidy treaty, between Sir G. Wealthy, and ſignora Florenza? that the ſaid ſignora will reſign the poſſeſſion of her perſon to the ſaid Sir George, on the payment of three hundred guineas monthly, for equipage, table, domeſtics, dreſs, dogs, and diamonds; her debts to be duly diſcharged, and a note advanced of five hundred by way of entrance.

Load. Zounds, what a cormorant! She muſt be deviliſh handſome.

Sir *Geo.* I am told ſo.

Load. Told ſo! Why did you never ſee her?

Sir *Geo.* No; and poſſibly never may, but from my box at the opera.

Load. Hey-day! Why what the devil—

Sir *Geo.* Ha, ha, you ſtare, I dont wonder at it. This is an elegant refinement, unknown to the groſs voluptuaries of this

part of the world. This is, Mr. Loader, what may be called a debt to your dignity: for an opera girl is as eſſential a piece of equipage for a man of faſhion, as his coach.

Load. The devil!

Sir *Geo.* 'Tis for the vulgar only to enjoy what they poſſeſs: the diſtinction of ranks and conditions are, to have hounds, and never hunt; cooks, and dine at taverns; houſes, you never inhabit; miſtreſſes, you never enjoy——

Load. And debts, you never pay. Egad, I am not ſurpriz'd at it; if this be your trade, no wonder that you want money for neceſſaries, when you give ſuch a damn'd deal for nothing at all.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Cole, to wait upon your honour.

Sir *Geo.* My dear baron, run, diſpatch my affair, conclude my treaty, and thank her for the very reaſonable conditions.

Sir *Will.* I ſall.

Sir *Geo.* Mr. Loader, ſhall I trouble you to introduce the lady? She is, I think, your acquaintance.

Load. Who, old Moll? Ay, ay, ſhe's your market-woman. I wou'd not give ſix-pence for your ſignoras. One armful of good, wholeſome Britiſh beauty, is worth a ſhip-load

load of their trapſing, tawdry trollops, But hark'e, baron, how much for the table? Why ſhe muſt have a deviliſh large family, or a monſtrous ſtomach.

Sir *Will.* Ay, ay, dere, is her moder, la complaiſante to walk in de Park, and to go to de play; two broders, deux valets, dree Spaniſh lap-dogs, and de monkey.

Load. Strip me, if I wou'd ſet five ſhillings againſt the whole gang. May my partner renounce with the game in his hand, if I were you, knight, if I would not—— [*Ex.* Bar.

Sir *Geo.* But the lady waits. [*Ex.* Load.] A ſtrange fellow this! What a whimſical jargon he talks! Not an idea abſtracted from play! To ſay truth, I am ſincerely ſick of my acquaintance: But, however, I have the firſt people in the kingdom to keep me in countenance. Death and the dice level all diſtinctions.

Enter Mrs. Cole, *ſupported by* Loader *and* Dick.

Mrs. *Cole.* Gently, gently, good Mr. Loader.

Load. Come along, old Moll. Why, you jade, you look as roſy this morning, I muſt have a ſmack at your muns. Here, taſte her, ſhe is as good as old hock to get you a ſtomach.

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Mrs. *Cole*, Fye, Mr. Loader, I thought you had forgot me.

Load. I forget you! I would as ſoon forget what is trumps.

Mrs. *Cole*, Softly, ſoftly, young man. There, there, mighty well. And how does your honour do? I han't ſeen your honour, I can't tell the—Oh! mercy on me, there's a twinge——

Sir *Geo.* What is the matter, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. *Cole*. My old diſorder, the rheumatiſe; I han't been able to get a wink of—— Oh la! what, you have been in town theſe two days?

Sir *Geo.* Since Wedneſday.

Mrs. *Cole*. And never once call'd upon old Cole. No, no, I am worn out, thrown by and forgotten, like a tatter'd garment, as Mr. Squintum ſays. Oh, he is a dear man! But for him I had been a loſt ſheep; never known the comforts of the new birth; no, ——There's your old friend, Kitty Carrot, at home ſtill. What, ſhall we ſee you this evening? I have kept the green room for you ever ſince I heard you were in town.

Load. What ſhall we take a ſnap at old Moll's. Hey, beldam, have you a good batch of Burgundy abroach?

Mrs. *Cole*. Bright as a ruby; and for flavour! You know the colonel——He and Jenny Cummins drank three flaſks, hand to fiſt, laſt night.

Load.

Load. What, and bilk thee of thy ſhare?

Mrs. *Cole.* Ah, don't mention it, Mr. Loader. No, that's all over with me. The time has been, when I cou'd have earn'd thirty ſhillings a day by my own drinking, and the next morning was neither ſick nor ſorry: But now, O laud, a thimbleful turns me topſy-turvy.

Load. Poor old girl!

Mrs. *Cole.* Ay, I have done with theſe idle vanities; my thoughts are fix'd upon a better place. What, I ſuppoſe, Mr. Loader, you will be for your old friend the black-ey'd girl, from Roſemary-Lane. Ha, ha! Well, 'tis a merry little tit. A thouſand pities ſhe's ſuch a reprobate!——But ſhe'll mend; her time is not come: all ſhall have their call, as Mr. Squintum ſays, ſooner or later; regeneration is not the work of a day. No, no, no,—Oh!

Sir *Geo.* Not worſe I hope.

Mrs. *Cole.* Rack, rack, gnaw, gnaw, never eaſy, a-bed or up all's one. Pray honeſt friend, have you any clary, or mint-water in the houſe?

Dick. A caſe of French drams.

Mrs. *Cole.* Heaven defend me! I would not touch a dram for the world.

Sir *Geo.* They are but cordials, Mrs. Cole. Fetch'em, you blockhead. [*Ex.* Dick.]

Mrs. *Cole.* Ay, I am a going; a waſting and a waſting, Sir George. What will

become of the houſe when I am gone, heaven knows.——No.——When people are miſs'd, then they are mourned. Sixteen years have I liv'd in the Garden, comfortably and creditably; and, tho' I ſay it, could have got bail any hour of the day: Reputable tradeſmen, Sir George, neighbours, Mr. Loader knows; no knock-me-down doings in my houſe. A ſet of regular, ſedate, ſober cuſtomers. No rioters. Sixteen did I ſay—Ay, eighteen years I have paid ſcot and lot in the pariſh of St. Paul's, and during the whole time, no body have ſaid, Mrs. Cole, why do you ſo? Unleſs twice that I was before Sir Thomas De Val, and three times in the round-houſe.

Sir *Geo.* Nay, don't weep, Mrs. Cole.

Load. May I looſe deal, with an honour at bottom, if old Moll does not bring tears into my eyes.

Mrs *Cole.* However, it is a comfort after all, to think one has paſt thro' the world with credit and character. Ay, a good name, as Mr. Squintum ſays, is better than a gallipot of ointment.

Enter Dick, *with a dram.*

Load. Come, haſte, Dick, haſte; ſorrow is dry. Here, Moll, ſhall I fill thee a bumper?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Cole.* Hold, hold, Mr. Loader! Heaven help you, I could as ſoon ſwallow the Thames. Only a ſip, to keep the gout out of my ſtomach.

Load. Why then, here's to thee.—Levant me, but it is ſupernaculum.—Speak when you have enough.

Mrs. *Cole.* I won't trouble you for the glaſs; my hands do ſo tremble and ſhake, I ſhall but ſpill the good creature.

Load. Well pull'd. But now to buſineſs. Pr'ythee, Moll, did not I ſee a tight young wench in a linen gown, knock at your door this morning?

Mrs. *Cole.* Ay; a young thing from the country.

Load. Could we not get a peep at her this evening?

Mrs. *Cole.* Impoſſible! She is engag'd to Sir Timothy Totter. I have taken earneſt for her theſe three months.

Load. Pho, what ſignifies ſuch a fellow as that! Tip him an old trader, and give her to the knight.

Mrs. *Cole.* Tip him an old trader!—Mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Loader?

Load. Crop me, but this Squintum has turn'd her brains.

Sir *Geo.* Nay, Mr. Loader, I think the gentleman has wrought a moſt happy reformation.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Cole.* Oh, it was a wonderful work. There had I been toſſing in a ſea of ſin, without rudder or compaſs. And had not the good gentleman piloted me into the harbour of grace, I muſt have ſtruck againſt the rocks of reprobation, and have been quite ſwallow'd up in the whirlpool of deſpair. He was the prècious inſtrument of my ſpiritual ſprinkling.—But however, Sir George, if your mind be ſet upon a young country thing, to-morrow night I believe I can furniſh you.

Load. As how?

Mrs. *Cole.* I have advertis'd this morning, in the regiſter-office, for ſervants under ſeventeen; and ten to one but I light on ſomething that will do.

Load. Pillory me, but it has a face.

Mrs. *Cole.* Truly, conſiſtently with my conſcience, I wou'd do any thing for your honour.

Sir *Geo.* Right, Mrs. Cole, never loſe ſight of that monitor. But pray how long has this heavenly change been wrought in you?

Mrs. *Cole.* Ever ſince my laſt viſitation of the gout. Upon my firſt fit, ſeven years ago, I began to have my doubts, and my waverings; but I was loſt in a labyrinth, and nobody to ſhew me the road. One time, I thought of dying a Roman, which is truly a comfortable communion enough for one of us: but it wou'd not do.

Sir

Sir *Geo.* Why not?

Mrs. *Cole.* I went one ſummer over to Boulogne to repent; and, wou'd you believe it, the bare-footed, bald-pate beggars would not give me abſolution, without I quitted my buſineſs——Did you ever hear of ſuch a ſet of ſcabby——Beſides, I cou'd not bear their barbarity. Would you believe it, Mr. Loader, they lock up for their lives, in a nunnery, the prettieſt, ſweeteſt, tender, young things!——Oh, fix of them, for a ſeaſon, wou'd finiſh my buſineſs here, and then I ſhou'd have nothing to do, but to think of hereafter.

Load. Brand me, what a country!

Sir *Geo.* Oh, ſcandalous!

Mrs. *Cole.* O no, it would not do. So, in my laſt illneſs, I was wiſh'd to Mr. Squintum, who ſtept in with his ſaving grace, got me with the new birth, and I became as you ſee, regenerate, and another creature.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Mr. Transfer, ſir, has ſent to know if your honour be at home.

Sir *Geo.* Mrs. Cole, I am mortify'd to part with you. But bus'neſs, you know—

Mrs. *Cole.* True, ſir George. Mr. Loader, your arm——Gently, oh, oh!

Sir *Geo.* Wou'd you take another thimbleful, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Cole*. Not a drop——I ſhall ſee you this evening?

Sir *Geo*. Depend upon me.

Mrs. *Cole*. To-morrow I hope to ſuit you ——We are to have, at the tabernacle, an occaſional hymn, with a thankſgiving ſermon for my recovery. After which, I ſhall call at the regiſter office, and ſee what goods my advertiſement has brought in.

Sir *Geo*. Extremely obliged to you, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. *Cole*. Or if that ſhould not do, I have a tid bit at home, will ſuit your ſtomach. Never bruſh'd by a beard. Well, heaven bleſs you—Softly, have a care, Mr. Loader ——Richard, you may as well give me the bottle into the chair, for fear I ſhould be taken ill on the road. Gently——ſo, ſo! [*Exit Mrs*. Cole *and* Loader.]

Sir *Geo*. Dick, ſhew Mr. Transfer in—— Ha, ha, what a hodge podge! How the jade has jumbled together the carnal and the ſpiritual; with what eaſe ſhe reconciles her new birth to her old calling! —No wonder theſe preachers have plenty of proſelytes, whilſt they have the addreſs ſo comfortably to blend the hitherto jarring intereſts of the two worlds.

Enter Loader.

Well, knight, I have hous'd her; but they want you within, ſir.

Sir *Geo*. I'll go to them immediately.

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Dick, *introducing* Transfer.

Dick. MY maſter will come to you preſently.

Enter Sir George.

Sir *Geo.* Mr. Transfer, your ſervant.

Tranſ. Your honour's very humble. I thought to have found Mr. Loader here.

Sir *Geo.* He will return immediately. Well, Mr. Transfer——but take a chair--you have had a long walk. Mr. Loader, I preſume, open'd to you the urgency of my bus'neſs.

Tranſ. Ay, ay, the general cry, money, money? I dont know, for my part, where all the money is flown to. Formerly a note, with a tolerable endorſement, was as current as caſh. If your uncle Richard now wou'd join in this ſecurity——-

Sir *Geo.* Impoſſible.

Tranſ. Ay, like enough. I wiſh you were of age.

Sir

Sir *Geo.* So do I. But as that will be conſider'd in the premium.——

Tranſ. True, true,——I ſee you underſtand buſ'neſs——And what ſum does your honour lack at preſent?

Sir *Geo.* Lack!——How much have you brought?

Tranſ. Who, I? Dear me! none.

Sir *Geo.* Zounds, none!

Tranſ. Lack-a-day, none to be had, I think. All the morning have I been upon the hunt. There, Ephraim Barebones' the tallow chandler, in Thames-ſtreet, us'd to be a never-failing chap; not a guinea to be got there. Then I totter'd away to Nebuchadnezzar Zebulon, in the Old Jewry, but it happen'd to be Saturday; and they never touch on the Sabbath, you know.

Sir *Geo.* Why what the devil can I do?

Tranſ. Good me, I did not know your honour had been ſo preſs'd.

Sir *Geo.* My honour preſt! Yes, my honour is not only preſt, but ruin'd, unleſs I can raiſe money to redeem it. That blockhead Loader, to depend upon this old doating——

Tranſ. Well, well, now I declare, I am quite ſorry to ſee your honour in ſuch a taking.

Sir *Geo.* Damn your ſorrow.

Tranſ. But come, don't be caſt down: Tho' money is not to be had, money's worth may, and that's the ſame thing.

Sir

Sir *Geo.* How, dear Transfer?

Tranſ. Why I have, at my warehouſe in the city, ten caſks of whale-blubber, a large cargo of Dantzick dowlas, with a curious ſortment of Birmingham hafts, and Whitney blankets for exportation.

Sir *Geo.* Hey!

Tranſ. And ſtay, ſtay, then, again, at my country-houſe, the bottom of Gray's-inn-Lane, there's a hundred tun of fine old hay, only damag'd a little laſt winter, for want of thatching; with forty load of flint ſtones.

Sir *Geo.* Well.

Tranſ. Your honour may have all theſe for a reaſonable profit, and convert them into caſh.

Sir *Geo.* Blubber and blankets? Why, you old raſcal, do you banter me?

Tranſ. Who I? O law, marry heaven forbid.

Sir *Geo.* Get out of my—you ſtuttering ſcoundrel.

Tranſ. If your honour wou'd but hear me——

Sir *Geo.* Troop, I ſay, unleſs you have a mind to go a ſhorter way than you came. [*Ex.* Tr.] And yet there is ſomething ſo uncommonly ridiculous in his propoſal, that were my mind more at eaſe. [*Enter* Loader.] So, ſir, you have recommended me to a fine fellow.

Load. What's the matter?

Sir

Sir *Geo.* He can't ſupply me with a ſhilling! and wants, beſides, to make me a dealer in dowlas.

Load. Ay, and a very good commodity too. People that are upon ways and means, muſt not be nice, knight. A pretty piece of work you have made here! Thrown up the cards, with the game in your hands.

Sir *Geo.* Why, pr'ythee, of what uſe wou'd his——

Load. Uſe! of every uſe. Procure you the ſpankers, my boy. I have a broker, that in a twinkling, ſhall take off your bargain.

Sir *Geo.* Indeed!

Load. Indeed! Ay, indeed. You ſit down to hazard and not know the chances! I'll call him back.—Holo, Transfer.—A pretty little, buſy, buſtling—You may travel miles, before you will meet with his match. If there is one pound in the city, he will get it. He creeps, like a ferret, into their bags, and makes the yellow boys bolt again.

Enter Transfer.

Come hither, little Transfer; what, man, our Minor was a little too haſty; he did not underſtand trap: knows nothing of the game, my dear.

Tranſ. What I ſaid, was to ſerve Sir George; as he ſeem'd———

Load. I told him ſo; well, well, we will take thy commodities, were they as many more.

more. But try, pr'ythee if thou cou'dſt not procure us ſome of the ready, for preſent ſpending.

Tranſ. Let me conſider.

Load. Ay, do, come: ſhuffle thy brains; never fear the baronet. To let a lord of lands want ſhiners; 'tis a ſhame.

Tranſ. I do recollect, in this quarter of the town, an old friend, that us'd to do things in this way.

Load. Who?

Tranſ. Statute, the ſcrivener.

Load. Slam me, but he has nick'd the chance.

Tranſ. A hard man, maſter Loader!

Sir *Geo.* No matter.

Tranſ. His demands are exorbitant.

Sir *Geo.* That is no fault of ours.

Load. Well ſaid, knight!

Tranſ. But to ſave time, I had better mention his terms.

Load. Unneceſſary.

Tranſ. Five per cent. legal intereſt.

Sir *Geo.* He ſhall have it.

Tranſ. Ten, the præmium.

Sir *Geo.* No more words.

Tranſ. Then, as you are not of age, five more for enſuring your life.

Load. We will give it.

Tranſ. As for what he will demand for the riſque——

Sir *Geo.* He ſhall be ſatisfy'd.

Tranſ. You pay the attorney.

Sir *Geo.* Amply, amply; Loader, diſpatch him.

Load. There, there, little Transfer; now every thing is ſettled. All terms ſhall be comply'd with, reaſonable or unreaſonable. What, our principal is a man of honour. [*Ex.* Tr.] Hey, my knight, this is doing buſineſs. This pinch is a ſure card.

Re-enter Transfer.

Tranſ. I had forgot one thing. I am not the principal; you pay the brokerage.

Load. Ay, ay; and a handſome preſent into the bargain, never fear.

Tranſ. Enough, enough.

Load. Hark'e, Transfer, we'll take the Birmingham hafts and Whitney wares.

Tranſ. They ſhall be forthcoming.—— You would not have the hay, with the flints?

Load. Every pebble of 'em. The magiſtrates of the Baronet's borough are infirm and gouty. He ſhall deal them as new pavement. [*Ex.* Tr.] So, that's ſettled. I believe, knight, I can lend you a helping hand as to the laſt article. I know ſome traders that will truck: fellows with finery, Not commodities of ſuch clumſey conveyance as old Transfer's

Sir *Geo.* You are obliging.

Load.

Load. I'll do it, boy; and get you, into the bargain, a bonny auctioneer, that ſhall diſpoſe of 'em all in a crack. [*Exit*

Enter Dick.

Dick. Your uncle, ſir, has been waiting ſome time.

Sir *Geo.* He comes in a lucky hour. Shew him in. [*Ex.* Dick.] Now for a lecture. My ſituation ſha'n't ſink my ſpirits, however. Here comes the muſty trader, running over with remonſtrances. I muſt banter the cit.

Enter Richard Wealthy.

R. Weal. So, ſir, what, I ſuppoſe, this is a ſpice of your foreign breeding, to let your uncle kick his heels in your hall, whilſt your preſence chamber is crouded with pimps, bawds, and gameſters.

Sir *Geo.* Oh, a proof of my reſpect, dear nuncle. Would it have been decent now, nuncle, to have introduced you into ſuch company?

R. Weal. Wonderfully conſiderate! Well, young man, and what do you think will be the end of all this? Here I have received by the laſt mail, a quire of your draughts from abroad. I ſee you are determin'd our neighbours ſhould taſte of your magnificence.

Sir *Geo.* Yes, I think I did ſome credit to my country.

R. Weal. And how are all theſe to be paid?

Sir *Geo.* That I ſubmit to you, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. From me!——Not a ſouſe to keep you from the counter.

Sir *Geo.* Why then let the ſcoundrels ſtay. It is their duty. I have other demands, debts of honour. which muſt be diſcharg'd.

R. Weal. Here's a diabolical diſtinction! Here's a proſtitution of words!—Honour! 'Sdeath, that a raſcal, who has pick'd your pocket, ſhall have his crime gilded with the moſt ſacred diſtinction, and his plunder punctually paid, whilſt the induſtrious mechanic, who miniſters to your very wants, ſhall have his debt delay'd, and his demand treated as inſolent.

Sir *Geo.* Oh! a truce to this thread-bare trumpery, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. I confeſs my folly; but make yourſelf eaſy; you won't be troubled with many more of my viſits. I own I was weak enough to deſign a ſhort expoſtulation with you; but as we in the city know the true value of time, I ſhall take care not to ſquander away any more of it upon you.

Sir *Geo.* A prudent reſolution.

R. Weal. One commiſſion, however, I can't diſpenſe with myſelf from executing. ——It was agreed between your father and me,

me, that as he had but one ſon and I one daughter——

Sir *Geo.* Your gettings ſhould be added to his eſtate, and my couſin Margery and I ſquat down together in the comfortable ſtate of matrimony.

R. Weal. Puppy! Such was our intention. Now his laſt will claims this contract.

Sir *Geo.* Diſpatch, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. Why then, in a word, ſee me here demand the execution.

Sir *Geo.* What d'ye mean? For me to marry Margery?

R. Weal. I do.

Sir *Geo.* What, moi-me?

R. Weal. You, you——Your anſwer, ay or no?

Sir *Geo.* Why then conciſely and briefly, without evaſion, equivocation, or further circumlocution,——No.

R. Weal. I am glad of it.

Sir *Geo.* So am I.

R. Weal. But pray, if it wou'd not be too great a favour, what objections can you have to my daughter? Not that I want to remove 'em, but merely out of curioſity, What objections?

Sir *Geo.* None. I neither know her, have ſeen her, enquired after her, or ever intend it.

R. Weal. What, perhaps, I am the ſtumbling block?

Sir *Geo.* You have hit it.

R. Weal. Ay, now we come to the point, Well, and pray——

Sir *Geo.* Why it is not ſo much a diſlike to your perſon, tho' that is exceptionable enough, but your profeſſion, dear nuncle, is an inſuperable obſtacle.

R. Weal. Good lack! And what harm has that done, pray?

Sir *Geo.* Done! So ſtain'd, polluted, and tainted the whole maſs of your blood, thrown ſuch a blot on your 'ſcutcheon, as ten regular ſucceſſions can hardly efface.

R. Weal. The duce!

Sir *Geo.* And cou'd you now, conſiſtently with your duty as a faithful guardian, recommend my union with the daughter of a trader?

R. Weal. Why, indeed, I aſk pardon; I am afraid I did not weigh the matter as maturely as I ought.

Sir *Geo.* Oh, a horrid, barbarous ſcheme!

R. Weal. But then I thought her having the honour to partake of the ſame fleſh and blood with yourſelf, might prove in ſome meaſure, a kind of fullers-earth, to ſcour out the dirty ſpots contracted by commerce.

Sir *Geo.* Impoſſible!

R. Weal. Beſides, here it has been the practice even of peers.

Sir *Geo.* Don't mention the unnatural intercourſe! Thank heav'n, Mr. Richard Wealthy, my education has been in another country,

country, where I have been too well inſtructed in the value of nobility, to think of intermixing it with the offspring of a Bourgois. Why, what apology cou'd I make to my children, for giving them ſuch a mother?

R. Weal. I did not think of that. Then I muſt deſpair, I am afraid.

Sir *Geo.* I can afford but little hopes. Tho', upon recollection——Is the Griſſette pretty?

R. Weal. A parent may be partial. She is thought ſo.

Sir *Geo.* Ah la jolie petite Bourgoiſe! Poor girl, I ſincerely pity her. And I ſuppoſe, to procure her emerſion from the mercantile mud, no conſideration wou'd be ſpar'd.

R. Weal. Why, to be ſure, for ſuch an honour, one wou'd ſtrain a point.

Sir *Geo.* Why then, not totally to deſtroy your hopes, I do recollect an edict in favour of Brittany; that when a man of diſtinction engages in commerce, his nobility is ſuffer'd to ſleep.

R. Weal. Indeed!

Sir *Geo.* And upon his quitting the contagious connection, he is permitted to reſume his rank.

R. Weal. That's fortunate.

Sir *Geo.* So, nuncle Richard, if you will ſell out of the ſtocks, ſhut up your counting-houſe,

houſe, and quit St. Mary Ax for Groſvenor-ſquare——

R. Weal. What then?

Sir *Geo.* Why, when your rank has had time to rouſe itſelf, for I think your nobility, nuncle, has had a pretty long nap, if the girl's perſon is pleaſing, and the purchaſe-money is adequate to the honour, I may in time be prevail'd upon to reſtore her to the right of her family.

R. Weal. Amazing condeſcenſion!

Sir *Geo.* Good-nature is my foible. But, upon my ſoul, I wou'd not have gone ſo far for any body elſe.

R. Weal. I can contain no longer. Hear me, ſpendthrift, prodigal, do you know, that in ten days your whole revenue won't purchaſe you a feather to adorn your empty head?——

Sir *Geo.* Hey dey, what's the matter now?

R. Weal. And that you derive every acre of your boaſted patrimony from your great uncle, a ſoap-boiler!

Sir *Geo.* Infamous aſperſion!

R. Weal. It was his bags, the fruits of his honeſt induſtry, that preſerv'd your lazy, beggarly nobility. His wealth repair'd your tottering hall, from the ruins of which, even the rats had run.

Sir *Geo.* Better our name had periſh'd! Inſupportable! ſoap-boiling, uncle!

R. Weal.

R. Weal. Traduce a trader in a country of commerce! It is treaſon againſt the community; and, for your puniſhment, I wou'd have you reſtor'd to the ſordid condition from whence we drew you, and like your predeceſſors, the Picts, ſtript, painted, and fed upon hips, haws and blackberries.

Sir *Geo.* A truce, dear haberdaſher.

R. Weal. One pleaſure I have, that to this gaol you are upon the gallop; but have a care, the ſword hangs but by a thread. When next we meet, know me for the maſter of your fate. [*Exit.*

Sir *Geo.* Inſolent mechanic! But that his Bourgois blood wou'd have ſoil'd my ſword—

Enter Baron *and* Loader.

Sir *Will.* What is de matter?

Sir *Geo.* A fellow here, upon the credit of a little affinity, has dar'd to upbraid me with being ſprung from a ſoap-boiler.

Sir *Will.* Vat, you from the boiler of ſoap!

Sir *Geo.* Me.

Sir *Will.* Aha, begar, dat is anoder ting—And harka you, miſter monſieur, ha—how dare a you have d'affrontary—

Sir *Geo.* How!

Sir *Will.* De impertinence to ſit down, play wid me?

Sir *Geo.* What is this?

Sir *Will.* A beggarly Bourgois vis-a-vis, a baron of twenty deſcents.

Load

Load. But baron——

Sir *Will.* Bygar, I am almoſt aſham'd to win of ſuch a low, dirty—Give me my monies, and let me never ſee your face.

Load. Why, but baron, you miſtake this thing, I know the old buck this fellow prates about.

Sir *Will.* May be.

Load. Pigeon me, as true a gentleman as the grand ſignior. He was, indeed, a good-natur'd, obliging, friendly fellow; and being a great judge of ſoap, tar, and train-oil, he us'd to have it home to his houſe, and ſell it to his acquaintance for ready money, to ſerve them.

Sir *Will.* Was dat all?

Load. Upon my honour.

Sir *Will.* Oh, dat, dat is anoder ting. Bygar I was afraid he was negotiant.

Load. Nothing like it.

Enter Dick.

Dick. A gentleman to enquire for Mr. Loader.

Load. I come—A pretty ſon of a bitch, this baron! pimps for the man, picks his pocket, and then wants to kick him out of company, becauſe his uncle was an oilman. [*Exit.*

Sir *Will.* I beg pardon, chevalier, I was miſtake.

Sir

Sir *Geo.* Oh, don't mention it,; had the ſlam been fact, your behaviour was natural enough.

Enter Loader.

Load. Mr. Smirk, the auctioneer,

Sir *Geo.* Shew him in, by all means.

[*Exit* Loader.

Sir *Will.* You have affair.

Sir *Geo.* If you'll walk into the next room, they will be finiſhed in five minutes.

Enter Loader, *with* Shift *as* Smirk.

Load. Here, maſter Smirk, this is the gentleman. Hark'e, knight, did I not tell you, old Moll was your mark? Here ſhe has brought a pretty piece of man's meat already; as ſweet as a noſegay, and as ripe as a cherry, you rogue. Diſpatch him, mean time we'll manage the girl. [*Exit.*

Smirk. You are the principal.

Sir *Geo.* Even ſo. I have, Mr. Smirk, ſome things of a conſiderable value, which I want to diſpoſe of immediately.

Smirk. You have?

Sir *Geo.* Could you aſſiſt me?

Smirk. Doubtleſs.

Sir *Geo.* But directly?

Smirk. We have an auction at twelve. I'll add your cargo to the catalogue.

Sir *Geo.* Can that be done?

Smirk.

Smirk. Every day's practice: it is for the credit of the ſale. Laſt week, amongſt the valuable effects of a gentleman, going abroad, I ſold a choice collection of china, with a curious ſervice of plate; though the real party was never maſter of above two Delft diſhes, and a dozen of pewter, in all his life.

Sir *Geo.* Very artificial. But this muſt be conceal'd.

Smirk. Bury'd here. Oh, many an aigrette and ſolitaire have I ſold, to diſcharge a lady's play-debt. But then we muſt know the parties; otherwiſe it might be knockt down to the huſband himſelf. Ha, ha—— Hey ho!

Sir *Geo.* True. Upon my word, your profeſſion requires parts.

Smirk. No body's more. Did you ever hear, Sir George, what firſt brought me into the buſineſs?

Sir *Geo.* Never.

Smirk. Quite an accident, as I may ſay. You muſt have known my predeceſſor, Mr. Prig, the greateſt man in the world, in his way, ay, or that ever was, or ever will be; quite a jewel of a man; he would touch you up a lot; there was no reſiſting him. He wou'd force you to bid, whether you wou'd or no. I ſhall never ſee his equal.

Sir *Geo.* You are modeſt, Mr. Smirk,

Smirk.

Smirk. No, no, but his ſhadow. Far be it from me, to vie with great man. But as I was ſaying, my predeceſſor, Mr. Prig, was to have a ſale as it might be on a Saturday. On Friday at noon, I ſhall never forget the day, he was ſuddenly ſeiz'd with a violent cholic. He ſent for me to his bedſide, ſqueez'd me by the hand; Dear Smirk, ſaid he, what an accident! You know what is to-morrow; the greateſt ſhew this ſeaſon; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; all the world will be there; lady Dy Joſs, Mrs. Nankyn, the dutcheſs of Dupe, and every body at all: You ſee my ſtate, it will be impoſſible for me to mount. What can I do?—It was not for me, you know, to adviſe that great man.

Sir *Geo.* No, no.

Smirk. At laſt, looking wiſhfully at me, Smirk, ſays he, d'you love me?—Mr. Prig, can you doubt it?——I'll put it to the teſt, ſays he; ſupply my place to-morrow.—I, eager to ſhew my love, raſhly and rapidly replied, I will.

Sir *Geo.* That was bold.

Smirk. Abſolute madneſs. But I had gone too far to recede. Then the point was, to prepare for the aweful occaſion. The firſt want that occurred to me, was a wig; but this was too material an article to depend on my own judgment. I reſolved to conſult my friends. I told them the affair——You

hear,

hear, gentlemen, what has happen'd; Mr. Prig, one of the greateſt men in his way, the world ever ſaw, or ever will, quite a jewel of a man, taken with a violent fit of the cholic; to-morrow, the greateſt ſhew this ſeaſon; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; every body in the world to be there; lady Dy Joſs, Mrs. Nankyn, dutcheſs of Dupe, and all mankind; it being impoſſible he ſhould mount, I have conſented to ſell——They ſtar'd—It is true, gentlemen. Now I ſhould be glad to have your opinions as to a wig. They were divided: ſome recommended a tye, others a bag: one mention'd a bob, but was ſoon over-rul'd. Now, for my part, I own, I rather inclin'd to the bag; but to avoid the imputation of raſhneſs, I reſolv'd to take Mrs. Smirk's judgment, my wife, a dear good woman, fine in figure, high in taſte, a ſuperior genius, and knows old china like a Nabob.

Sir *Geo.* What was her deciſion?

Smirk. I told her the caſe—My dear, you know what has happen'd. My good friend, Mr. Prig, the greareſt man in the world, in his way, that ever was, or ever will be, quite a jewel of a man, a violent fit of the cholic ——the greateſt ſhew this ſeaſon, to-morrow, pictures, and every thing in the world; all the world will be there: now, as it is impoſſible he ſhould, I mount in his ſtead.

You

You know the importance of a wig; I have aſk'd my friends—ſome recommended a tye, others a bag—what is your opinion? Why, to deal freely, Mr. Smirk, ſays ſhe, a tye for your round, regular, ſmiling face would be rather too formal, and a bag too boyiſh, deficient in dignity for the ſolemn occaſion; were I worthy to adviſe, you ſhould wear a ſomething between both.—I'll be hang'd, if you don't mean a major. I jumpt at the hint, and a major it was.

Sir *Geo.* So, that was fixt.

Smirk. Finally. But next day, when I came to mount the roſtrum, then was the tryal. My limbs ſhook, and my tongue trembled. The firſt lot was a chamber-utenſil, in Chelſea china, of the pea-green pattern. It occaſioned a great laugh; but I got thro' it. Her grace, indeed, gave me great encouragement. I overheard her whiſper to lady Dy, Upon my word, Mr. Smirk does it very well. Very well, indeed, Mr. Smirk, addreſſing herſelf to me. I made an acknowledging bow to her grace, as in duty bound. But one flower flounced involuntarily from me that day, as I may ſay. I remember, Dr. Trifle call'd it enthuſiaſtic, and pronounc'd it a preſage of my future greatneſs.

Sir *Geo.* What was that?

Smirk. Why, ſir, the lot was a Guido; a ſingle figure, a marvellous fine performance; well

well preſerv'd, and highly finiſh'd. It ſtuck at five and forty; I, charm'd with the picture, and piqu'd at the people, A going for five and forty, no body more than five and forty?——Pray, ladies and gentlemen, look at this piece, quite fleſh and blood, and only wants a touch from the torch of Prometheus, to ſtart from the canvaſs and fall a bidding. A general plaudit enſu'd, I bow'd, and in three minutes knock'd it down at ſixty-three, ten.

Sir *Geo.* That was a ſtroke at leaſt equal to your maſter.

Smirk. O dear me! You did not know the great man, alike in every thing. He had as much to ſay upon a ribbon as a Raphael. His manner was inimitably fine. I remember, they took him off at the play-houſe, ſome time ago; pleaſant, but wrong. Public characters ſhou'd not be ſported with —They are ſacred——But we loſe time.

Sir *Geo.* Oh, in the lobby, on the table, you will find the particulars.

Smirk. We ſhall ſee you. There will be a world of company. I ſhall pleaſe you. But the great nicety of our art is, the eye. Mark how mine ſkims round the room. Some bidders are ſhy, and only advance with a nod; but I nail them. One, two, three, four, five. You will be ſurpriz'd—Ha, ha, ha,—heigh ho! [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Sir George *and* Loader.

Sir *George.*

A Moſt infernal run. Let's ſee, *(Pulls out a card.)* Loader a thouſand, the Baron two, Tally——Enough to beggar a banker. Every ſhilling of Transfer's ſupply exhauſted! nor will even the ſale of my moveables prove ſufficient to diſcharge my debts. Death and the devil! In what a complication of calamities has a few days plung'd me! And no reſource?

Load. Knight, here's old Moll come to wait on you; ſhe has brought the tid-bit I ſpoke of. Shall I bid her ſend her in?

Sir *Geo.* Pray do. [*Exit* Loader.

Enter Mrs. Cole *and* Lucy.

Mrs. *Cole.* Come along, Lucy. You baſhful baggage, I thought I had ſilenc'd your ſcruples. Don't you remember what Mr. Squintum ſaid? A woman's not worth ſaving, that won't be guilty of a ſwinging ſin; for then they have matter to repent upon. Here, your honour, I leave her to your ma-

nagement. She is young, tender, and timid; does not know what is for her own good: but your honour will ſoon teach her. I wou'd willingly ſtay, but I muſt not loſe the lecture. [*Exit.*

Sir *Geo.* Upon my credit, a fine figure! Aukward——Can't produce her publicly as mine; but ſhe will do for private amuſement ——Will you be ſeated, miſs?——Dumb! quite a picture! She too wants a touch of the Promethean torch—Will you be ſo kind, ma'am, to walk from your frame and take a chair ?——Come, pr'ythee, why ſo coy? Nay, I am not very adroit in the cuſtom of this country. I ſuppoſe I muſt conduct you ——Come, miſs.

Lucy. O, ſir.

Sir *Geo.* Child!

Lucy. If you have any humanity, ſpare me.

Sir *Geo.* In tears! What can this mean? Artifice. A project to raiſe the price, I ſuppoſe. Look'e, my dear, you may ſave this piece of pathetic for another occaſion. It won't do with me; I am no novice——So, child, a truce to your tragedy, I beg.

Lucy. Indeed you wrong me, ſir; indeed you do.

Sir *Geo.* Wrong you! how came you here, and for what purpoſe?

Lucy.

Lucy. A ſhameful one. I know it all, and yet believe me, ſir, I am innocent.

Sir *Geo.* Oh, I don't queſtion that. Your pious patroneſs is a proof of your innocence.

Lucy. What can I ſay to gain your credit? And yet, ſir, ſtrong as appearances are againſt me, by all that's holy, you ſee me here, a poor diſtreſt, involuntary victim.

Sir *Geo.* Her ſtyle's above the common claſs; her tears are real.—Riſe, child.—How the poor creature trembles!

Lucy. Say then I am ſafe.

Sir *Geo.* Fear nothing.

Lucy. May heaven reward you. I cannot.

Sir *Geo.* Pr'ythee, child, collect yourſelf, and help me to unravel this myſtery. You came hither willingly? There was no force?

Lucy. None.

Sir *Geo.* You know Mrs. Cole.

Lucy. Too well.

Sir *Geo.* How came you then to truſt her?

Lucy. Mine, ſir, is a tedious, melancholy tale.

Sir *Geo.* And artleſs too?

Lucy. As innocence.

Sir *Geo.* Give it me.

Lucy. It will tire you.

Sir *Geo.* Not if it be true. Be juſt, and you will find me generous.

Lucy. On that, ſir, I rely'd in venturing hither.

Sir *Geo.* You did me juſtice. Truſt me with all your ſtory. If you deſerve, depend upon my protection.

Lucy. Some months ago, ſir, I was conſider'd as the joint heireſs of a reſpectable, wealthy merchant; dear to my friends, happy in my proſpects, and my father's favourite.

Sir *Geo.* His name.

Lucy. There you muſt pardon me. Unkind and cruel tho' he has been to me, let me diſcharge the duty of a daughter, ſuffer in ſilence, nor bring reproach on him who gave me being.

Sir *Geo.* I applaud your piety.

Lucy. At this happy period, my father, judging an addition of wealth muſt bring an increaſe of happineſs, reſolved to unite me with a man, ſordid in his mind, brutal in his manners, and riches his only recommendation. My refuſal of this ill-ſuited match, tho' mildly given, enflamed my father's temper, naturally choleric, alienated his affections, and baniſh'd me his houſe, diſtreſt and deſtitute.

Sir *Geo.* Wou'd no friend receive you?

Lucy. Alas, how few are friends to the unfortunate! Beſides, I knew, ſir, ſuch a ſtep wou'd be conſider'd by my father, as an appeal

appeal from his juſtice. I therefore retir'd to a remote corner of the town, truſting, as my only advocate, to the tender calls of nature, in his cool, reflecting hours.

Sir *Geo.* How came you to know this woman?

Lucy. Accident plac'd me in a houſe, the miſtreſs of which profeſs'd the ſame principles with my infamous conductreſs. There, as enthuſiaſm is the child of melancholy, I caught the infection. A conſtant attendance on their aſſemblies procured me the acquaintance of this woman, whoſe extraordinary zeal and devotion firſt drew my attention and confidence. I truſted her with my ſtory, and in return, receiv'd the warmeſt invitation to take the protection of her houſe. This I unfortunately accepted.

Sir *Geo.* Unfortunately indeed!

Lucy. By the decency of appearances, I was ſome time impoſed upon. But an accident, which you will excuſe my repeating, reveal'd all the horror of my ſituation. I will not trouble you with a recital of all the arts us'd to ſeduce me: Happily they hitherto have fail'd. But this morning I was acquainted with my deſtiny; and no other election left me, but immediate compliance, or a jail. In this deſperate condition, you cannot wonder, ſir, at my chooſing rather to rely on the generoſity of a gentleman, than

the humanity of a creature inſenſible to pity, and void of every virtue.

Sir *Geo.* The event ſhall juſtify your choice. You have my faith and honour for your ſecurity. For tho' I can't boaſt of my own goodneſs, yet I have an honeſt feeling for afflicted virtue; and, however unfaſhionable, a ſpirit that dares afford it protection. Give me your hand. As ſoon as I have diſpatch'd ſome preſſing buſineſs here, I will lodge you in an aſylum, ſacred to the diſtreſſes of your ſex; where indigent beauty is guarded from temptations, and deluded innocence reſcu'd from infamy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Shift.

Zooks, I have toil'd like a horſe; quite tir'd, by Jupiter. And what ſhall I get for my pains? The old fellow here talks of making me eaſy for life. Eaſy! And what does he mean by eaſy? He'll make me an exciſe-man, I ſuppoſe, and ſo with an ink-horn at my button-hole, and a taper ſwitch in my hand, I ſhall run about gauging of beer-barrels. No, that will never do. This lad here is no fool. Foppiſh, indeed. He does not want parts, no, nor principles neither. I overheard his ſcene with the girl. I think I may truſt him. I have a great mind to venture it. It is a ſhame to have him dup'd

dup'd by this old don. It muſt not be, I'll in and unfold—Ha!—Egad, I have a thought too, which, if my heir apparent can execute. I ſhall ſtill lie conceal'd, and perhaps be rewarded on both ſides.

I have it,—'tis engender'd, piping hot,
And now, Sir Knight, I'll match you with a plot. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir William *and* Richard Wealthy.

R. Weal. Well, I ſuppoſe, by this time, you are ſatisfied what a ſcoundrel you have brought into the world, and are ready to finiſh your foolery.

Sir *Will.* Got to the cataſtrophe, good brother.

R. Weal. Let us have it over then.

Sir *Will.* I have already alarmed all his tradeſmen. I ſuppoſe we ſhall ſoon have him here, with a legion of bailiffs and conſtables.——Oh, you have my will about you?

R. Weal. Yes, yes.

Sir *Will.* It is almoſt time to produce it, or read him the clauſe that relates to his rejecting your daughter. That will do his buſineſs. But they come. I muſt return to my character.

Enter Shift.

Shift. Sir, ſir, we are all in the wrong box; our ſcheme is blown up; your ſon has detected Loader and Tally, and is playing the very devil within.

Sir *Will.* Oh, the bunglers!

Shift. Now for it, youngſter.

Enter Sir George, *driving in* Loader *and another.*

Sir *Geo.* Raſcals, robbers, that, like the locuſt, mark the road you have taken, by the ruin and deſolation you leave behind you.

Load. Sir George!

Sir *Geo.* And can youth, however cautious, be guarded againſt ſuch deep-laid, complicated villany? Where are the reſt of your diabolical crew? your auctioneer, uſurer, and——O ſir, are you here?——I am glad you have not eſcaped us, however.

Sir *Will.* What de devil is de matter?

Sir *Geo.* Your birth, which I believe an impoſition, preſerves you, however, from the diſcipline thoſe rogues have receiv'd. A baron, a nobleman, a ſharper! O ſhame! It is enough to baniſh all confidence, from the world. On whoſe faith can we rely, when

thoſe,

thoſe, whoſe honour is held as ſaced as an oath, unmindful of their dignity, deſcend to rival pick-pockets in their infamous arts. What are theſe [*pulls out dice*] pretty implements? The fruits of your leiſure hours! They are dextrouſly done. You have a fine mechanical turn.—Dick, ſecure the door.

Mrs. Cole, *ſpeaking as entering.*

Mrs. *Cole.* Here I am, at laſt. Well, and how is your honour, and the little gentlewoman?—Bleſs me! what is the matter here?

Sir *Geo.* I am, madam, treating your friends with a cold collation, and you are opportunely come for your ſhare. The little gentlewoman is ſafe, and in much better hands than you deſigned her. Abominable hypocrite! who, tottering under the load of irreverent age and infamous diſeaſes, inflexibly proceed in the practice of every vice, impiouſly proſtituting the moſt ſacred inſtitutions to the moſt infernal purpoſes.

Mrs. *Cole.* I hope your honour——

Sir *Geo.* Take her away, As you have been ſingular in your penitence, you ought to be diſtinguiſh'd in your penance; which, I promiſe you, ſhall be moſt publickly and plentifully beſtow'd. [*Exit* Cole.

Enter

Enter Dick.

Dick. The conſtables, ſir.

Sir *Geo.* Let them come in, that I may conſign theſe gentlemen to their care. [*To Sir* Will.] Your letters of nobility you will produce in a court of juſtice. Tho', if I read you right, you are one of thoſe indigent, itinerant nobles of your own creation, which our reputation for hoſpitality draws hither in ſhoals, to the ſhame of our underſtanding, the imparing of our fortunes, and, when you are truſted, the betraying of our deſigns. Officers, do your duty.

Sir *Will.* Why, don't you know me?

Sir *Geo.* Juſt as I gueſs'd An impoſter. He has recover'd the free uſe of his tongue already.

Sir *Will.* Nay, but George.

Sir *Geo.* Inſolent familiarity! away with him.

Sir *Will.* Hold, hold, a moment. Brother Richard, ſet this matter to rights.

R. Weal. Don't you know him?

Sir *Geo.* Know him! The very queſtion is an affront.

R. Weal. Nay, I don't wonder at it. 'Tis your father, you fool.

Sir *Geo.* My father! Impoſſible!

Sir *Will.* That may be, but 'tis true.

Sir

Sir *Geo.* My father alive! Thus let me greet the bleſſing.

Sir *Will.* Alive! Ay, and I believe I ſha'nt be in a hurry to die again.

Sir *Geo.* But, dear ſir, the report of your death——and this diſguiſe——to what——

Sir *Will.* Don't aſk any queſtions. Your uncle will tell you all. For my part, I am ſick of the ſcheme.

R. Weal. I told you what would come of your politics.

Sir *Will.* You did ſo. But if it had not been for thoſe clumſy ſcoundrels, the plot was as good a plot——O George, ſuch diſcoveries I have to make. Within I'll unravel the whole.

Sir *Geo.* Perhaps, ſir, I may match 'em.

Shift. Sir. [*Pulls him by the ſleeve.*

Sir *Geo.* Never fear. It is impoſſible, gentlemen, to determine your fate, till this matter is more fully explain'd; till when, keep 'em in ſafe cuſtody.——Do you know them, ſir?

Sir *Will.* Yes, but that's more than they did me. I can cancel your debts there, and, I believe, prevail on thoſe gentlemen to refund too——But you have been a ſad profligate young dog, George.

Sir *Geo.* I can't boaſt of my goodneſs, ſir, but I think I could produce you a proof, that I am not ſo totally deſtitute of——

Sir

Sir *Will.* Ay! Why then pr'ythee do.

Sir *Geo.* I have, ſir, this day, reſiſted a temptation, that greater pretenders to morality might have yielded to. But I will truſt myſelf no longer, and muſt crave your interpoſition and protection.

Sir *Will.* To what?

Sir *Geo.* I will attend you with the explanation in an inſtant. [*Exit.*

Sir *Will.* Pr'ythee, Shift, what does he mean?

Shift. I believe I can gueſs.

Sir *Will.* Let us have it.

Shift. I ſuppoſe the affair I overheard juſt now, a prodigious fine elegant girl, faith, that, diſcarded by her family, for refuſing to marry her grandfather, fell into the hands of the venerable lady you ſaw, who being the kind caterer for your ſon's amuſements, brought her hither for a purpoſe obvious enough. But the young gentleman, touch'd with her ſtory, truth, and tears, was converted from the ſpoiler of her honour to the protector of her innocence.

Sir *Will.* Look'e there, brother, did not I tell you that George was not ſo bad at the bottom!

R. Weal. This does indeed atone for half the——But they are here.

Enter

Enter Sir George *and* Lucy.

Sir *Geo.* Fear nothing, madam, you may ſafely rely on the——

Lucy. My father!

R. Weal. Lucy!

Lucy. O, ſir, can you forgive your poor diſtreſt unhappy girl? You ſcarce can gueſs how hardly I've been us'd, ſince my baniſhment from your paternal roof. Want, pining want, anguiſh and ſhame, have been my conſtant partners.

Sir *Will.* Brother!

Sir *Geo.* Sir!

Lucy. Father!

R. Weal. Riſe, child, 'tis I muſt aſk thee forgiveneſs. Canſt thou forget the woes I've made thee ſuffer? Come to my arms once more, thou darling of my age.—What miſchief had my raſhneſs nearly compleated. Nephew, I ſcarce can thank you as I ought, but——

Sir *Geo.* I am richly paid, in being the happy inſtrument——Yet, might I urge a wiſh——

R. Weal. Name it.

Sir *Geo.* That you would forgive my follies of to-day; and, as I have been providentially the occaſional guardian of your daughter's

daughter's honour, that you would beſtow on me that right for life.

R. Weal. That muſt depend on Lucy; her will, not mine, ſhall now direct her choice—What ſays your father?

Sir *Will.* Me! Oh, I'll ſhew you in an inſtant. Give me your hands. There children, now you are join'd, and the devil take him that wiſhes to part you.

Sir *Geo.* I thank you for us both.

R. Weal. Happineſs attend you.

Sir *Will.* Now, brother, I hope you will allow me to be a good plotter. All this was brought to bear by my means.

Shift. With my aſſiſtance, I hope you'll own, ſir.

Sir *Will.* That's true, honeſt Shift, and thou ſhalt be richly rewarded; nay, George ſhall be your friend too. This Shift is an ingenious fellow, let me tell you, ſon.

Sir *Geo.* I am no ſtranger to his abilities, ſir. But, if you pleaſe, we will retire. The various ſtruggles of this fair ſufferer require the ſoothing ſoftneſs of a ſiſter's love. And now, ſir, I hope your fears for me are over; for had I not this motive to reſtrain my follies, yet I now know the town too well to be ever its bubble, and will take care to preſerve, at leaſt,

Some more eſtate, and principles, and wit,
Than brokers, bawds, and gameſters ſhall think fit.

SHIFT,

SHIFT, *addreſſing himſelf to Sir* George.

And what becomes of your poor ſervant Shift?
Your father talks of lending me a lift——
A great man's promiſe, when his turn is ſerv'd!
Capons on promiſes wou'd ſoon be ſtarv'd:
No, on myſelf alone, I'll now rely:
'Gad I've a thriving traffic in my eye——
Near the mad manſions of Moorfields I'll bawl;
Friends, fathers, mothers, ſiſters, ſons, and all,
Shut up your ſhops, and liſten to my call.
With labour, toil, all ſecond means diſpenſe,
And live a rent-charge upon Providence.
Prick up your ears; a ſtory now I'll tell,
Which once a widow, and her child befel,
I knew the mother, and her daughter well;
Poor, it is true, they were; but never wanted,
For whatſoe'er they aſk'd, was always granted:
One fatal day, the matron's truth was try'd,
She wanted meat and drink, and fairly cry'd.
[*Child.*] Mother, you cry! [*Moth.*] Oh, child,
I've got no bread.
[*Child.*] What matters that? Why Providence an't
dead!
With reaſon good, this truth the child might ſay,
For there came in at noon, that very day,
Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
A better ſure a table ne'er was put on:
Ay, that might be, ye cry, with thoſe poor ſouls;
But we ne'er had a raſher for the coals.
And d'ye deſerve it? How d'ye ſpend your days?
In paſtimes, prodigality, and plays!
Let's go ſee Foote! ah, Foote's a precious limb!
Old-nick will ſoon a football make of him!

For

For foremoſt rows in ſide-boxes you ſhove,
Think you to meet with ſide-boxes above?
Where gigling girls and powder'd fops may ſit,
No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
And croud the houſe for Satan's benefit.
Oh, what you ſnivel? well, do ſo no more,
Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
And, if I pleaſe,——I'll give it to the poor.

FINIS.

THE

COMMISSARY.

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS.

As performed at the

Theatre Royal in the Hay-Market.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Eſq;

Queis facile eſt ædem conducere flumina portus,
Siccandum eluviem, portandum ad buſta cadaver.
Juv. Sat. III.

Criminibus debent hortos, prætoria, menſas,
Argentum vetus, & ſtantem extra pocula Caprum.
Ibid. Sat. I.

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MDCCLXXXII.
[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Mr. Zac. Fungus,	Mr. Foote.
Mr. Isaac Fungus,	Mr. Costollo.
Mr. Gruel,	Mr. Shuter.
Young Loveit,	Mr. Davis.
Dr. Catgut,	Mr. Parsons.
Simon,	Mr. Preston.
Mr. Bridoun,	Mr. Gardner.
Mr. Paduasoy,	Mr. Keen.
Mr. Harpy,	Mr. Tindal.
La Fleur,	Mr. Johnson.
John,	Mr. Marshall.
A Hackney-Coachman,	Mr. Parsons.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Mechlin.	Miſs Cheney.
Mrs. Loveit,	Mr. Shuter.
Dolly,	Miſs Reynolds.
Jenny,	Mrs. Granger.

THE

COMMISSARY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Mrs. MECHLIN's Houſe.

(Loud Knocking at the Door.)

Enter JENNY.

Jenny.

RAP, rap, rap, up-ſtairs and down, from morning to night; if this ſame Commiſſary ſtays much longer amongſt us, my miſtreſs muſt e'en hire a porter. Who's there?

SIMON *without.*

Sim. Is Mrs. Mechlin at home?

Jen. No. *(opens the door.)* Oh, what is it you, Simon.

Enter SIMON.

Sim. At your ſervice, ſweet Mrs. Jane.

Jen. Why you knock with authority; and what are your commands, Maſter Simon?

Sim. I come, Madam, to receive thoſe of your miſtreſs. What, Jenny, has ſhe any great affair on the anvil? Her ſummons is moſt exceedingly preſſing; and you need not be told, Child, that a man of my conſequence does not trouble himſelf about trifles.

Jen. Oh, Sir, I know very well you principal actors don't perform every night.

Sim. Mighty well, Ma'am, but notwithſtanding your ironical ſneer, it is not every man that will do for your miſtreſs; her agents muſt have genius and parts: I don't ſuppoſe, in the whole Bills of Mortality, there is ſo general and extenſive a dealer as my friend Mrs. Mechlin.

Jen. Why to be ſure, we have plenty of cuſtomers; and for various kinds of commodities it would be pretty difficult I fancy to——

Sim. Commodities! Your humble ſervant, ſweet Mrs. Jane: Yes, yes, you have various kinds of commodities, indeed.

Jen. Mr. Simon, I don't underſtand you; I ſuppoſe it is no ſecret in what ſort of goods our dealing conſiſts.

Sim. No, no, they are pretty well known.

Jen. And to be ſure, though now and then, to oblige a cuſtomer, my miſtreſs does condeſcend to ſmuggle a little——

Sim. Keep it up, Mrs. Jane.

Jen. Yet there are no people in the Liberty of Weſtminſter that live in more credit than we do.

Sim. Bravo.

Jen. The very beſt of quality are not aſham'd to viſit my miſtreſs.

Sim. They have reaſon.

Jen. Reſpected by the neighbours.

Sim. I know it.

Jen. Punctual in her payments.

Sim. To a moment.

Jen. Regular hours.

Sim. Doubtleſs.

Jen. Never miſſes the ſarmant on Sundays.

Sim. I own it.

Jen.

Jen. Not an oath comes out of her mouth, unleſs, now and then, when the poor gentlewoman happens to be overtaken in liquor.

Sim. Granted.

Jen. Not at all given to lying, but, like other tradesfolks, in the way of her buſineſs.

Sim. Very well.

Jen. Very well! then pray, Sir, what wou'd you inſinuate? Look you, Mr. Simon, don't go to caſt reflections upon us; don't think to blaſt the reputation of our——

Sim. Hark ye, Jenny, are you ſerious?

Jen. Serious! Ay, marry am I.

Sim. The devil you are!

Jen. Upon my word, Mr. Simon, you ſhou'd not give your tongue ſuch a licence; let me tell you, theſe airs don't become you at all.

Sim. Hey-day! why where the deuce have I got; ſure I have miſtaken the houſe; is not this Mrs. Mechlin's?

Jen. That's pretty well known.

Sim. The commodious, convenient Mrs. Mechlin, at the ſign of the Star, in the pariſh of St. Paul's?

Jen. Bravo.

Sim. That commercial caterpillar?

Jen. I know it.

Sim. That murderer of manufactures?

Jen. Doubtleſs.

Sim. That walking warehouſe?

Jen. Granted.

Sim. That carries about a greater cargo of contraband goods under her petticoats than a Calais cutter?

Jen. Very well.

Sim. That engroſſer and ſeducer of virgins?

Jen. Keep it up, maſter Simon.

Sim. That foreſtaller of Bagnios?

Jen. Incomparable fine.

Sim. That canting, couzening, money-lending, match-making, pawnbroking—[*Loud knocking.*]

Jen. Mighty well, Sir: here comes my miſtreſs, ſhe ſhall thank you for the pretty picture you have been pleaſed to draw.

Sim. Nay, but dear Jenny——

Jen. She ſhall be told how highly ſhe ſtands in your favour.

Sim. But my ſweet girl——[*Knocking again.*]

Jen. Let me go, Mr. Simon, don't you hear?

Sim. And can you have the heart to ruin me at once!

Jen. Hands off.

Sim. A peace, a peace, my dear Mrs. Jane, and dictate the articles.

Enter Mrs. MECHLIN, *followed by a hackney coachman, with ſeveral bundles, in a capuchin, a bonnet, and her cloaths pinned up.*

Mrs. Mech. So, huſſey, what muſt I ſtay all day in the ſtreets? who have we here! the devil's in the wenches, I think,—one of your fellows I ſuppoſe——Oh, is it you! how fares it, Simon?

Jen. Madam, you ſhould not have waited a minute, but Mr. Simon——

Sim. Huſh, huſh! you barbarous jade——

Jen. Knowing your knock, and eager to open the door, flew up ſtairs, fell over the landing-place, and quite barr'd up the way.

Sim. Yes, and I am afraid I have put out my ankle. Thanks, Jenny; you ſhall be no loſer, you ſlut.

Mrs. Mech. Poor Simon.——Oh, Lord have mercy

mercy upon me, what a round have I taken!—— Is the wench petrified, why don't you reach me a chair, don't you ſee I'm tired to death?

Jen. Indeed, ma'am, you'll kill yourſelf.

Sim. Upon my word, ma'am Mechlin, you ſhou'd take a little care of yourſelf; indeed you labour too hard.

Mrs. Mech. Ay, Simon, and for little or nothing: only victuals and cloaths, more coſt than worſhip. —Why does not the wench take the things from the fellow? Well, what's your fare?

Coachm. Miſtreſs, it's honeſtly worth half a crown.

Mrs. Mech. Give him a couple of ſhillings and ſend him away.

Coachm. I hope you'll tip me the teſter to drink?

Mrs. Mech. Them there fellows are never contented; drink! ſtand farther off; why you ſmell already as ſtrong as a beer-barrel.

Coachm. Miſtreſs, that's becauſe I have already been drinking.

Mrs. Mech. And are not you aſhamed, you ſot, to be eternally guzzling? You had better buy you ſome cloaths.

Coachm. No, miſtreſs, my honour won't let me do that.

Mrs. Mech. Your honour! and pray how does that hinder you?

Coachm. Why, when a good gentlewoman like you, cries, Here coachman, here's ſomething to drink——

Mrs. Mech. Well!

Coachm. Wou'd it be honour in me to lay it out in any thing elſe? No, miſtreſs, my conſcience won't let me, becauſe why, it's the will of the donor you know.

Mrs. Mech. Did you ever hear ſuch a blockhead?

Coachm.

Coachm. No, no, miſtreſs; tho' I am a poor man, I won't forfeit my honour; my cattle, tho'f I love 'em, poor beaſteſſes, are not more dearer to me than that.

Mrs. Mech. Yes, you and your horſes give pretty ſtrong proofs of your love and your honour; for you have no cloaths on your back, and they have no fleſh. Well, Jenny, give him the ſixpence; there, there, lay it out as you will.

Coachm. It will be to your health, miſtreſs; it ſhall melt at the Meuſe, before I go home; I ſhall be careful to clear my conſcience.

Mrs. Mech. I don't doubt it.

Coachm. You need not. Miſtreſs, your ſervant.

[*Exit coachman.*

Mrs. Mech. Has there been any body here, Jenny?

Jen. The gentleman, ma'am, about the Glouceſterſhire living.

Mrs. Mech. He was, Oh oh! what I ſuppoſe his ſtomach's come down. Does he like the incumbrance? will he marry the party?

Jen. Why that article ſeems to go a little againſt him.

Mrs. Mech. Does it ſo? then let him retire to his Cumberland curacy: that's a fine keen air, it will ſoon give him an appetite. He'll ſtick to his honour too, till his caſſock is wore to a rag.

Jen. Why, indeed, ma'am, it ſeems pretty ruſty already.

Mrs. Mech. Deviliſh ſqueamiſh, I think; a good fat living, and a fine woman into the bargain! You told him a friend of the lady's will take the child off her hands?———

Jen. Yes, madam.

Mrs. Mech. So that the affair will be a ſecret to all

all but himſelf. But he muſt quickly reſolve, for next week his wife's month will be up.

Jen. He promiſed to call about four.

Mrs. Mech. But don't let him think we are at a loſs for a huſband; there is to my knowledge a merchant's clerk in the city, a comely young man, and comes of good friends, that will take her with but a ſmall place in the cuſtomhouſe.

Jen. He ſhall know it.

Mrs. Mech. Ay, and tell him, that the party's party has intereſt enough to obtain it whenever he will. And then the bridegroom may put the purchaſe-money too of that ſame preſentation into his pocket.

Jen. Truly, ma'am, I ſhould think this would prove the beſt match for the lady.

Mrs. Mech. Who doubts it?—Here, Jenny, carry theſe things above ſtairs. Take care of the cigrette, leave the watch upon the table, and be ſure you don't miſlay the pearl necklace; the lady goes to Mrs. Cornellys's to-night, and if ſhe has any luck, ſhe will be ſure to redeem it to-morrow.

[*Exit Jenny.*

Sim. What a world of affairs! it is a wonder, madam, how you are able to remember them all.

Mrs. Mech. Trifles, mere trifles, maſter Simon.—But I have a great affair in hand—ſuch an affair, if well managed, it will be the making of us all.

Sim. If I, ma'am, can be of the leaſt uſe——

Mrs. Mech. Of the higheſt! there is no doing without you.——You know the great——

Jen. I have put the things where you ordered, ma'am.

Mrs. Mech. Very well, you may go.

[*Exit Jenny.*

I ſay,

I ſay, you know the great commiſſary, that is come to lodge in my houſe. Now they ſay this Mr. Fungus is as rich as an Indian governor. Heaven knows how he came by it: but that you know is no buſineſs of ours. Pretty pickings, I warrant, abroad. [*Loud knocking.*] Who the deuce can that be? But let it be who it will, you muſt not go till I ſpeak to you.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. The widow Loveit, ma'am.

Mrs. Mech. What, the old liquoriſh dowager from Devonſhire Square? ſhew her in. [*Exit Jenny.*] You'll wait in the kitchen, Simon; I ſhall ſoon diſpatch her affair. [*Exit Simon.*

Enter Mrs. LOVEIT.

Mrs. Lov. So, ſo, good morning to you, good Mrs. Mechlin. John, let the coach wait at the corner.

Mrs. Mech. You had better ſit here, madam.

Mrs. Lov. Any where. Well, my dear woman, I hope you have not forgot your old friend—Ugh, ugh, ugh,—[*coughs.*] Conſider I have no time to loſe, and you are always ſo full of employment.

Mrs. Mech. Forgot you! you ſhall judge, Mrs. Loveit. I have, ma'am, provided a whole cargo of huſbands for you of all nations, complexions, ages, tempers, and ſizes: ſo you ſee you have nothing to do but to chooſe.

Mrs. Lov. To chooſe! Mrs. Mechlin; Lord help me, what choice can I have? I look upon wedlock to be a kind of a lottery, and I have already drawn my prize; and a great one it was!

My

My poor dear man that's gone, I ſhall never meet with his fellow.

Mrs. Mech. 'Pſhaw! madam, don't let us trouble our heads about him, it's high time that he was forgot.

Mrs. Lov. But won't his relations think me rather too quick.

Mrs. Mech. Not a jot; the greateſt compliment you cou'd pay to his memory; it is a proof he gave you reaſon to be fond of the ſtate. But what do you mean by quick! Why he has been bury'd theſe three weeks—

Mrs. Lov. And three days, Mrs Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. Indeed! quite an age!

Mrs. Lov. Yes; but I ſhall never forget him; ſleeping, or waking, he's always before me. His dear ſwell'd belly, and his poor ſhrunk legs. Lord bleſs me, Mrs. Mechlin, he had no more calf than my fan.

Mrs. Mech. No!

Mrs. Lov. No, indeed; and then, his bit of a purple noſe, and his little weezen face as ſharp as a razor—don't mention it, I can never forget him. [*cries.*]

Mrs. Mech. Sweet marks of remembrance, indeed. But, ma'am, if you continue to be ſo fond of your laſt huſband, what makes you think of another?

Mrs. Lov. Why, what can I do, Mrs. Mechlin? a poor lone widow woman as I am; there's no body minds me; my tenants behind-hand, my ſervants all careleſs, my children undutiful—— Ugh, ugh, ugh——[*coughs.*]

Mrs. Mech. You have a villainous cough, Mrs. Loveit; ſhall I ſend for ſome lozenges?

Mrs. Lov.

Mrs. Lov. No, I thank you, it's nothing at all; mere habit, juſt a little trick I've got.

Mrs. Mech. But I wonder you ſhou'd have all theſe vexations to plague you, madam, you, who are ſo rich, and ſo——

Mrs. Lov. Forty thouſand in the four per Cents every morning I riſe, Mrs. Mechlin, beſides two houſes at hackney; but then my affairs are ſo weighty and intricate; there is ſuch tricking in lawyers, and ſuch torments in children, that I can't do by myſelf; I muſt have a helpmate; quite neceſſity, no matter of choice.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, I underſtand you, you marry merely for convenience; juſt only to get an aſſiſtant, a kind of a guard, a fence to your property?

Mrs. Lov. Nothing elſe.

Mrs. Mech. I thought ſo; quite prudential; ſo that age is none of your object; you don't want a ſcampering, giddy, ſprightly, young——

Mrs. Lov. Young! Heaven forbid. What do you think, like ſome ladies I know, that I want to have my huſband taken for one of my grand-children! No, no; thank Heaven, ſuch vain thoughts never enter'd my head.

Mrs. Mech. But yet, as your matters ſtand, he ought not to be ſo very old neither; for inſtance now, of what uſe to you wou'd be a huſband of ſixty?

Mrs. Lov. Sixty! Are you mad, Mrs. Mechlin, what do you think I want to turn nurſe?

Mrs. Mech. Or fifty-five?

Mrs. Lov. Ugh, ugh, ugh——

Mrs. Mech. Or fifty?

Mrs Lov. Oh! that's too cunning an age; men, now-

now-a-days, rarely marry at fifty, they are too knowing and cautious.

Mrs. Mech. Or forty-five, or forty, or——

Mrs. Lov. Shall I, Mrs. Mechlin, tell you a piece of my mind?

Mrs. Mech. I believe, ma'am, that will be your beſt way.

Mrs. Lov. Why then, as my children are young and rebellious, the way to ſecure and preſerve their obedience, will be to marry a man that won't grow old in a hurry.

Mrs. Mech. Why I thought you declar'd againſt youth?

Mrs. Lov. So I do, ſo I do; but then, ſix or ſeven and twenty is not ſo very young, Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. No, no, a pretty ripe age; for at that time of life, men can buſtle and ſtir, they are not eaſily check'd, and whatever they take in hand they go through with.

Mrs. Lov. True, true.

Mrs. Mech. Ay, ay, it is then they may be ſaid to be uſeful; it is the only tear and wear ſeaſon.

Mrs. Lov. Right, right.

Mrs. Mech. Well, ma'am, I ſee what you want, and to-morrow about this time, if you'll do me the favour to call——

Mrs. Lov. I ſhan't fail.

Mrs. Mech. I think I can ſuit you.

Mrs. Lov. You'll be very obliging.

Mrs. Mech. You may depend upon't I'll do my endeavours.

Mrs. Lov. But, Mrs. Mechlin, be ſure don't let him be older than that, not above ſeven or eight and twenty at moſt; and let it be as ſoon as you conveniently can.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mech. Never fear, ma'am.

Mrs. Lov. Becauſe, you know, the more children I have by the ſecond venter, the greater plague I ſhall prove to thoſe I had by the firſt.

Mrs. Mech. True, ma'am. You had better lean on me to the door; but indeed, Mrs. Loveit, you are very malicious to your children, very revengeful, indeed.

Mrs. Lov. Ah, they deſerve it, you can't think what ſad whelps they turn out; no puniſhment can be too much; if their poor father cou'd but have foreſeen they wou'd have——why did I mention the dear man! it melts me too much. Well, peace be with him.——To-morrow about this time, Mrs. Mechlin, will the party be here, think you?

Mrs. Mech. I can't ſay.

Mrs. Lov. Well, a good day, good Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. Here, John, take care of your miſtreſs. [*Exit Mrs.* Loveit. A good morning to you, ma'am. Jenny, bid Simon come up.—A huſband! there now is a proof of the prudence of age; I wonder they don't add a clauſe to the act to prevent the old from marrying clandeſtinely as well as the young. I am ſure there are as many unſuitable matches at this time of life as the other.

Enter SIMON.

Shut the door, Simon. Are there any of Mr. Fungus's ſervants below?

Sim. Three or four ſtrange faces.

Mrs. Mech. Ay, ay, ſome of that troop I ſuppoſe; come, Simon, be ſeated.——Well, Simon,

as I

as I was telling you, this Mr. Fungus, my lodger above, that has brought home from the wars a whole cart-load of money, and who (between you and I) went there from very little better than a driver of carts——

Sim. I formerly knew him, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mech. But he does not know you?

Sim. No, no.

Mrs. Mech. I am glad of that—this ſpark, I ſay, not content with being really as rich as a lord, is determin'd to rival them too in every other accompliſhment.

Sim. Will that be ſo eaſy? why he muſt be upwards of——

Mrs. Mech. Fifty, I warrant.

Sim. Rather late in life to ſet up for a gentleman.

Mrs. Mech. But fine talents you know, and a ſtrong inclination—

Sim. That, indeed—

Mrs. Mech. Then I promiſe you he ſpares for no pains.

Sim. Diligent?

Mrs. Mech. Oh, always at it. Learning ſomething or other from morning to night; my houſe is a perfect academy, ſuch a throng of fencers, dancers, riders, muſicians;—but, however, to ſweeten the pill, I have a fellow-feeling for recommending the teachers.

Sim. No doubt, Ma'am; that's always the rule.

Mrs. Mech. But one of his ſtudies is really diverting; I own I can't help laughing at that.

Sim. What may that be?

Mrs. Mech. Oratory.——You muſt know his firſt ambition is to have a ſeat in a certain aſſembly; and in order to appear there with credit, Mr.

What d'ye Call'em, the man from the city, attends every morning to give him a lecture upon ſpeaking, and there is ſuch haranguing and bellowing between them—Lord have mercy upon—but you'll ſee enough on't yourſelf; for do you know, Simon, you are to be his valet de chambre?

Sim. Me, Madam!

Mrs. Mech. Ay, his privy counſellor, his confidant, his director in chief.

Sim. To what end will that anſwer?

Mrs. Mech. There I am coming.—You are to know, that our 'Squire Wou'd-be is violently bent upon matrimony; and nothing forſooth will go down but a perſon of rank and condition.

Sim. Ay, ay, for that piece of pride he's indebted to Germany.

Mrs. Mech. The article of fortune he holds in utter contempt; a grand alliance is all that he wants; ſo that the lady has but her veins full of high blood, he does not care two-pence how low and empty her purſe is.

Sim. But, Ma'am, won't it be difficult to meet with a ſuitable ſubject? I believe there are few ladies of quality that——

Mrs. Mech. Oh, as to that, I am already provided.

Sim. Indeed!

Mrs. Mech. You know my neice Dolly?

Sim. Very well.

Mrs. Mech. What think you of her?

Sim. Of Miſs Dolly, for what?

Mrs. Mech. For what! you are plaguily dull; why a woman of faſhion, you dunce.

Sim. To be ſure Miſs Dolly is very deſerving, and few ladies have a better appearance; but, bleſs me, Madam, here people of rank are ſo generally known,

known, that the ſlighteſt enquiry wou'd poiſon your project.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, Simon, I have no fears from that quarter; there I think I am pretty ſecure.

Sim. If that, indeed, be the caſe—

Mrs. Mech. In the firſt place, Mr. Fungus has an entire reliance on me.

Sim. That's ſomething.

Mrs. Mech. Then to baffle any idle curioſity, we are not derived from any of your new-fangled gentry, who owe their upſtart nobility to your Harry's and Edward's. No, no, we are ſcions from an older ſtock; we are the hundred and fortieth lineal deſcendant from Hercules Alexander, earl of Glendowery, prime miniſter to king Malcolm the Firſt.

Sim. Odſo! a qualification for a canon of Straſbourg. So then it ſeems you are tranſplanted from the Banks of the Tweed; Cry you mercy! But how will Miſs Dolly be able to manage the accent?

Mrs. Mech. Very well; ſhe was two years an actreſs in Edenborough.

Sim. That's true; is the overture made, has there been any interview?

Mrs. Mech. Several; we have no diſlike to his perſon; can't but own he is rather agreeable; and as to his propoſals, they are greater than we cou'd deſire: but we are prudent and careful, ſay nothing without the Earl's approbation.

Sim. Oh, that will be eaſily had.

Mrs. Mech. Not ſo eaſily; and now comes your part: but firſt, how goes the world with you, Simon?

Sim. Never worſe! The ten bags of tea, and the cargo of brandy, them peering raſcals took from me in Suſſex, has quite broken my back.

Mrs. Mech. Poor Simon! why then I am afraid there's an end of your traffick.

Sim. Totally: for now thoſe fellows have got the Iſle of Man in their hands, I have no chance to get home, Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. Then you are entirely at leiſure.

Sim. As a Bath turnſpit in the month of July.

Mrs. Mech. You are then, Simon, an old family ſervant in waiting here on the lady; but diſpatch'd to the North with a view to negotiate the treaty, you are juſt returned with the noble Peer's reſolution. Prepare you a ſuitable equipage, I will provide you with a couple of letters, one for the lover and one for the lady——

Sim. The contents——

Mrs. Mech. Oh, you may read them within: now with regard to any queſtions, I will furniſh you with ſuitable anſwers; but you have a bungler to deal with, ſo your cards will be eaſily play'd.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. Miſs Dolly, Ma'am, in a hackney coach at the corner; may ſhe come in?

Mrs. Mech. Are the ſervants out of the way?

Jen. Oh, ſhe is ſo muffled up and diſguiſed, that ſhe'll run no danger from them.

Mrs. Mech. Be ſure keep good watch at the door, Jenny.

Jen. Oh, never fear, Ma'am. [*Exit* JENNY.

Mrs. Mech. Simon, take thoſe two letters that are under the furthermoſt cuſhion in the window, run home, get a dirty pair of boots on, a great coat, and a whip, and be here with them in half an hour at fartheſt.

Sim.

Sim. I will not fail. But have you no farther directions?

Mrs. Mech. Time enough. I ſhall be in the way; for it is me that muſt introduce you above. [*Exit* Simon.] So things ſeem now in a pretty good train; a few hours, it is to be hoped, will make me eaſy for life. To ſay truth, I begin to be tir'd of my trade. To be ſure the profits are great; but then, ſo are the riſks that I run: beſides, my private practice begins to be ſmoak'd. Ladies are ſuppos'd to come here with different deſigns than merely to look at my goods: ſome of my beſt cuſtomers too, are got out of my channel, and manage their matters at home by their maids. Thoſe aſylums, they gave a dreadful blow to my buſineſs. Time has been, when a gentleman wanted a friend, I could ſupply him with choice in an hour; but the market is ſpoiled, and a body might as ſoon procure a hare or a partridge as a pretty————[*Enter* Dolly.]——So Niece, are all things prepar'd; have you got the papers from Harpy?

Dolly. Here they are, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mech. Let me ſee—Oh the marriage articles for Fungus to ſign. Have you got the contract about you?

Dolly. You know, aunt, I left it with you.

Mrs. Mech. True, I had forgot: but where is the bond that I——Here it is; this, Dolly, you muſt ſign and ſeal before witneſs.

Dolly. To what end, aunt?

Mrs. Mech. Only, child, a trifling acknowledgment for all the trouble I have taken; a little hint to your huſband, that he may reimburſe your poor aunt, for your cloaths, board, lodging, and breeding.

Dolly. I hope my aunt does not ſuſpect that I can ever be wanting——

Mrs. Mech. No, my dear, not in the leaſt: but it is beſt, Dolly, in order to prevent all retroſpection, that we ſettle accounts before you change your condition.

Dolly. But, Ma'am, may not I ſee the contents?

Mrs. Mech. The contents, love, of what uſe will that be to you? Sign and ſeal, that's enough.

Dolly. But, aunt, I chooſe to ſee what I ſign.

Mrs. Mech. To ſee! what then you ſuſpect me?

Dolly. No, Ma'am; but a little caution——

Mrs. Mech. Caution! Here's an impudent baggage! How dare you diſpute my commands? Have not I made you, raiſed you from nothing, and won't a word from my mouth reduce you again?

Dolly. Madam, I——

Mrs. Mech. Anſwer me, huſſy, was not you a beggar's brat at my door; did not I, out of compaſſion, take you into my houſe, call you my neice, and give you ſuitable breeding?

Dolly, True, Madam.

Mrs. Mech. And what return did you make me? You had ſcarce got into your teens, you forward ſlut, but you brought me a child almoſt as big as yourſelf; and a delightful father you choſe for it! Doctor Catgut, the meagre muſician; that ſick monkey-face maker of crotchets; that eternal trotter after all the little draggle-tail'd girls of town. Oh, you low ſlut, had it been by a gentleman, it would not have vex'd me; but a fidler!

Dolly. For heaven's ſake——

Mrs. Mech. After that you elop'd, commenc'd ſtroller, and in a couple of years return'd to

town

town in your original trim, with ſcarce a rag to your back.

Dolly. Pray, Ma'am——

Mrs. Mech. Did not I, notwithſtanding, receive you again? have not I tortured my brains for your good? found you a huſband as rich as a Jew, juſt brought all my matters to bear, and now you refuſe to ſign a paltry paper?

Dolly. Pray, Madam, give it me, I will ſign, execute, do all that you bid me.

Mrs. Mech. You will; yes, ſo you had beſt. And what's become of the child, have you done as I ordered?

Dolly. The Doctor was not at home; but the nurſe left the child in the kitchen.

Mrs. Mech. You heard nothing from him?

Dolly. Not a word.

Mrs. Mech. Then he is meditating ſome miſchief, I warrant. However, let our good ſtars ſecure us to-day, and a fig for what may happen to-morrow. It is a little unlucky tho', that Mr. Fungus has choſen the doctor for his maſter of muſic; but as yet he has not been here, and, if poſſible, we muſt prevent him.

Enter JENNY, *haſtily.*

Jen. Mr. Fungus, the tallow-chandler, Ma'am, is croſſing the way, ſhall I ſay you are at home?

Mrs. Mech. His brother has ſervants enough, let ſome of them anſwer. Hide, Dolly. [*Exit* Dolly and Jenny.]——[*One knock at the door.*] Ay, that's the true tap of the trader; this old brother of ours tho' is ſmoaky and ſhrewd, and tho' an odd, a ſenſible fellow; we muſt guard againſt him: if he gets but an inkling, but the

ſlighteſt ſuſpicion, our project is marr'd.——— [*A noiſe without.*] What the deuce is the matter! As I live a ſquabble between him and La Fleur, the French footman we hir'd this morning. This may make mirth, I'll liſten a little.

[*Retires.*

Enter Mr. Isaac Fungus, *driving in* La Fleur.

I. Fung. What is there no-body in the houſe than can give me an anſwer; where's my brother, you raſcal?

La Fleur. Je n' entend pas.

I. Fung. Pas, what the devil is that; anſwer yes or no, is my brother at home? don't ſhrug up your ſhoulders at me, you——Oh, here comes a rational being.——

Enter Mrs. Mechlin.

Madam Mechlin, how fares it? this here lanthorn-jaw'd raſcal won't give me an anſwer, and indeed wou'd ſcarce let me into the houſe.

La Fleur. C'ſt gros Bourgois a fait une tapage de diable.

Mrs. Mech. Fy donc c'eſt le frere de monſieur.

La Fleur. Le frere! Mon Dieu!

I. Fung. What is all this? what the devil linguo is the fellow a talking?

Mrs. Mech. This is a footman from France that your brother has taken.

I. Fung. From France! and is that the beſt of his breeding? I thought we had taught them better manners abroad, than to come here and inſult us at home. People make ſuch a rout about ſmuggling

ſmuggling their Frenchified goods, their men do us more miſchief. If we could but hinder the importing of them——

Mrs. Mech. Ay, you are a true Briton, I ſee that, Mr. Iſaac.

I. Fung. I warrant me; is brother Zachary at home?

Mrs. Mech. Above ſtairs, Sir.

I. Fung. Any company with him?

Mrs. Mech. Not any to hinder your viſit. La Fleur, ouvrez le porte.

I. Fung. Get along you —— Mrs. Mechlin, your ſervant.—— I can't think what the devil makes you quality ſo fond of the mounſiers; for my part I don't ſee—— March and be hang'd to you—you ſooty-fac'd——

[*Exeunt* I. Fungus, *and* La Fleur.

Mrs. Mech. Come, Dolly, you may now appear.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. Mr. Paduaſoy, ma'am, the Spital-fields weaver; he has been waiting this hour, and ſays he has ſome people at home——

Mrs. Mech. Let him enter; in a couple of minutes I'll follow you, Dolly. [*Exit* Jenny.

Enter PADUASOY.

Mrs. Mech. Mr. Paduaſoy, you may load yourſelf home with thoſe ſilks, they won't do for my market.

Mr. Pad. Why, what's the matter, Madam?

Mrs. Mech. Matter! you are a pretty fellow indeed, you a tradeſman! but it's lucky I know you,

you; things might have been worſe; let us ſettle accounts, Mr. Paduaſoy; you'll ſee no more of my money.

Pad. I ſhall be ſorry for that, Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. Sorry! anſwer me one queſtion; am not I the beſt cuſtomer that ever you had?

Pad. I confeſs it.

Mrs. Mech. Have not I mortgaged my precious ſoul, by ſwearing to my quality cuſtomers that the ſtuff from your looms was the produce of Lyons?

Pad. Granted.

Mrs. Mech. And unleſs that had been believ'd, could you have ſold them a yard, nay a nail?

Pad. I believe not.

Mrs. Mech. Very well. Did not, Sir, I procure you more money for your curs'd goods, when ſold as the manufacture of France, than as mere Engliſh they could have ever produced you?

Pad. I never deny'd it.

Mrs. Mech. Then are not you a pretty fellow, to blow up and ruin my reputation at once?

Pad. Me, Madam!

Mrs. Mech. Yes, you.

Pad. As how?

Mrs. Mech. Did not you tell me theſe pieces of ſilk were entire, and the only ones you had made of that pattern?

Pad. I did.

Mrs. Mech. Now mind. Laſt Monday I left them as juſt landed, upon a pretence to ſecure them from ſeizure, at the old counteſs of Furbelow's, by whoſe means, I was ſure, at my own price, to get rid of them both; and who ſhould come in laſt night at the ball at the Manſion-Houſe, where my lady

lady unluckily happen'd to be, with a full ſuit of the blue pattern upon her back, but Mrs. Deputy Dowlaſs, dizen'd out like a ducheſs.

Pad. Mrs. Deputy Dowlaſs! Is it poſſible?

Mrs. Mech. There is no denying the fact; but that was not all: if indeed Mrs. Deputy had behaved like a gentlewoman, and ſwore they had been ſent her from Paris, why there the thing would have died; but ſee what it is to have to do with mechanicks, the fool owned ſhe had them from you. I ſhould be glad to ſee any of my cuſtomers at a loſs for a lye. But thoſe trumpery traders, Mr. Paduaſoy, you'll never gain any credit by them.

Pad. This muſt be a trick of my wife's; I know the women are intimate, but this piece of intelligence will make a hot houſe. None of my fault indeed, Mrs. Mechlin; I hope, Ma'am, this won't make any difference?

Mrs. Mech. Difference! I don't believe I ſhall be able to ſmuggle a gown for you theſe ſix months. What is in that bundle?

Pad. Some India handkerchiefs, that you promis'd to procure of a ſupercargo at Woolwich, for Sir Thomas Callico's lady.

Mrs. Mech. Are you pretty forward with the light ſprigg'd waiſtcoats from Italy?

Pad. They will be out of the loom in a week.

Mrs. Mech. You need not put any Genoa velvets in hand till the end of the autumn; but you may make me immediately a freſh ſortment of foreign ribbons for ſummer.

Pad. Any other commands, Mrs. Mechlin?

Mrs. Mech. Not at preſent, I think.

Pad. I wiſh you, Madam, a very good morning.

Mrs. Mech.

Mrs. Mech. Mr. Paduaſoy, Lord! I had lik'd to have forgot. You muſt write an anoymous letter to the Cuſtom-houſe, and ſend me ſome old ſilks to be ſeized; I muſt treat the town with a bonfire: it will make a fine paragraph for the papers; and at the ſame time advertiſe the public where ſuch things may be had.

Pad. I ſhan't fail, Madam. *Exit* Paduaſoy.

Mrs. Mech. Who ſays now that I am not a friend to my country? I think the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, ſhould vote me a premium. I am ſure I am one of the greateſt encouragers of our own manufactures.

Exit Mrs. Mechlin.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE First Continues.

Enter COMMISSARY FUNGUS, ISAAC FUNGUS, *and Mrs.* MECHLIN.

Zac. Fungus.

BROTHER Iſaac, you are a blockhead, I tell you. But firſt anſwer me this; can knowledge do a man any harm.

I. Fung. No, ſarting; what is befitting a man for to learn.

Z. Fung. To learn! and how ſhould you know what is befitting a gentleman to learn? Stick to your trade, maſter tallow-chandler.

I. Fung. Now, brother Zachary, can you ſay in your conſcience, as how, it is deſcent to be learning to dance, when you ha' almoſt loſt the uſe of your legs?

Z. Fung. Loſt the uſe of my legs! to ſee but the malice of men! Do but ax Mrs. Mechlin; now, Ma'am, does not Mr. Dukes ſay, that, conſidering my time, I have made a wonderful progreſs?

I. Fung. Your time, brother Zac!

Z. Fung. Ay, my time, brother Iſaac. Why, I ha'nt been at it paſſing a couple of months, and we have at our ſchool two aldermen and a ſer-

ſerjeant at law, that were full half a year before they could get out of hand.

Mrs. Mech. Very true, Sir.

Z. Fun. There now, Mrs. Mechlin can vouch it. And pray, Ma'am, does not maſter allow, that of my age, I am the moſt hopeful ſcholar he has?

Mrs. Mech. I can't but ſay, Mr. Iſaac, that the 'ſquire has made a moſt prodigious improvement.

Z. Fun. Do you hear that? I wiſh we had but a kit, I would ſhow you what I could do: one, two, three, ha. One, two, three, ha. There are riſings and ſinkings!

Mrs. Mech. Ay, marry, as light as a cork.

Z. Fun. A'n't it? Why, before next winter is over, he ſays, he'll fit me for dancing in public; and who knows but in Lent you may ſee me amble at a Ridotto with an opera ſinger.

Mrs. Mech. And I warrant he acquits himſelf as well as the beſt.

I. Fun. Mercy on me! and pray, brother, that thing like a ſword in your hand, what may the uſe of that implement be?

Z. Fun. This? oh, this is a foil.

I. Fun. A foil!

Z. Fun. Ay, a little inſtrument, by which we who are gentlemen, are inſtructed to kill one another.

I. Fun. To kill! Marry, heaven forbid; I hope you have no ſuch bloody intentions. Why, brother Zac. you was uſed to be a peaceable man.

Z. Fun. Ay, that was when I was a paltry mechanick, and afraid of the law, but now I am another gueſs perſon: I have been in camps, cantoons, and intrenchments; have marched over bridges and breaches; I have ſeen the Ezel and Wezel; I'm got as rich as a Jew, and if any man

man dares to affront me, I'll let him know that my trade has been fighting.

I. Fun. Rich as a Jew! Ah, Zac. Zac. but if you had not had another gueſs trade than fighting, I doubt whether you would have returned altogether ſo rich: but now you have got all this wealth, why not ſit down and enjoy it quiet?

Z. Fun. Hark ye, Iſaac, do you purtend to know life? are you acquainted with the Beaux d'Eſprits of the age?

I. Fun. I don't underſtand you.

Z. Fun. No, I believe not; then how ſhould you know what belongs to gentility?

I. Fun. And why not as well as you, brother Zac. I hope I am every whit as well born?

Z. Fun. Ay, Iſaac, but the breeding is all; conſider I have been a gentleman above five years and three quarters, and I think ſhould know a little what belongs to the buſineſs; hey, Mrs. Mechlin?

Mrs. Mech. Very true, Sir.

Z. Fun. And as to this foil, do you know, Iſaac, in what the art of fencing conſiſts?

I. Fun. How ſhou'd I?

Z. Fun. Why it is ſhort; there are but two rules: the firſt is, to give your antagoniſt as many thruſts as you can; the ſecond, to be careful and receive none yourſelf.

I. Fun. But how is this to be done?

Z. Fun. Oh, eaſy enough: for do you ſee, if you can but divert your adverſary's point from the line of your body, it is impoſſible he ever ſhould hit you; and all this is done by a little turn of the wriſt, either this way, or that way. But I'll ſhow you: John, bring me a foil. Mrs. Mechlin,

Mechlin, it will be worth your obſerving. Here, brother Iſaac——[*Offers him a foil.*]

I. Fun. Not I.

Z. Fun. Theſe Bourgois are ſo frightful——Mrs. Mechlin, will you, Ma'am, do me the favour to puſh at me a little? Mind, brother, when ſhe thruſts at me in carte, I do ſo; and when ſhe puſhes in tierce, I do ſo; and by this means a man is ſure to avoid being killed. But it may not be amiſs, brother Iſaac, to give you the progreſs of a regular quarrel; and then you will ſee what ſort of a thing a gentleman is. Now I have been told, do ſee, brother Iſaac, by a friend who has a regard for my honour, that Captain Jenkins, or Hopkins, or Wilkins, or what captain you pleaſe, has in public company call'd me a cuckold——

I. Fun. A cuckold! But how can that be? becauſe why, brother Zac. you be'nt married.

Z. Fun. But as I am juſt going to be married, that may very well happen, you know.

Mrs. Mech. True.

Z. Fun. Yes, yes, the thing is natural enough. Well, the captain has ſaid, I am a cuckold; upon which, the firſt time I ſet eyes on captain Wilkins, either at Vaux-hall, or at Ranelagh, I accoſt him, in a courteous, genteel-like manner——

I. Fun. And that's more than he merits.

Z. Fun. Your patience, dear Iſaac —— in a courteous, gentleman-like manner; captain Hopkins, your ſervant.

I. Fun. Why, you call'd him but now Captain Wilkins.

Z. Fun. P'ſhaw! You blockhead, I tell you the name does not ſignify nothing——Your ſervant; ſhall I crave your ear for a moment? The captain politely

politely replies, Your commands, good Mr. Fungus? Then we walk side by side—Come here, Mrs. Mechlin—[*They walk up and down*] for some time as civil as can be. Mind, brother Isaac.

I. Fun. I do, I do.

Z. Fun. Hey! —— no, t'other side, Mrs. Mechlin. —— that's right——I hear, captain Wilkins——

I. Fun. I knew it was Wilkins.

Z. Fun. Zounds! Isaac, be quiet——Wilkins, that you have taken some liberties about and concerning of me, which, damme, I don't understand——

I. Fun. Don't swear, brother Zachary.

Z. Fun. Did ever mortal hear the like of this fellow?

I. Fun. But you are grown such a reprobate since you went to the wars——

Z. Fun. Mrs. Mechlin, stop the tongue of that blockhead; why, dunce, I am speaking by rule, and Mrs. Mechlin can tell you that duels and damme's go always together.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, always.

Z. Fun. Which, damme, I don't understand. Liberties with you, cries the captain, where, when, and in what manner? Last Friday night, in company at the St. Alban's, you call'd me a buck, and moreover said that my horns were exalted. Now, Sir, I know very well what was your meaning by that, and therefore demand satisfaction. That, Sir, is what I never deny to a gentleman; but as to you, Mr. Fungus, I can't consent to give you that rank. How, Sir, do you deny my gentility! Oh, that affront must be answered this instant—— Draw, Sir! Now push, Mrs. Mechlin. [*They fence*] There I parry tierce, there I parry carte, there I

parry——Hold, hold, have a care, zooks! Mrs. Mechlin.

I. Fun. Ha, ha, ha! I think you have met with your match; well puſh'd, Mrs. Mechlin.

Z. Fun. Ay, but inſtead of puſhing in tierce, ſhe puſhed me in carte, and came ſo thick with her thruſts that it was not in nature to parry them.

I. Fun. Well, well, I am fully convinc'd of your ſkill; but I think, brother Zac. you hinted an intention of marrying, is that your deſign?

Z. Fun. Undoubtedly.

I. Fun. And when?

Z. Fun. Why this evening.

I. Fun. So ſudden! and pray is it a ſecret to whom?

Z. Fun. A ſecret, no, I am proud of the match; ſhe brings me all that I want, her veins full of good blood: ſuch a family! ſuch an alliance! zooks, ſhe has a pedigree as long as the Mall, brother Iſaac, with large trees on each ſide, and all the boughs loaded with lords.

I. Fun. But has the lady no name.

Z. Fun. Name! ay, ſuch a name, lord, we have nothing like it in London: none of your ſtunded little dwarfiſh words of one ſyllable; your Watts, and your Potts, and your Trotts; this rumbles through the throat like a cart with broad wheels. Mrs. Mechlin, you can pronounce it better than me.

Mrs. Mech. Lady Sachariſſa Mackirkincroft.

Z. Fun. Kirkincroft! there are a mouthful of ſyllables for you. Lineally deſcended from Hercules Alexander Charlemagne Hannibal, Earl of Glendower, prime miniſter to king Malcolm the firſt,

I. Fun.

I. Fun. And are all the parties agreed?

Z. Fun. I can't ſay quite all; for the right honourable peer that is to be my pappa, (who by the bye is as proud as the devil,) has flatly renounc'd the alliance, calls me here in his letter Plebeian, and ſays if we have any children, they will turn out very little better than pye-balls.

I. Fun. And what does the gentlewoman ſay?

Z. Fun. The gentlewoman! Oh, the gentlewoman (who between ourſelves) is pretty near as high as her father; but, however, my perſon has prov'd too hard for her pride, and I take the affair to be as good as concluded.

I. Fun. It is reſolv'd?

Z. Fun. Fix'd.

I. Fun. I am ſorry for it.

Z. Fun. Why ſo? come, come, brother Iſaac, don't be uneaſy, I have a ſhrewd gueſs at your grievance; but though you may not be ſuffer'd to ſee lady Scracariſſa at firſt, yet who knows before long I may have intereſt enough with her to bring it about; and in the mean time you may dine when you will with the ſteward.

I. Fun. You are exceedingly kind.

Z. Fun. Mrs. Mechlin, you don't think my lady will gainſay it?

Mrs. Mech. By no means; it is wonderful, conſidering her rank, how mild and condeſcending ſhe is: why, but yeſterday, ſays her Ladyſhip to me, though, Mrs. Mechlin, it can't be ſuppos'd that I ſhou'd admit any of the Fungus family into my preſence——

Z. Fun. No, no, to be ſure; not at firſt, as I ſaid.

Mrs. Mech. Yet his brother, or any other relation may dine with the ſervants every day.

Z. Fun. Do you hear, Iſaac? There's your true, inherent nobility, ſo humble and affable! but people of real rank never have any pride; that is only for upſtarts.

I. Fun. Wonderfully gracious! but here, brother Zac. you miſtake me, it is not for myſelf I am ſorry.

Z. Fun. Whom then?

I. Fun. For you. Don't you think that your wife will deſpiſe you?

Z. Fun. No.

I. Fun. Can you ſuppoſe that you will live together a month?

Z. Fun. Yes.

I. Fun. Why, can you bear to walk about your own houſe like a paltry dependant?

Z. Fun. No.

I. Fun. To have yourſelf and your orders contemn'd by your ſervants?

Z. Fun. No.

I. Fun. To ſee your property devoured by your lady's beggarly couſins, who, notwithſtanding, won't vouchſafe you a nod?——

Z. Fun. No.

I. Fun. Can you be blind at her bidding, run at her ſending, come at her calling, dine by yourſelf when ſhe has bettermoſt company, and ſleep ſix nights a week in the garret?

Z. Fun. No.

I. Fun. Why, will you dare to diſobey, have the impudence to diſpute the ſovereign will and pleaſure of a lady like her?

Z. Fun. Ay, marry will I.

I. Fun. And don't you expect a whole clan of Andrew Ferraros, with their naked points at your throat?

Z. Fun.

Z. Fun. No.

I. Fun. Then you don't know half you will have to go through.

Z. Fun. Look you, brother, I know what you wou'd be at; you don't mean I ſhou'd marry at all.

I. Fun. Indeed, brother Zachary, you wrong me; I ſhould with pleaſure ſee you equally match'd, that is, to one of your own rank and condition.

Z. Fun. You would? I don't doubt it, but that is a pleaſure you never will have. Look you, Iſaac, I have made up my mind; it is a lady I like, and a lady I will have; and if you ſay any more, I'll not be contented with that, for damme, I'll marry a ducheſs.

Enter La Fleur.

La Fleur. Le Maître pour donner d' Eloquence.

Z. Fun. What does the puppy ſay, Mrs. Mechlin, for you know I can't parler vous.

Mrs. Mech. The gentleman from the city, that is to make you a ſpeaker.

Z. Fun. Odzooks! a ſpecial fine fellow, let's have him.

Mrs. Mech. Faites l' entrer. [*Exit* La Fleur.

I. Fun. Brother, as you are buſy, I will take another——

Z. Fun. No, no, this is the fineſt fellow of all, it is he that is to make me a man; and hark ye, brother, if I ſhou'd chance to riſe in the ſtate, no more words, your buſineſs is done.

I. Fun. What, I reckon ſome member of parliament.

Z. Fun. A member! Lord help you, brother

Iſaac, this man is a whole ſenate himſelf. Why it is the famous orationer that has publiſh'd the book.

I. Fun. What, Mr. Gruel?

Z. Fun. The ſame.

I. Fun. Yes, I have ſeen his name in the News.

Z. Fun. His knowledge is wonderful; he has told me ſuch ſecrets——Why do you know, Iſaac, by what means 'tis we ſpeak?

I. Fun. Speak! why we ſpeak with our mouths.

Z. Fun. No, we don't.

I. Fun. No!

Z. Fun. No. He ſays we ſpeak by means of the tongue, the teeth, and the throat; and without them we only ſhould bellow.

I. Fun. But ſurely the mouth—

Z. Fun. The mouth, I tell you, is little or nothing, only juſt a cavity for the air to paſs through.

I. Fun. Indeed!

Z. Fun. That's all; and when the cavity's ſmall, little ſounds will come out; when large, the great ones proceed: obſerve now in whiſtling and bawling—— [*whiſtles and bawls*]—Do you ſee? Oh, he is a miraculous man.

I. Fun. But of what uſe is all this?

Z. Fun. But it's knowledge, an't it; and of what ſignification is that, you fool! And then as to uſe, why he can make me ſpeak in any manner he pleaſes; as a lawyer, a merchant, a country gentleman; whatever the ſubject requires—But here he is.

Enter Mr. GRUEL.

Mr. Gruel, your ſervant; I have been holding forth in your praiſe.

Gruel.

Gruel. I make no doubt, Mr. Fungus, but to your declamation, or recitation (as Quintilian more properly terms it), I shall be indebted for much future praise, in as much as the reputation of the scholar does (as I may say) confer, or rather as it were reflect, a marvellous kind of lustre on the fame of the master himself.

Z. Fun. There, Isaac! didst ever hear the like? he talks just as if it were all out of a book; what wou'd you give to be able to utter such words?

I. Fun. And what shou'd I do with them? them holiday terms wou'd not pass in my shop; there's no buying and selling with them.

Gruel. Your observation is pithy and pertinent: different stations different idioms demand; polished periods accord ill with the mouths of mechanics; but as that tribe is permitted to circulate a baser kind of coin, for the ease and convenience of inferior traffic, so it is indulg'd with a vernacular or vicious vulgar phraseology, to carry on their interlocutory commerce.—But I doubt, Sir, I soar above the region of your comprehension?

I. Fun. Why if you would come down a step or two, I can't say but I should understand you the better.

Z. Fun. And I too.

Gruel. Then to the familiar I fall: if the gentleman has any ambition to shine at a vestry, a common-hall, or even a convivial club, I can supply him with ample materials.

I. Fun. No, I have no such desire.

Gruel. Not to lose time; your brother here, (for such I find the gentleman is,) in other respects a common man like yourself—

Z. Fun. No better.

Gruel. Observe how alter'd by means of my art:

are you prepar'd in the ſpeech on the great importance of trade?

Z. Fun. Pretty well, I believe.

Gruel. Let your geſticulations be chaſte, and your muſcular movements conſiſtent.

Z. Fun. Never fear——[*Enter* JENNY, *and whiſpers Mrs.* MECHLIN.] Mrs. Mechlin, you'll ſtay?

Mrs. Mech. A little buſineſs; I'll return in an inſtant. [*Exit Mrs.* MECHLIN.

Gruel. A little here to the left, if you pleaſe, Sir, there you will only catch his profile—that's right—now you will have the full force of his face; one, two, three; now off you go.

Z. Fun. When I conſider the vaſt importance of this day's debate; when I revolve the various viciſſitudes that this ſoil has ſuſtain'd; when I ponder what our painted progenitors were; and what we, their civilized ſucceſſors, are; when I reflect, that they fed on crab-apples and cheſnuts——

Gruel. Pignuts, good Sir, if you pleaſe.

Z. Fun. You are right; crab-apples and pignuts; and that we feaſt on green-peas, and on cuſtards: when I trace, in the recording hiſtorical page, that their floods gave them nothing but frogs, and now that we have fiſh by land-carriage, I am loſt in amazement at the prodigious power of commerce. Hail, commerce! daughter of induſtry, conſort to credit, parent of opulence, full ſiſter to liberty, and great grandmother to the art of navigation——

I. Fun. Why this gentlewoman has a pedigree as long as your wife's, brother Zac.

Z. Fun. Prithee, Iſaac, be quiet—art of navigation—a—a—'vigation——Zooks, that fellow has put me quite out.

Gruel.

Gruel. It matters not; this day's performance has largely fulfill'd your yeſterday's promiſe.

Z. *Fun.* But I han't half done, the beſt is to come; let me juſt give him that part about turnpegs—for the ſloughs, the mires, the ruts, the impaſſable bogs, that the languid, but generous, ſteed travelled through; he now pricks up his ears, he neighs, he canters, he capers through a whole region of turnpegs.

Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.

Mrs. Mech. Your Riding-maſter is below.

Z. *Fun.* Gadſo! then here, we muſt end. You'll pardon me, good Mr. Gruel; for as I want to be a finiſh'd gentleman as ſoon as I can, it is impoſſible for me to ſtick long to any one thing.

Gruel. Sir, though your exit is rather abrupt, yet the multiplicity of your avocations, do, (as I may ſay) in ſome meaſure, cicatrize the otherwiſe mortal wound on this occaſion ſuſtained by decorum.

Z. *Fun.* Cicatriſe! I could hear him all day. He is a wonderful man. Well, Mr. Gruel, to-morrow we will at it again.

Gruel. You will find me prompt at your ſlighteſt volition.

Z. *Fun.* I wiſh, brother Iſaac, I could have ſtaid, you ſhould have heard me oration away like a lawyer, about pleadings and preſidents; but all in good time.—— [*Exit* FUNGUS.

Mrs. Mech. This gentleman, Sir, will gain you vaſt credit.

Gruel. Yes, Ma'am, the capabilities of the gentleman, I confeſs, are enormous; and as to you I am indebted for this promiſing pupil, you will permit me to expunge the obligation by an inſtantaneous

ous and gratis lecture on that ſpecies of eloquence peculiar to ladies.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, Sir, I have no ſort of occaſion——

Gruel. As to that biped, man, (for ſuch I define him to be) a male or maſculine manner belongs——

Mrs. Mech. Any other time, good Mr. Gruel.

Gruel. So to that biped, woman, ſhe participating of his general nature, the word homo, in Latin, being promiſcuouſly uſed as woman or man——

Mrs. Mech. For Heaven's ſake——

Gruel. But being caſt in a more tender and delicate mold——

Mrs. Mech. Sir, I have twenty people in waiting—

Gruel. The ſoft, ſupple, inſinuating graces—

Mrs. Mech. I muſt inſiſt——

Gruel. Do appertain (as I may ſay) in a more peculiar, or particular, manner;——

Mrs. Mech. Nay, then——

Gruel. Her rank in the order of entities—

Mrs. Mech. I muſt thruſt you out of my houſe.

Gruel. Not calling her forth——

Mrs. Mech. Was there ever ſuch a —— [*puſhing him out.*]

Re-enter GRUEL.

Gruel. To thoſe eminent, hazardous, and (as I may ſay) perilous conflicts, which ſo often—

Mrs. Mech. Get down ſtairs, and be hang'd to you— [*puſhes him out.*] There he goes, as I live, from the top to the bottom: I hope, I han't done him a miſchief: You ar'n't hurt, Mr. Gruel?—No, all's ſafe; I hear him going on with his ſpeech; an impertinent puppy.

I. Fun.

I. Fun. Impertinent, indeed: I wonder all those people don't turn your head, Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, I am pretty well used to 'em. But who comes here? Mr. Isaac, if you will step into the next room, I have something to communicate that well deserves your attention.

[*Exit* ISAAC FUNGUS.

Enter SIMON.

Sim. Doctor Catgut at the foot of the stairs.

Mrs. Mech. The devil he is! What can have brought him at this time of day? Watch, Simon, that nobody comes up whilst he is here. [*Exit* SIMON.] I hope he has not heard of the pretty present we sent him to day.

Enter Dr. CATGUT.

Dr. Cat. Madam Mechlin, your humble. I have, Ma'am, received a couple of compliments from your mansion this morning; one I find from a lodger of your's, the other I presume from your niece; but for the last, I rather suppose I am indebted to you.

Mrs. Mech. Me! indeed, Doctor, you are widely mistaken; I assure you, Sir, since your business broke out, I have never set eyes of her once.

Dr. Cat. Then I am falsly informed.

Mrs. Mech. But after all you must own it is but what you deserve; I wonder, Doctor, you don't leave off these tricks.

Dr. Cat. Why what can I do, Mrs. Mechlin? my constitution requires it.

Mrs. Mech. Indeed! I shou'd not have thought it.

Dr. Cat. Then the dear little devils are so desperately fond.

Mrs. Mech. Without doubt.

Dr.

Dr. Cat. And for frolick, flirtation, diligence, dreſs and addreſs——

Mrs. Mech. To be ſure.

Dr. Cat. For what you call genuine gallantry, few men, I flatter myſelf, will be found that can match me.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, that's a point given up.

Dr. Cat. Hark ye, Molly Mechlin, let me periſh, child, you look divinely to-day.

Mrs. Mech. Indeed!

Dr. Cat. But that I have two or three affairs on my hands, I ſhou'd be poſitively tempted to trifle with thee a little.

Mrs. Mech. Ay, but Doctor, conſider I am not of a trifling age, it wou'd be only loſing your time.

Dr. Cat. Ha, ſo coy! But a propos, Molly, this lodger of your's; who is he, and what does he want?

Mrs. Mech. You have heard of the great Mr. Fungus?

Dr. Cat. Well!

Mrs. Mech. Being informed of your ſkill and abilities, he has ſent for you to teach him to ſing.

Dr. Cat. Me teach him to ſing! What does the ſcoundrel mean to affront me?

Mrs. Mech. Affront you!

Dr. Cat. Why don't you know, child, that I quitted that paltry profeſſion?

Mrs. Mech. Not I.

Dr. Cat. Oh, intirely renounc'd it.

Mrs. Mech. Then what may you follow at preſent?

Dr. Cat. Me!—nothing. I am a poet, my dear.

Mrs. Mech. A poet!

Dr. Cat. A poet. The muſes—you know I was always fond of the ladies: I ſuppoſe you have heard

of Shakeſpear, and Shadwell, of Tom Brown, and of Milton, and Hudibras?

Mrs. Mech. I have.

Dr. Cat. I ſhall blaſt all their laurels, by gad; I have juſt given the public a taſte, but there's a belly-full for them in my larder at home.

Mrs. Mech. Upon my word, you ſurpriſe me; but pray, is poetry a trade to be learn'd?

Dr. Cat. Doubtleſs. Capital as I am, I have not acquired it above a couple of years.

Mrs. Mech. And cou'd you communicate your art to another?

Dr. Cat. To be ſure. Why I have here in my pocket, my dear, a whole folio of rhimes, from Z quite to great A. Let us ſee, A. ay, here it begins, A, aſs, paſs, graſs, maſs, laſs, and ſo quite thro' the alphabet down to Z. Zounds, grounds, mounds, pounds, hounds.

Mrs. Mech. And what do you do with thoſe rhimes?

Dr. Cat. Oh, we ſupply them.

Mrs. Mech. Supply them?

Dr. Cat. Ay, fill them up, as I will ſhew you. Laſt week, in a ramble to Dulwich, I made theſe rhimes into a duet for a new comic opera I have on the ſtocks. Mind, for I look upon the words as a model for that ſort of writing.

Firſt ſhe.—*There to ſee the ſluggiſh aſs,*
Through the meadows as we paſs,
Eating up the farmer's graſs,
Blyth and merry, by the maſs,
As a lively country laſs.

Mrs. Mech. Very pretty.

Dr. Cat. A'n't it? Then he replies,

Hear

Hear the farmer cry out, zounds!
As he trudges through the grounds,
Yonder beaſt has broke my mounds;
If the pariſh has no pounds,
Kill, and give him to the hounds.

Then Da Capo, both join in repeating the laſt ſtanza; and this tack'd to a tolerable tune, will run you for a couple of months. You obſerve?

Mrs. Mech. Clearly. As our gentleman is deſirous to learn all kinds of things, I can't help thinking but he will take a fancy to this.

Dr. Cat. In that caſe, he may command me, my dear; and I promiſe you, in a couple of months, he ſhall know as much of the matter as I do.

Mrs. Mech. At preſent he is a little engaged, but as ſoon as the honey-moon is over——

Dr. Cat. Honey-moon! Why is he going to be marry'd?

Mrs. Mech. This evening, I fancy.

Dr. Cat. The fineſt opportunity for an introduction in nature. I have by me, Ma'am Mechlin, of my own compoſition, ſuch an epithalmium——

Mrs. Mech. Thalmium, what's that?

Dr. Cat. A kind of an elegy, that we poets compoſe at the ſolemnization of weddings.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, oh!

Dr. Cat. It is ſet to muſick already; for I ſtill compoſe for myſelf.

Mrs. Mech. You do?

Dr. Cat. Yes. What think you now of providing a band, and ſerenading the 'Squire to-night? It will be a pretty extempore compliment.

Mrs. Mech. The prettieſt thought in the world.

But

But I hear Mr. Fungus's bell. You'll excuſe me, dear Doctor, you may ſuppoſe we are buſy.

Dr. Cat. No apology then, I'll about it this inſtant.

Mrs. Mech. As ſoon as you pleaſe;—any thing to get you out of the way. [*Aſide and exit.*]

Dr. Cat. Your obſequious, good Madam Mechlin. But notwithſtanding all your fine ſpeeches, I ſhrewdly ſuſpect my bleſſed bargain at home was a preſent from you; and what ſhall I do with it?—Theſe little embarraſſes we men of intrigue are eternally ſubject to. There will be no ſending it back. She will never let it enter the houſe.—Hey! gad, a lucky thought is come into my head——this ſerenade is finely contrived——Madam Mechlin ſhall have her couſin again, for I will return her bye-blow in the body of a double baſe-viol; ſo the Bawd ſhall have a concert as well as the 'Squire.——

[*Exit Dr.* CATGUT.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE continues.

Enter HARPY, YOUNG LOVEIT, *and* JENNY.

Harpy.

TELL your miſtreſs my name is Harpy; ſhe knows me, and how precious my time is.

Jen. Mr. Harpy, the attorney of Furnival's Inn? [*Exit Jenny.*

Har. The ſame. Ay, ay, young gentleman, this is your woman; I warrant your buſineſs is done. You knew Kitty Williams, that marry'd Mr. Abednego Potiphar, the Jew broker?

Y. Lov. I did.

Har. And Robin Rainbow, the happy huſband of the widow Champanſy, from the iſle of St. Kitt's?

Y. Lov. I have ſeen him.

Har. All owing to her. Her ſucceſs in that branch of buſineſs is wonderful! Why, I dare believe, ſince laſt ſummer, ſhe has not ſent off leſs than forty couple to Edinburgh.

Y. Lov. Indeed! She muſt be very adroit.

Har. Adroit! You ſhall judge; I will tell you a caſe: you know the large brick houſe at Peckham, with a turrit at top?

Y. Lov.

Y. Lov. Well.

Har. There liv'd Miſs Cicely Mite, the only daughter of old Mite the cheeſemonger, at the corner of Newgate-ſtreet, juſt turn'd of fourteen, and under the wing of an old maiden aunt, as watchful as a dragon—but huſh—I hear Mrs. Mechlin, I'll take another ſeaſon to finiſh my tale.

Y. Lov. But, Mr. Harpy, as theſe kind of women are a good deal given to goſſiping, I wou'd rather my real name was a ſecret till there is a ſort of neceſſity.

Har. Goſſiping! She, lord help you, ſhe is as cloſe as a Catholic confeſſor.

Y. Lov. That may be, but you muſt give me leave to inſiſt.

Har. Well, well, as you pleaſe.

Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.

Your very humble ſervant, good Madam Mechlin; I have taken the liberty to introduce a young gentleman, a friend of mine, to crave your aſſiſtance.

Mrs. Mech. Any friend of yours, Mr. Harpy; —won't you be ſeated, Sir?

Y. Lov. Ma'am. [*They ſit down.*]

Mrs. Mech. And pray, Sir, how can I ſerve you?

Har. Why, Ma'am, the gentleman's ſituation is ——but, Sir, you had better ſtate your caſe to Mrs. Mechlin yourſelf.

Y. Lov. Why, you are to know, Ma'am, that I am juſt eſcap'd from the univerſity, where (I need not tell you) you are greatly eſteem'd.

Mrs. Mech. Very obliging. I muſt own, Sir, I have had a very great reſpect for that learned body, ever ſince they made a near and dear friend of mine a doctor of muſic.

Y. Lov. Yes, Ma'am, I remember the gentleman.

Mrs. Mech. Do you know him, Sir? I expect him here every minute to inſtruct a lodger of mine.

Y. Lov. Not intimately. Juſt arrived, but laſt night; upon my coming to town I found my father deceas'd, and all his fortune devis'd to his relict, my mother.

Mrs. Mech. What, the whole!

Y. Lov. Every ſhilling—that is, for her life.

Mrs. Mech. And to what ſum may it amount?

Y. Lov. Why, my mother is eternally telling me, that, after her, I ſhall inherit fifty or ſixty thouſand at leaſt.

Mrs. Mech. Upon my word, a capital ſum.

Y. Lov. But of what uſe, my dear Mrs. Mechlin, ſince ſhe refuſes to advance me a guinea upon the credit of it, and while the graſs grows—you know the proverb—

Mrs. Mech. What, I ſuppoſe you want ſomething for preſent ſubſiſtence.

Y. Lov. Juſt my ſituation.

Mrs. Mech. Have you thought of nothing for yourſelf?

Y. Lov. I am reſolv'd to be guided by you.

Mrs. Mech. What do you think of a wife?

Y. Lov. A wife!

Mrs. Mech. Come, come, don't deſpiſe my advice: when a young man's finances are low, a wife is a much better reſource than a uſurer; and there are in this town a number of kind-hearted widows, that take a pleaſure in repairing the injuries done by fortune to handſome young fellows.

Har. Mrs. Mechlin has reaſon.

Y. Lov. But, dear Ma'am, what can I do with a wife?

Mrs. Mech. Do! Why, like other young fellows who marry ladies a little ſtricken in years; make her your banker and ſteward. If you ſay but

the

the word, before night I'll give you a widow with two thouſand a year in her pocket.

Y. Lov. Two thouſand a year! a pretty employment, if the reſidence cou'd but be diſpens'd with.

Mrs. Mech. What do you mean by reſidence? Do you think a gentleman, like a pitiful trader, is to be eternally tack'd to his wife's petticoat: when ſhe is in town, be you in the country; as ſhe ſhifts, do you ſhift. Why, you need not be with her above thirty days in the year; and let me tell you, you won't find a more eaſy condition: twelve months ſubſiſtence for one month's labour!

Y. Lov. Two thouſand a year, you are ſure?

Mrs. Mech. The leaſt penny.

Y. Lov. Well, Madam, you ſhall diſpoſe of me juſt as you pleaſe.

Mrs. Mech. Very well; if you will call in half an hour at fartheſt, I believe we ſhall finiſh the buſineſs.

Y. Lov. In half an hour?

Mrs. Mech. Preciſely. Oh, diſpatch is the very life and ſoul of my trade. Mr. Harpy will tell you my terms, you will find them reaſonable enough.

Har. Oh, I am ſure we ſhall have no diſpute about thoſe.

Y. Lov. No, no.——[*Going.*]

Mrs. Mech. Oh, but Mr. Harpy, it may be proper to mention that the gentlewoman, the party, is upward of ſixty.

Y. Lov. With all my heart; it is the purſe, not the perſon I want. Sixty! ſhe is quite a girl; I wiſh with all my ſoul ſhe was ninety.

Mrs. Mech. Get you gone, you are a devil, I ſee that.

Y. Lov. Well, for half an hour, ſweet Mrs. Mechlin, adieu.

[*Exeunt* Young Loveit *and* Harpy.

Mrs. Mech. Soh! I have provided for my dowager from Devonshire square, and now to cater for my commissary. Here he comes.

Enter FUNGUS *and* BRIDOUN.

Fun. So, in six weeks——Oh, Mrs. Mechlin, any news from the lady?

Mrs. Mech. I expect her here every moment. She is conscious that in this step she descends from her dignity; but being desirous to screen you from the fury of her noble relations, she is determined to let them see that the act and deed is intirely her own.

Fun. Very kind, very obliging, indeed. But, Mrs Mechlin, as the family is so furious, I reckon we shall never be reconcil'd.

Mrs. Mech. I don't know that. When you have bought commissions for her three younger brothers, discharg'd the mortgage on the patern\ estate, and portion'd off eight or nine of her sisters, it is not impossible but my lord may be prevail'd on to suffer your name——

Fun. Do you think so?

Mrs. Mech. But then a work of time, Mr. Fungus.

Fun. Ay, ay, I know very well things of that kind are not brought about in a hurry.

Mrs. Mech. But I must prepare matters for the lady's reception.

Fun. By all means. The jewels are sent to her ladyship?

Mrs Mech. To be sure.

Fun. And the ring for her ladyship, and her ladyship's licence?

Mrs. Mech. Ay, ay, and her ladyship's parson too; all are prepar'd.

Fun. Parson! why won't her ladyship please to be marry'd at Powl's?

Mrs.

Mrs. Mech. Lord, Mr. Fungus, do you think a lady of her rank and condition would bear to be ſeen in public at once with a perſon like you?

Fun. That's true, I——

Mrs. Mech. No, no; I have ſent to Dr. Tickletext, and the buſineſs will be done in the parlour below.

Fun. As you and her ladyſhip pleaſes, good Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. You will get dreſs'd as ſoon as you can.

Fun. I ſhall only take a ſhort leſſon from Mr. Bridoun, and then wait her ladyſhip's pleaſure. Mrs. Mechlin, may my brother be by?

Mrs. Mech. Ay, ay, provided his being ſo is kept a ſecret from her.

Fun. Never fear.—— [*Exit Mrs.* Mechlin.] Well, Mr. Bridoun, and you think I am mended a little?

Brid. A great deal.

Fun. And that in a month or ſix weeks I may be able to prance upon a long-tail'd horſe in Hyde-Park, without any danger of falling?

Brid. Without doubt.

Fun. It will be vaſt pleaſant, in the heat of the day, to canter along the King's-road, ſide by ſide, with the ladies, in the thick of the duſt; but that I muſt not hope for this ſummer.

Brid. I don't know that, if you follow it cloſe.

Fun. Never fear, I ſhan't be ſparing of——But come, come, let us get to our buſineſs——John, have the carpenters brought home my new horſe?

Enter JOHN.

John. It is here, Sir, upon the top of the ſtairs.

Fun. Then fetch it in, in an inſtant. [*Exit* John.] What a deal of time and trouble there goes, Mr. Bridoun, to the making a gentleman. And do your gentlemen born now (for I reckon you have had of all ſorts) take as much pains as we do?

Brid. To be ſure; but they begin at an earlier age.

Fun. There is ſomething in that; I did not know but they might be apter, more cuterer now in catching their larning.

Brid. Diſpoſitions do certainly differ.

Fun. Ay, ay, ſomething in nater, I warrant, as they ſay the children of blackamoors will ſwim as ſoon as they come into the world.

[*Enter Servants with a wooden horſe.*]

Oh, here he is,—ods me! it is a ſtately fine beaſt.

Brid. Here my lads, place it here——very well; where's your ſwitch, Mr. Fungus?

Fun. I have it.

Brid. Now let me ſee you vault nimbly into your ſeat.—Zounds! you are got on the wrong ſide, Mr. Fungus.

Fun. I am ſo indeed, but we'll ſoon rectify that. Now we are right: may I have leave to lay hold of the mane?

Brid. If you can't mount him without.

Fun. I will try; but this ſteed is ſo deviliſh tall —Mr. Bridoun, you don't think he'll throw me?

Brid. Never fear.

Fun. Well, if he ſhou'd he can't kick; that's one comfort, however.

Brid. Now mind your poſition.

Fun. Stay till I recover my wind.

Brid. Let your head be erect.

Fun. There.

Brid. And your ſhoulders fall eaſily back.

Fun.

Fun. Ho——there.

Brid. Your ſwitch perpendicular in your right hand——your right——that is it; your left to the bridle.

Fun. There.

Brid. Your knees in, and your toes out.

Fun. There.

Brid. Are you ready?

Fun. When you will.

Brid. Off you go.

Fun. Don't let him gallop at firſt.

Brid. Very well: preſerve your poſition.

Fun. I warrant.

Brid. Does he carry you eaſy?

Fun. All the world like a cradle. But, Mr. Bridoun, I go at a wonderful rate.

Brid. Mind your knees.

Fun. Ay, ay; I can't think but this here horſe ſtands ſtill very near as faſt as another can gallop.

Brid. Mind your toes.

Fun. Ho, ſtop the horſe. Zounds! I'm out of the ſtirrups, I can't ſit him no longer; there I go——— [*Falls off.*

Brid. I hope you ar'n't hurt?

Fun. My left hip has a little contuſion.

Brid. A trifle, quite an accident; it might happen to the very beſt rider in England.

Fun. Indeed!

Brid. We have ſuch things happen every day at the manege; but you are vaſtly improv'd.

Fun. Why, I am grown bolder a little; and, Mr. Bridoun, when do you think I may venture to ride a live horſe?

Brid. The very inſtant you are able to keep your ſeat on a dead one. ———

Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.

Mrs. Mech. Bleſs me, Mr. Fungus, how you are trifling your time! I expect lady Sachariſſa every moment, and ſee what a trim you are in.

Fun. I beg pardon, good Madam Mechlin. I'll be equipp'd in a couple of minutes; where will her ladyſhip pleaſe to receive?

Mrs. Mech. In this room, to be ſure; come, ſtir, ſtir!

Fun. I have had a little fall from my horſe.—I'll go as faſt as I——Mr. Bridoun, will you lend me a lift? [*Exeunt* Fungus *and* Bridoun.

Mrs. Mech. There——Jenny, ſhow Mrs. Loveit in here——Who's there——

Enter SERVANTS.

Pray move that piece of lumber out of the way. Come, come, make haſte. Madam, if you'll ſtep in here for a moment.

Enter Mrs. LOVEIT.

Mrs. Lov. So, ſo, Mrs. Mechlin—well, you ſee I am true to my time; and how have you throve, my good woman?

Mrs. Mech. Beyond expectations.

Mrs Lov. Indeed! And have you provided a party?

Mrs. Mech. Ay, and ſuch a party, you might ſearch the town round before you cou'd meet with his fellow: he'll ſuit you in every reſpect.

Mrs. Lov. As how, as how, my dear woman?

Mrs. Mech. A gentleman by birth and by breeding,

breeding, none of your little whipper ſnapper Jacks, but a countenance as comely, and a preſence as portly: he has one fault indeed, if you can but overlook that.

Mrs. Lov. What is it?

Mrs. Mech. His age.

Mrs. Lov. Age! how, how?

Mrs. Mech. Why, he is rather under your mark, I am afraid; not above twenty at moſt.

Mrs. Lov. Well, well, ſo he anſwers in every thing elſe, we muſt overlook that; for, Mrs. Mechlin, there is no expecting perfection below.

Mrs. Mech. True, Ma'am.

Mrs. Lov. And where is he?

Mrs. Mech. I look for him every minute; if you will but ſtep into the drawing-room, I have given him ſuch a picture, that I am ſure he is full as impatient as you.

Mrs. Lov. My dear woman, you are ſo kind and obliging: but, Mrs. Mechlin, how do I look? don't flatter me, do you think my figure will ſtrike him?

Mrs. Mech. Or he muſt be blind.

Mrs. Lov. You may juſt hint black don't become me, that I am a little paler of late; the loſs of a huſband one loves will cauſe an alteration, you know.

Mrs. Mech. True; oh, he will make an allowance for that.

Mrs. Lov. But things will come round in a trice.

[*Exit Mrs.* Loveit.

Enter SIMON.

Sim. Madam, Miſs Dolly is dizen'd out and every thing ready.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mech. Let her wait for the commiſſary here; I will introduce him the inſtant he is dreſs'd.

[*Exit Mrs.* Mechlin.

Sim. Miſs Dolly, you may come in; your aunt will be here in an inſtant.

Enter DOLLY *and* JENNY.

Dolly. Huſh, Simon, huſh, to your poſt.

Sim. I am gone———— [*Exit* Simon.

Dolly. Well, Jenny, and have I the true quality air?

Jen. As perfectly, Ma'am, as if you had been bred to the buſineſs; and for figure, I defy the firſt of them all. For my part, I think Mr. Fungus very well off; when the ſecret comes out, I don't ſee what right he has to be angry.

Dolly. Oh, when once he is noos'd, let him ſtruggle as much as he will, the cord will be drawn only the tighter.

Jen. Ay, ay, we may truſt to your management. I hope, Miſs, I ſhall have the honour to follow your fortunes; there will be no bearing this houſe, when once you have left it.

Dolly. No, Jenny, it would be barbarous to rob my aunt of ſo uſeful a ſecond; beſides, for miſtreſs and maid, we rather know one another a little too well.

Jen. Indeed!—but here comes Mr. Fungus; remember diſtance and dignity.

Dolly. I warrant you, wench.

Jen. So, I ſee what I have to hope. Our young filly ſeems to be ſecure of her match; but I may joſtle her the wrong ſide the poſt: we will have a trial, however; but I muſt ſee and find out the brother.

Enter

Enter Z. FUNGUS *and Mrs.* MECHLIN.

Fun. Yes, ſcarlet is vaſtly becoming, and takes very much with the ladies; quite proper too, as I have been in the army.

Mrs. Mech. Stay where you are till you are announc'd to the lady. Mr. Fungus begs leave to throw himſelf at your ladyſhip's feet.

Dolly. The mon may dra nigh.

Mrs. Mech. Approach.

Fun. One, two, three, ha! Will that do?

Mrs. Mech. Pretty well.

Fun. May I begin to make love?

Mrs. Mech. When you will.

Fun. Now ſtand my friend, Mr. Gruel. But ſhe has ſuch a deal of dignity that ſhe daſhes me quite.

Mrs. Mech. Courage.

Fun. Here, hold the paper to prompt me in caſe I ſhou'd ſtumble—Madam, or, May it pleaſe your ladyſhip, when I preponderate the grander of your high ginnyalogy, and the mercantile meanneſs of my dingy deſcent; when I conſider that your anceſtors, like admiral Anſon, ſail'd all round the world in the ark, and that it is a matter of doubt whether I ever had any forefathers or no; I totter, I tremble, at the thoughts of my towering ambition.—Ah—a, is not Phaeton next?——

Mrs. Mech. Hey!——[*Looking at the paper.*] No, Luna.

Fun. Right;—ambition—dignity how debas'd, diſtance how great! it is as if the link ſhou'd demand an alliance with Luna, or the buſhy bramble court the boughs of the ſtately Scotch fir; it is as if——What's next?

Mrs.

Mrs. Mech. Next—hey!——I have loſt the place I am afraid—Come, come, enough has been ſaid; you have ſhow'd the ſenſe you entertain of the honour. Upon theſe occaſions, a third perſon is fitteſt to cut matters ſhort. Your ladyſhip hears that——

Dolly. Yes, yes, I ken weel enough what the mon wou'd be at. Mrs. Mechlin has ſpeard ſike things in your great commendations, Mr. Fungus, that I canno' but ſay I clik'd a fancy to you from the very beginning.

Fun. Much oblig'd to Mrs. Mechlin, indeed, pleaſe your la'ſhip——.

Dolly. You ken I am of as auncient a family as any North-Briton can boaſt.

Fun. I know it full weil, pleaſe your la'ſhip.

Dolly. And that I ſhall get the ill-wull of a' my kin by this match.

Fun. I am ſorry for that, pleaſe your la'ſhip.

Dolly. But after the ceremony it will be proper to withdra' from town for a ſhort ſpace o'time.

Fun. Pleaſe your la'ſhip, what your la'ſhip pleaſes.

Dolly. In order to gi' that goſſip, Scandal, juſt time to tire her tongue.

Fun. True, your la'ſhip.

Dolly. I mun expect that the folk will mak' free wi' my character in chooſing ſike a conſort as you.

Fun. And with me too, pleaſe your la'ſhip.

Dolly. Wi' you, mon!

Mrs. Mech. Hold your tongue.

Dolly. Donna you think the honor will dra' mickle envy upon you?

Fun.

Fun. Oh, to be ſure, pleaſe your la'ſhip. I did not mean that.

Dolly. Weel, I ſay, we'll gang into the country.

Fun. As ſoon as your la'ſhip pleaſes; I have a ſweet houſe hard by Reading.

Dolly. You ha'; that's right.

Fun. One of the moſt pleaſanteſt places that can be again.

Dolly. Ha' you a good proſpect?

Fun. Twenty ſtage-coaches drive every day by the door, beſides carts and gentlemen's carriages.

Dolly. Ah, that will——

Mrs. Mech. Oh, your ladyſhip will find all things prepar'd: in the next room the attorney waits with the writings.

Fun. The honour of your la'ſhip's hand——

Dolly. Maiſter Fungus, you're a little too haſty.

[*Exit* DOLLY.]

Mrs. Mech. Not till after the nuptials; you muſt not expect to be too familiar at firſt.

Fun. Pray, when do think we ſhall bring the bedding about?

Mrs. Mech. About the latter end of the year, when the winter ſets in.

Fun. Not before!

Enter Young LOVEIT.

Y. Lov. I hope, Madam Mechlin, I have not exceeded my hour; but I expected Mr. Harpy wou'd call.

Mrs. Mech. He is in the next room with a lady. Oh, Mr. Fungus, this gentleman is ambitious of obtaining the nuptial benediction from the ſame hands after you.

Fun. He's

Fun. He's heartily welcome—What, and is his wife a woman of quality too?

Mrs. Mech. No, no, a cit; but monſtrouſly rich: but your lady will wonder——

Fun. Ay, ay, but you'll follow; for I ſhan't know what to ſay to her when we are alone.—

[*Exit* FUNGUS.

Mrs. Mech. I will ſend you, Sir, your ſpouſe in an inſtant: the gentlewoman is a widow, ſo you may throw in what raptures you pleaſe.

Y. Lov. Never fear. [*Exit Mrs.* MECHLIN.] ——And yet this ſcene is ſo new, how to acquit myſelf—let me recollect—ſome piece of a play now.—"Vouchſafe, divine perfection"—No, that won't do for a dowager; it is too humble and whining. But ſee, the door opens, ſo I have no time for rehearſal——I have it,—

"Claſp'd in the folds of love I'll meet my doom,
"And act my" ——

Enter Mrs. LOVEIT.

Mrs. Lov. Hah!

Y. Lov. By all that's monſtrous, my mother!

Mrs. Lov. That rebel my ſon, as I live!

Y. Lov. The quotation was quite a-propos: had it been a little darker, I might have reviv'd the ſtory of Œdipus.

Mrs. Lov. So, Sirrah, what makes you from your ſtudies?

Y. Lov. A ſmall hint I receiv'd of your inclinations brought me here, Ma'am, in order to prevent, if poſſible, my father's fortune from going out of the family.

Mrs. Lov. Your father! how dare you diſturb his dear aſhes! you know well enough how his dear memory melts me; and that at his very name my heart is ready to break.

Y. Lov.

Y. Lov. Well said, my old matron of Ephesus.

Mrs. Lov. That is what you want, you disobedient, unnatural monster; but compleat, accomplish your cruelty: send me the same road your villanies forc'd your father to take.

Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.

Mrs. Mech. Hey-day! What the deuce have we here; our old lady in tears!

Mrs. Lov. Disappointed a little, that's all.

Mrs. Mech. Pray, Ma'am, what can occasion——

Mrs. Lov. Lord bless me, Mrs. Mechlin, what a blunder you have made!

Mrs. Mech. A blunder! as how?

Mrs. Lov. Do you know who you have brought me?

Mrs. Mech. Not perfectly.

Mrs. Lov. My own son! that's all.

Mrs. Mech. Your son!

Mrs. Lov. Ay, that rebellious, unnatural—

Mrs. Mech. Blunder indeed! but who cou'd have thought it? Why, by your account, Ma'am, I imagin'd your son was a child scarce out of his frocks.

Mrs. Lov. Here's company coming, so my reputation will be blasted for ever.

Mrs. Mech. Never fear, leave the care on't to me.

Enter FUNGUS *and* DOLLY.

Fun. What is the matter?—you make such a noise, there is no such thing as minding the writings.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mech. This worthy lady, an old friend of mine, not having ſet her eyes on her ſon ſince the death of his father, and being appris'd by me that here ſhe might meet with him, came with a true paternal affection to give him a little wholeſome advice.

Mrs. Lov. Well ſaid, Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. Which the young man return'd in a way ſo brutal and barbarous, that his poor mother—be comforted, Ma'am; you had better repoſe on my bed—

Mrs. Lov. Any where to get out of his ſight.

Mrs. Mech. Here, Jenny——

Mrs. Lov. Do you think you can procure me another party?

Mrs. Mech. Never doubt it.

Mrs. Lov. Ugh, ugh——[*Exit coughing.*

Mrs. Mech. Bear up a little, Ma'am.

Fun. Fye upon you! you have thrown the old gentlewoman into the ſtericks.

Y. Lov. Sir!

Fun. You a man, you are a ſcandal, a ſhame to your ſect.

Enter Dr. CATGUT.

Dr. Cat. Come, come, Mrs. Mechlin, are the couple prepar'd?—The fiddles are tun'd, the bows ready roſin'd, and the whole band—Oh, you, Sir, are one party I reckon, but where is the——Ah, Dolly, what are you here, my dear?

Dolly. Soh!

Fun. Dolly! Who the devil can this be?

Dr. Cat. As nice and as ſpruce too, the bride-maid I warrant — why you look as blooming, you ſlut.

Fun.

Fun. What can this be? hark ye, Sir!

Dr. Cat. Well, Sir.

Fun. Don't you think you are rather too familiar with a lady of her rank and condition?

Dr. Cat. Rank and condition!—what Dolly?

Fun. Dolly! what a plague poſſeſſes the man—this is no Dolly, I tell you.

Dr. Cat. No!

Fun. No, this is lady Scracariffa Makirkincroft.

Dr. Cat. Who?

Fun. Deſcended from the old, old, old earl of Glendowery.

Dr. Cat. What ſhe, Dolly Mechlin?

Fun. Dolly Devil, the man's out of his wits, I believe.—

Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.

Oh, Mrs. Mechlin, will you ſet this matter to rights?

Mrs. Mech. How, Dr. Catgut!

Fun. The ſtrangeſt fellow here has danc'd upſtairs, and has Dolly, Dolly, Dolly'd my lady; who the plague can he be?

Dr. Cat. Oh, a-propos, Molly Mechlin, what is this the man that is to be marry'd? The marriage will never hold good; why he is more frantic and madder——

Fun. Mad! John, fetch me the foils; I'll carte and tierce you, you ſcoundrel.

Enter ISAAC FUNGUS *and* JENNY.

I. Fun. Where's brother?—it a'n't over; you be'n't marry'd, I hope.

Z. Fun. No, I believe not; why, what is the—

I Fun. Pretty hand you are got into. Your

ſervant, good Madam; what this is the perſon, I warrant; ay, how pretty the puppet is painted! do you know who ſhe is?

Z. Fun. Who ſhe is? without doubt.

I. Fun. No, you don't, brother Zac. only the ſpawn of that devil incarnate, dreſs'd out as——

Z. Fun. But hark ye, Iſaac, are—don't be in a hurry—are you ſure—

I. Fun. Sure—the girl of the houſe, abhorring their ſcandalous project, has freely confeſs'd the whole ſcheme. Jenny, ſtand forth, and anſwer boldly to what I ſhall aſk: Is not this wench the woman's niece of the houſe?

Jen. I fancy ſhe will hardly deny it.

I. Fun. And is not this miſtreſs of yours a moſt profligate——

Mrs. Mech. Come, come, Maſter Iſaac, I will ſave you the trouble, and cut this matter ſhort in an inſtant—Well then, this girl, this Dolly, is my niece; and what then?

Z. Fun. And ar'n't you aſham'd!

Y. Lov. She aſham'd! I would have told you, but I could not get you to liſten; why ſhe brought me here to marry my mother.

Z. Fun. Marry your mother! Lord have mercy on us, what a monſter! to draw a young man in to be guilty of incenſe. But hark ye, brother Iſaac, [*they retire*]——

Dr. Cat. Gads my life, what a ſweet project I have help'd to deſtroy! But come, Dolly, I'll piece thy broken fortunes again: thou haſt a good pretty voice; I'll teach thee a thrill and a ſhake; perch thee amongſt the boughs at one of the gardens; and then as a miſtreſs, which, as the world goes, is a much better ſtation than that of a wife, not the proudeſt of them all——

Mrs.

Mrs. Mech. Miſtreſs! No, no, we have not manag'd our matters ſo badly. Hark ye, Mr. Commiſſary.

Z. Fun. Well, what do you want?

Mrs. Mech. Do you propoſe to conſummate your nuptials?

Z. Fun. That's a pretty queſtion, indeed.

Mrs. Mech. You have no objection then to paying the penalty, the contract here that Mr. Harpy has drawn.

Z. Fun. The contract, hey, brother Iſaac.

I. Fun. Let me ſee it.

Mrs. Mech. Soft you there, my maker of candles, it is as well where it is; but you need not doubt of it's goodneſs: I promiſe you the beſt advice has been taken.

Z. Fun. What a damn'd fiend, what a harpy!

Mrs. Mech. And why ſo, my good maſter Fungus? Is it becauſe I have practis'd that trade by retail which you have carry'd on in the groſs? What injury do I do the world? I feed on their follies, 'tis true; and the game, the plunder, is fair: but the fangs of you, and your tribe,

A whole people have felt, and for ages will feel;
To their candour and juſtice I make my appeal:
Tho' a poor humble ſcourge in a national cauſe,
As I truſt I deſerve, I demand your applauſe.

FINIS.

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14. Recruiting Officer; Mr. Smith as Plume.
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17. Mourning Bride; Mr. Garrick as Oſmyn.
18. Jane Shore; Mrs. Yates as Jane Shore.
19. Rival Queens; Mrs. Melmoth as Roxana.
20. Gameſter; Mr. Reddiſh as Beverley; Vignette by Lowe and Hall. &c. &c. &c.

THE

LAME LOVER,

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in the HAY-MARKET.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

LONDON,

Printed for PAUL VAILLANT: and sold by P. ELMSLY, in the Strand; and ROBINSON and ROBERTS, No. 25, Pater-noster-Row. MDCCLXX.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FRANCIS SEYMOUR CONWAY,

EARL OF HERTFORD,

LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF

HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSHOLD;

TO WHOSE

POLITENESS AND CANDOUR

THE AUTHOR

OWES EVERY ACKNOWLEDGMENT,

THIS COMEDY IS

GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED

AND

MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

North End.

SAM. FOOTE.

PROLOGUE.

Written and Spoken by Mr. GENTLEMAN.

PROLOGUES, like cards of compliment, we find,
Moſt as unmeaning as politely kind;
To beg a favour, or to plead excuſe,
Of both appears to be the gen'ral uſe.
Shall my words, tipt with flattery, prepare
A kind exertion of your tend'reſt care?
Shall I preſent our Author to your ſight,
All pale and trembling for his fate this night?
Shall I ſollicit the moſt pow'rful arms
To aid his cauſe—the force of beauty's charms?
Or tell each critic, his approving taſte
Muſt give the ſterling ſtamp, wherever plac'd?
This might be done—but ſo to ſeek applauſe
Argues a conſcious weakneſs in the cauſe.
No—let the Muſe in ſimple truth appear,
Reaſon *and* Nature *are the judges here:*
If by their ſtrict and ſelf-deſcribing laws,
The ſev'ral characters to-night ſhe draws;
If from the whole a pleaſing piece is made,
On the true principles of light and ſhade;
Struck with the harmony of juſt deſign,
Your eyes—your ears—your hearts, will all combine
To grant applauſe:—but if an erring hand
Groſs diſpropo'tion marks in motley band,
If the group'd figures falſe connexions ſhow,
And glaring colours without meaning glow,
Your wounded feelings, turn'd a diff'rent way,
Will juſtly damn—th' abortion *of a play.*
As Farquhar has obſerv'd, our Engliſh law,
Like a fair ſpreading oak, the Muſe ſhould draw,
By Providence deſign'd, and wiſdom made
For honeſty to thrive beneath its ſhade;
Yet from its boughs ſome inſects ſhelter find,
Dead to each nobler feeling of the mind,
Who thrive, alas! too well, and never ceaſe
To prey on juſtice, property, and peace.

PROLOGUE.

At ſuch to-night, with other legal *game,*
Our vent'rous author takes ſatiric aim;
And brings, he hopes, originals to view,
Nor pilfers from th' Old Magpie, nor the New.*
But will to Candour chearfully ſubmit;
She reigns in boxes, galleries, and pit.

* Alluding to Mr. Garrick's Prologue to the Jubilee.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir LUKE LIMP,	*Mr. Foote.*
Serjeant CIRCUIT,	*Mr. Vandermere.*
Colonel SECRET,	*Mr. Robſon.*
JACK,	*Mr. Weſton.*
Mr. WOODFORD,	*Mr. Knowles.*
Mr. FAIRPLAY,	*Mr. Wheeler.*
Firſt SERVANT,	*Mr. Dancer.*
Second SERVANT,	*Mr. Griffiths.*

WOMEN.

Mrs. CIRCUIT,	*Mrs. Gardner.*
CHARLOT,	*Mrs. Jewell.*
Mrs. SIMPER,	*Mrs. Saunders.*
BETTY,	*Mrs. Read.*

THE

LAME LOVER.

ACT I.

Enter Serjeant CIRCUIT *and* CHARLOT.

CHARLOT.



Tell you, Sir, his love to me is all a pretence: it is amazing that you, who are ſo acute, ſo quick in diſcerning on other occaſions, ſhould be ſo blind upon this.

SERJEANT.

But where are your proofs, Charlot? What ſignifies your opening matters which your evidence cannot ſupport?

CHARLOT.

Surely, Sir, ſtrong circumſtances in every court ſhould have weight.

SERJEANT.

So they have collaterally, child, that is by way as it were of corroboration, or where matters are doubtful; then indeed, as Plowden wiſely, obſerves "Les circonſtances ajout beaucoup de- "poids aux faits."—You underſtand me?

CHARLOT.

Not perfectly well.

SERJEANT.

Then to explain by caſe in point; A, we will ſuppoſe, my dear, robs B of a watch upon Hounſlow heath—dy'e mind, child?

CHARLOT.

I do, Sir.

SERJEANT.

A, is taken up and indicted; B ſwears poſitively to the idenity of A.—Dy'e obſerve?

CHARLOT.

Attentively.

SERJEANT.

Then what does me A, but ſets up the alibi C, to defeat the affidavit of B.—You take me.

CHARLOT.

Clearly.

SERJEANT.

So far you ſee then the ballance is even.

CHARLOT.

True.

SERJEANT.

But then to turn the ſcale, child, againſt A, in favour of B, they produce the circumſtance D, viz. B's watch found in the pocket of A; upon which

which, the teſtimony of C being contradicted by B,—no, by D,—why then A, that is to ſay C,—no D,—joining B, they convict C,—no, no, A,—againſt the affidavit of C.—So this being pretty clear, child, I leave the application to you.

CHARLOT.

Very obliging, Sir. But ſuppoſe now, Sir, it ſhould appear that the attention of Sir Luke Limp is directed to ſome other object, would not that induce you to—

SERJEANT.

Other object! Where?

CHARLOT.

In this very houſe.

SERJEANT.

Here! why the girl is non compos; there's nobody here, child, but a parcel of Abigals.

CHARLOT.

No, Sir?

SERJEANT.

No.

CHARLOT.

Yes, Sir, one perſon elſe.

SERJEANT.

Who is that?

CHARLOT.

But remember, Sir, my accuſation is confined to Sir Luke.

SERJEANT.

Well, well.

CHARLOT.

Suppoſe then, Sir, thoſe powerful charms which made a conqueſt of you, may have extended their empire over the heart of Sir Luke?

SERJEANT.

Why, huſſy, you don't hint at your mother-in-law?

CHARLOT.

Indeed, Sir, but I do.

SERJEANT.

Ay; why this is point blank treaſon againſt my ſovereign authority: but can you, Charlot, bring proof of any overt acts?

CHARLOT

Overt acts!

SERJEANT.

Ay; that is any declaration by writing, or even word of mouth is ſufficient; then let 'em demur if they dare.

CHARLOT.

I can't ſay that, Sir; but another organ has been pretty explicit.

SERJEANT.

Which?

CHARLOT.

In thoſe caſes a very infallible one—the eye.

SERJEANT.

Pſhaw! nonſenſe and ſtuff.—The eye!—The eye has no authority in a court of law.

CHARLOT.

Perhaps not, Sir; but it is a deciſive evidence in a court of love.

SERJEANT.

Hark you, huſſy, why you would not file an information againſt the virtue of madam your mother; you would not inſinuate that ſhe has been guilty of crim. con.?

CHARLOT.

Sir, you miſtake me; it is not the lady, but the gentleman I am about to impeach.

SERJEANT.

Have a care, Charlot! I ſee on what ground your action is founded—jealouſy.

CHARLOT.

You were never more deceiv'd in your life; for it is impoſſible, my dear Sir, that jealouſy can ſubſiſt without love.

SERJEANT.

Well.

CHARLOT.

And from that paſſion (thank heaven) I am pretty free at preſent.

SERJEANT.

Indeed!

CHARLOT.

A ſweet object to excite tender deſires!

SERJEANT.

And why not, huſſy?

CHARLOT.

Firſt as to his years.

SERJEANT.

What then?

CHAR-

CHARLOT.

I own, Sir, age procures honor, but I believe it is very rarely productive of love.

SERJEANT.

Mighty well.

CHARLOT.

And tho' the loſs of a leg can't be imputed to Sir Luke Limp as a fault—

SERJEANT.

How!

CHARLOT.

I hope, Sir, at leaſt you will allow it a misfortune.

SERJEANT.

Indeed!

CHARLOT.

A pretty thing truly, for a girl, at my time of life, to be ty'd to a man with one foot in the grave.

SERJEANT.

One foot in the grave! the reſt of his body is not a whit the nearer for that.—There has been only an execution iſſued againſt part of his perſonals, his real eſtate is unencumbered and free —beſides, you ſee he does not mind it a whit, but is as alert, and as merry, as a defendant after non-ſuiting a plaintiff for omitting an S.

CHARLOT.

O! Sir! I know how proud Sir Luke is of his leg, and have often heard him declare, that he would not change his bit of timber for the beſt fleſh and bone in the kingdom.

SER-

SERJEANT.

There's a hero for you!

CHARLOT.

To be ſure, ſuſtaining unavoidable evils with conſtancy is a certain ſign of greatneſs of mind.

SERJEANT.

Doubtleſs.

CHARLOT.

But then to derive a vanity from a misfortune, will not I'm afraid be admitted as a vaſt inſtance of wiſdom, and indeed looks as if the man had nothing better to diſtinguiſh himſelf by.

SERJEANT.

How does that follow?

CHARLOT.

By inunendo.

SERJEANT.

Negatur.

CHARLOT.

Beſides, Sir, I have other proofs of your hero's vanity, not inferior to that I have mention'd.

SERJEANT.

Cite them.

CHARLOT.

The paltry ambition of levying and following titles.

SERJEANT.

Titles! I don't underſtand you?

CHARLOT.

I mean the poverty of faſtening in public upon men of diſtinction, for no other reaſon but be-

cauſe of their rank; adhering to Sir John till the Baronet is ſuperceded by my Lord; quitting the puny Peer for an Earl; and ſacrificing all three to a Duke.

SERJEANT.

Keeping good company! a laudable ambition!

CHARLOT.

True, Sir, if the virtues that procur'd the father a peerage, could with that be entail'd on the ſon.

SERJEANT.

Have a care, huſſy—there are ſevere laws againſt ſpeaking evil of dignities.—

CHARLOT.

Sir!

SERJEANT.

Scandalum magnatum is a ſtatute muſt not be triſled with: why you are not one of thoſe vulgar ſluts that think a man the worſe for being a Lord?

CHARLOT.

No, Sir; I am contented with only, not thinking him the better.

SERJEANT.

For all this, I believe, huſſy, a right honourable propoſal would ſoon make you alter your mind.

CHARLOT.

Not unleſs the propoſer had other qualities than what he poſſeſſes by patent. Beſides, Sir, you know Sir Luke is a devotee to the bottle.

SERJEANT.

Not a whit the leſs honeſt for that.

CHAR-

CHARLOT.

It occaſions one evil at leaſt; that when under its influence, he generally reveals all, ſometimes more than he knows.

SERJEANT.

Proofs of an open temper, you baggage: but, come, come, all theſe are but trifling objections.

CHARLOT.

You mean, Sir, they prove the object a trifle.

SERJEANT.

Why you pert jade, do you play on my words? I ſay Sir Luke is—

CHARLOT.

Nobody.

SERJEANT.

Nobody! how the deuce do you make that out?—He is neither perſon attained or outlaw'd, may in any of his majeſty's courts ſue or be ſued, appear by attorney, or in propria perſona, can acquire, buy, procure, purchaſe, poſſeſs, and inherit, not only perſonalities, ſuch as goods, and chattels, but even realities, as all lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatſoever, and whereſoever.

CHARLOT.

But, Sir—

SERJEANT.

Nay, further child, he may ſell, give, beſtow, bequeath, deviſe, demiſe, leaſe, or to farm lett, ditto lands, to any perſon whomſoever —and—

CHARLOT.

Without doubt, Sir; but there are notwithſtanding in this town a great number of nobodies, not deſcribed by lord Coke.

SERJEANT.

Hey!

CHARLOT.

There is your next-door neighbour, Sir Harry Hen, an abſolute blank.

SERJEANT.

How ſo, Mrs. Pert?

CHARLOT.

What, Sir! a man who is not ſuffer'd to hear, ſee, ſmell, or in ſhort to enjoy the free uſe of any one of his ſenſes; who, inſtead of having a poſitive will of his own, is deny'd even a paltry negative; who can neither reſolve or reply, conſent or deny, without firſt obtaining the leave of his lady: an abſolute monarch to ſink into the ſneaking ſtate of being a ſlave to one of his ſubjects—Oh fye!

SERJEANT.

Why, to be ſure, Sir Harry Hen, is as I may ſay—

CHARLOT.

Nobody Sir, in the fulleſt ſenſe of the word—Then your client Lord Solo.

SERJEANT.

Heyday!—Why you would not annihilate a peer of the realm, with a prodigious eſtate and an allow'd judge too of the elegant arts.

CHAR-

CHARLOT.

O yes, Sir, I am no ſtranger to that nobleman's attributes; but then, Sir, pleaſe to conſider, his power as a peer he gives up to a proxy; the direction of his eſtate, to a rapacious, artful attorney: and as to his ſkill in the elegant arts, I preſume you confine them to painting and muſic, he is directed in the firſt by Mynheer Van Eiſel, a Dutch dauber; and in the laſt is but the echo of Signora Florenza, his lordſhip's miſtreſs and an opera ſinger.

SERJEANT.

Mercy upon us! at what a rate the jade runs!

CHARLOT.

In ſhort, Sir, I define every individual who, ceaſing to act for himſelf, becomes the tool, the mere engine of another man's will, to be nothing more than a cypher.

SERJEANT.

At this rate the jade will half unpeople the world: but what is all this to Sir Luke? to him, not one of your caſes apply.

CHARLOT.

Every one—Sir Luke has not a firſt principle in his whole compoſition; not only his pleaſures, but even his paſſions are prompted by others; and he is as much directed to the objects of his love and his hatred, as in his eating, drinking, and dreſſing. Nay, though he is active, and eternally buſy, yet his own private affairs are neglected; and he would not ſcruple to break an appointment that was to determine a conſiderable part of his property, in order to

exchange a couple of hounds for a lord, or to buy a pad-nag for a lady. In a word—but he's at hand, and will explain himſelf beſt; I hear his ſtump on the ſtairs.

SERJEANT.

I hope you will preſerve a little decency before your lover at leaſt.

CHARLOT.

Lover! ha, ha, ha!

Enter Sir LUKE LIMP.

Sir LUKE.

Mr. Serjeant, your ſlave—Ah! are you there my little—O Lord! Miſs, let me tell you ſomething for fear of forgetting—Do you know that you are new chriſten'd, and have had me for a goſſip?

CHARLOT.

Chriſten'd! I don't underſtand you.

Sir LUKE.

Then lend me your ear—Why laſt night, as Colonel Kill'em, Sir William Weezy, Lord Frederick Foretop, and I were careleſsly ſliding the Ranelagh round, picking our teeth, after a damn'd muzzy dinner at Boodle's, who ſhould trip by but an abbeſs, well known about town, with a ſmart little nun in her ſuite. Says Weezy (who, between ourſelves, is as huſky as hell) Who is that? odds fleſh, ſhe's a delicate wench! Zounds! cried Lord Frederick, where can Weezy have been, not to have ſeen the Harietta before? for you muſt know Frederick is a bit of Macaroni, and adores the ſoft Italian termination in *a*.

CHARLOT.

He does?

Sir LUKE.

Yes, a delitanti all over.—Before? replied Weezy; cruſh me if ever I ſaw any thing half ſo handſome before!—No! replied I in an inſtant; Colonel, what will Weezy ſay when he ſees the Charlotta?—Hey! you little——

CHARLOT.

Meaning me, I preſume.

Sir LUKE.

Without doubt; and you have been toaſted by that name ever ſince.

SERJEANT.

What a vaſt fund of ſpirits he has!

Sir LUKE.

And why not, my old ſplitter of cauſes?

SERJEANT.

I was juſt telling Charlot, that you was not a whit the worſe for the loſs.

Sir LUKE.

The worſe! much the better, my dear. Conſider, I can have neither ſtrain, ſplint, ſpavin, or gout; have no fear of corns, kibes, or that another man ſhould kick my ſhins, or tread on my toes.

SERJEANT.

Right.

Sir LUKE.

What d'ye think I would change with Bill Spindle for one of his drumſticks, or chop with Lord Lumber for both of his logs?

SERJEANT.

No!

Sir LUKE.

No, damn it, I am much better.—Look there—Ha!—What is there I am not able to do? To be ſure I am a little aukward at running; but then, to make me amends, I'll hop with any man in town for his ſum.

SERJEANT.

Ay, and I'll go his halves.

Sir LUKE.

Then as to your dancing, I am cut out at Madam Cornelly's, I grant, becauſe of the croud; but as far as a private ſet of ſix couple, or moving a chair-minuet, match me who can.

CHARLOT.

A chair-minuet! I don't underſtand you.

Sir LUKE.

Why, child, all grace is confined to the motion of the head, arms, and cheſt, which may ſitting be as fully diſplayed, as if one had as many legs as a polypus.—As thus—tol de rol—don't you ſee?

SERJEANT.

Very plain.

Sir LUKE.

A leg! a redundancy! a mere nothing at all. Man is from nature an extravagant creature. In my opinion, we might all be full as well as we are, with but half the things that we have.

CHARLOT.

Ay, Sir Luke; how do you prove that?

Sir

Sir LUKE.

By conſtant experience.—You muſt have ſeen the man who makes and uſes pens without hands.

SERJEANT.

I have.

Sir LUKE.

And not a twelvemonth agone, I loſt my way in a fog, at Mile-End, and was conducted to my houſe in May-Fair by a man as blind as a beetle.

SERJEANT.

Wonderful!

Sir LUKE.

And as to hearing and ſpeaking, thoſe organs are of no manner of uſe in the world.

SERJEANT.

How!

Sir LUKE.

If you doubt it, I will introduce you to a whole family, dumb as oyſters, and deaf as the dead, who chatter from morning till night by only the help of their fingers.

SERJEANT.

Why, Charlot, theſe are caſes in point.

Sir LUKE.

Oh! clear as a trout-ſtream; and it is not only, my little Charlot, that this piece of timber anſwers every purpoſe, but it has procured me many a bit of fun in my time.

SERJEANT.

Ay!

Sir LUKE.

Why, it was but laſt ſummer, at Tunbridge, we were plagued the whole ſeaſon by a bullet-headed Swiſs from the canton of Bern, who was always boaſting, what, and how much he dared do; and then, as to pain, no Stoic, not Diogenes, held it more in contempt.—By gods, he vas no more minds it dan notings at all—So, foregad, I gave my German a challenge.

SERJEANT.

As how!—Mind, Charlot.

Sir LUKE.

Why to drive a corkin pin into the calves of our legs.

SERJEANT.

Well, well.

Sir LUKE.

Mine, you may imagine, was eaſily done—but when it came to the Baron—

SERJEANT.

Ay, ay.

Sir LUKE.

Our modern Cato ſoon loſt his coolneſs and courage, ſcrew'd his noſe up to his foretop, rapp'd out a dozen oaths in high Dutch, limp'd away to his lodgings, and was there laid up for a month—Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a Servant, and delivers a Card to Sir Luke.

Sir LUKE *reads.*

" Sir Gregory Gooſe deſires the honour of " Sir Luke Limp's company to dine. An an-

" ſwer

"ſwer is deſired." Gadſo! a little unlucky; I have been engag'd for theſe three weeks.

SERJEANT.

What, I find Sir Gregory is return'd for the corporation of *Fleeſum*.

Sir LUKE.

Is he ſo? Oh ho!—That alters the caſe.—George, give my compliments to Sir Gregory, and I'll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to alderman Inkle's, in Threadneedle-ſtreet; ſorry can't wait upon him, but confin'd to bed two days with *new influenza*.

CHARLOT.

You make light, Sir Luke, of theſe ſort of engagements.

Sir LUKE.

What can a man do? Theſe damn'd fellows (when one has the misfortune to meet them) take ſcandalous advantage; teaze, When will you do me the honour, pray, Sir Luke, to take a bit of mutton with me? Do you name the day.—They are as bad as a beggar, who attacks your coach at the mounting of a hill; there is no getting rid of them, without a penny to one, and a promiſe to t'other.

SERJEANT.

True; and then for ſuch a time too—three weeks! I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michaelmas term for the ſummer aſſizes.

Sir LUKE.

Not but, upon theſe occaſions, no man in England is more punctual than——

Enter a Servant, who gives Sir Luke *a Letter.*

From whom?

SERVANT.

Earl of Brentford. The ſervant waits for an anſwer.

Sir LUKE.

Anſwer!—By your leave, Mr. Serjeant and Charlot. [*Reads.*] "Taſte for muſic—Monſ. "Duport—fail—Dinner upon table at five"—Gadſo! I hope Sir Gregory's ſervant an't gone.

SERVANT.

Immediately upon receiving the anſwer.

Sir LUKE.

Run after him as faſt as you can—tell him, quite in deſpair—recollect an engagement that can't in nature be miſſed,—and return in an inſtant.

CHARLOT.

You ſee, Sir, the Knight muſt give way for my Lord.

Sir LUKE.

No, faith, it is not that, my dear Charlot; you ſaw that was quite an extempore buſineſs.—No, hang it, no, it is not for the title; but to tell you the truth, Brentford has more wit than any man in the world; it is that makes me fond of his houſe.

CHARLOT.

By the choice of his company he gives an unanſwerable inſtance of that.

Sir

Sir LUKE.

You are right, my dear girl. But now to give you a proof of his wit: You know Brentford's finances are a little out of repair, which procures him ſome viſits that he would very gladly excuſe.

SERJEANT.

What need he fear? His perſon is ſacred; for by the tenth of William and Mary—

Sir LUKE.

He knows that well enough; but for all that—

SERJEANT.

Indeed, by a late act of his own houſe, (which does them infinite honour) his goods or chattels may be——

Sir LUKE.

Seiz'd upon when they can find them; but he lives in ready-furniſh'd lodgings, and hires his coach by the month.

SERJEANT.

Nay, if the ſheriff return "non inventus"—

Sir LUKE.

A pox o'your law, you make me loſe ſight of my ſtory. One morning, a Welch coach-maker came with his bill to my Lord, whoſe name was unluckily Loyd. My Lord had the man up. You are call'd, I think, Mr. Loyd?—At your Lordſhip's ſervice, my Lord.—What, Loyd with an L?—It was with an L indeed, my Lord.—Becauſe in your part of the world I have heard that Loyd and Floyd were

ſynonymous, the very ſame names.—Very often indeed, my lord.—But you always ſpell your's with an L?—Always.—That, Mr. Loyd, is a little unlucky; for you muſt know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an F; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your L.—Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

There was no overtaking the ſervant.

Sir LUKE.

That is unlucky: tell my Lord I'll attend him.—I'll call on Sir Gregory myſelf.

SERJEANT.

Why, you won't leave us, Sir Luke?

Sir LUKE.

Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotta; have a thouſand things to do for half a million of people poſitively; promiſed to procure a huſband for Lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach-horſe for Brigadier Whip; after that, muſt run into the city to borrow a thouſand for young At-all at Almack's; ſend a Cheſhire cheeſe by the ſtage to Sir Timothy Tankard in Suffolk; and get at the Herald's Office a coat of arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arriv'd: ſo you ſee I have not a moment to loſe.

SERJEANT.

True, true.

Sir

Sir LUKE.

At your toilet to-morrow at ten you may—

Enter a SERVANT *abruptly, and runs againſt Sir* LUKE.

Can't you ſee where you are running, you raſcal!

SERVANT.

Sir, his grace the Duke of——

Sir LUKE.

Grace!—Where is he?—Where—

SERVANT.

In his coach at the door.—If you an't better engaged would be glad of your company to go into the city, and take a dinner at Dolly's.

Sir LUKE.

In his own coach did you ſay?

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir.

Sir LUKE.

With the coronets—or—

SERVANT.

I believe ſo.

Sir LUKE.

There's no reſiſting of that.—Bid Joe run to Sir Gregory Gooſe's.

SERVANT.

He is already gone to alderman Inkle's.

Sir LUKE.

Then do you ſtep to the Knight—hey!—no—you muſt go to my Lord's—hold, hold, no—I

have it—Step firſt to Sir Greg's, then pop in at Lord Brentford's juſt as the company are going to dinner.

SERVANT.

What ſhall I ſay to Sir Gregory?

Sir LUKE.

Any thing—what I told you before.

SERVANT.

And what to my Lord?

Sir LUKE.

What!—Why tell him that my uncle from Epſom—no—that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him—hey!—Why tell him—hold I have it—Tell him, that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arreſted by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a hackney coach, and carried to the Py'd Bull in the Borough; I beg ten thouſand pardons for making his grace wait, but his grace knows my misfor—— [*Exit Sir* Luke.

CHARLOT.

Well, Sir, what dy'e think of the proofs? I flatter myſelf I have pretty well eſtabliſhed my caſe.

SERJEANT.

Why, huſſy, you have hit upon points; but then they are but trifling flaws, they don't vitiate the title, that ſtands unimpeach'd; and—But, madam, your mother.

Enter

Enter Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

What have you done with the Knight?—Why you have not let him depart?

CHARLOT.

It was not in my power to keep him.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

I don't wonder at that; but what took him away?

CHARLOT.

What will at any time take him away—a Duke at the door.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Are you certain of that?

SERJEANT.

Why truly, chuck, his retreat was rather precipitate for a man that is juſt going to be marry'd.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

The proſpect of marriage does not always prove the ſtrongeſt attachment.

SERJEANT.

Pardon me, lovee; the law allows no higher conſideration than marriage.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Pſhaw!

SERJEANT.

Inſomuch, that if duke A was to intermarry with chambermaid B, difference of condition would prove no bar to the ſettlement.

Mrs.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Indeed!

SERJEANT.

Ay; and this was held to be law by Chief-baron Bind'em, on the famous caſe of the Marquis of Cully, and Fanny Flip-flap the French dancer.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

The greater blockhead the Baron: but don't peſter me with your odious law caſes.—Did not you tell me you was to go to Kingſton to day to try the crown cauſes?

SERJEANT.

I was begg'd to attend for fear his Lordſhip ſhould not be able to ſit; but if it proves inconvenient to you—

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

To me! Oh, by no means in the world; I am too good a ſubject to deſire the leaſt delay in the law's execution: and when d'ye ſet out?

SERJEANT.

Between one and two; I ſhall only juſt give a law lecture to Jack.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Lord! I wonder Mr. Circuit you would breed that boy up to the bar.

SERJEANT.

Why not, chuck? He has fine ſteady parts, and for his time moots a point—

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Steady! ſtupid you mean: nothing ſure cou'd add to his heavineſs but the being loaded with law. Why don't you put him into the army?

SER-

SERJEANT.

Nay, chuck, if you chooſe it, I believe I have intereſt to get Jack a commiſſion.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Why, Mr. Circuit, you know he is no ſon of mine; perhaps a cockade may animate the lad with ſome fire.

SERJEANT.

True, lovee; and a knowledge of the law mayn't be amiſs to reſtrain his fire a little.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

I believe there is very little danger of his exceeding that way.

SERJEANT.

Charlot, ſend hither your brother.

[*Exit* Charlot.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

I'll not interrupt you

SERJEANT.

Far from it, lovee; I ſhould be glad to have you a witneſs of Jacky's improvement.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Of that I am no judge; beſides, I am full of buſineſs to-day—There is to be a ballot at one for the *Ladies' Club* lately eſtabliſhed, and lady Bab Baſto has propoſed me for a member.—Pray, my dear, when will you let me have that money to pay my Lord Loo?

SERJEANT.

The three hundred you mean?

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

And beſides, there is my debt to Kitty Cribbidge; I proteſt I almoſt bluſh whenever I meet them.

SERJEANT.

Why really, lovee, 'tis a large ſum of money.—Now, were I worthy to throw in a little advice, we might make a pretty good hand of this buſineſs.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

I don't underſtand you.

SERJEANT.

Bring an action againſt them on the ſtatute, in the name of my clerk; and ſo not only reſcue the *debt* from their hands, but recover likewiſe conſiderable *damages*.

Mrs CIRCUIT.

A pretty conceit, Mr. Serjeant! but does it not occur to your wiſdom, that as I have (by the help of Captain Cog) been oftener a winner than loſer, the tables may be turned upon *us?*

SERJEANT.

No, no, chuck, that did not eſcape me; I have provided for that.—Do you know, by the law, both parties are equally culpable; ſo that, lovee, we ſhall be able to fleece your friends not only of what they have *won* of poor dearee, but likewiſe for what they have *loſt*.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Why, what a paltry, pettifogging puppy art thou!—And could you ſuppoſe that I would ſubmit to the ſcandalous office?

SERJEANT.

Scandalous! I don't underſtand this ſtrange perverſion of words. The ſcandal lies in *breaking* the *laws*, not in bringing the offenders to *juſtice*.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Mean-ſpirited wretch!—What, do you ſuppoſe

poſe that thoſe laws could be levell'd againſt people of their high rank and condition? Can it be thought that any ſet of men would ſubmit to lay legal reſtraints on *themſelves?*—Abſurd and prepoſterous!

SERJEANT.

Why, by their public practice, my love, one would ſuſpect that they thought themſelves excepted by a particular clauſe.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Oh! to be ſure; not the leaſt doubt can be made.

SERJEANT.

True, chuck—But then your great friends ſhould never complain of highwaymen ſtopping their coaches, or thieves breaking into their houſes.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Why, what has that to do with the buſineſs?

SERJEANT.

Oh! the natural conſequence, lovee; for whilſt the ſuperiors are throwing away their fortunes, and conſequently their independence *above*—you can't think but their domeſtics are following their examples *below*.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Well, and what then?

SERJEANT.

Then! the ſame diſtreſs that throws the maſter and miſtreſs into the power of any who are willing to purchaſe them, by a regular gradation, ſeduces the ſervants to actions, though more *criminal*, perhaps not more *atrocious*.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Pſhaw! ſtuff!—I have no head to examine

your dirty diſtinctions—Don't teize me with your jargon.—I have told you the ſums I ſhall want, ſo take care they are ready at your returning from Kingſton.—Nay, don't heſitate; recollect your own ſtate of the caſe, and remember, my honour is in pawn, and muſt, ſome way or other, be redeem'd by the end of the week. [*Exit.*

SERJEANT *ſolus.*

My honour is in pawn!—Good Lord! how a century will alter the meaning of words!—Formerly, *chaſtity* was the honour of women, and *good faith* and *integrity* the honour of men: but *now*, a lady who ruins her family by punctually paying her loſſes at play, and a gentleman who kills his beſt friend in ſome trifling frivolous quarrel, are your only tip-top people of *honour*. Well, let them go on, it brings griſt to our mill: for whilſt both the ſexes ſtick firm to their *honour*, we ſhall never want buſineſs, either at Doctor's Commons, or the Old Bailey. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter SERJEANT CIRCUIT *and* JACK.

SERJEANT.

JACK, let Will bring the chaiſe to the door.

JACK.

Mr. Fairplay, Sir, the attorney, begs to ſpeak a few words.

SER-

SERJEANT.

How often have I told you, that I will ſee none of theſe ſort of folks but at chambers; you know how angry your mother is at their rapping, and littering the houſe.

JACK.

He ſays, Sir, he will not detain you five minutes.

SERJEANT.

Well, bid him walk in.

Enter FAIRPLAY.

Well, Mr. Fairplay, what's your will?

FAIRPLAY.

I juſt call'd, Mr. Serjeant, to know your opinion upon the caſe of young Woodford, and if you like the propoſal of being concern'd.

SERJEANT.

If it turns out as you ſtate it, and that the father of the lad was really a minor, the Eſſex eſtate may without doubt be recover'd; and ſo may the lands in the North.

FAIRPLAY.

We have full proofs to that fact.

SERJEANT.

May be ſo; but really Mr. Fairplay, you know the length of time that theſe kind of ſuits—

FAIRPLAY.

True Sir, but then your experience will ſhorten I appreh——

SERJEANT.

That's more than I know: and then not only my fees lying dormant, but, perhaps, an expectation of money advanc'd.

FAIR-

FAIRPLAY.

The property, Sir, is of very great value, and, upon the recovery, any acknowledgment ſhall be readily made.

SERJEANT.

There again, *any!* do you know that in law, that word *any* has no meaning at all? beſides, when people are in diſtreſs, they are laviſh enough of their offers; but when their buſineſs is done, then we have nothing but grumbling and grudging.

FAIRPLAY.

You have only to dictate your terms.

SERJEANT.

Does the lad live in town?

FAIRPLAY.

He has been under my care ſince the death of his father; I have given him as good an education as my narrow fortune would let me; he is now ſtudying the law in the Temple, in hopes that ſhould he fail of other aſſiſtance, he may be able one day to do *himſelf* juſtice.

SERJEANT.

In the Temple?

FAIRPLAY.

Yes, Sir, in thoſe little chambers juſt over your head—I fancy the young gentleman knows him.

JACK.

Who? Mr. Woodford! Lord as well as myſelf, he is a ſweet ſober youth, and will one day make a vaſt figure, I am ſure.

SERJEANT.

Indeed!

JACK.

I am poſitive, Sir, if you were to hear him

ſpeak at the Robinhood in the Butcher-row, you would ſay ſo yourſelf: why he is now reckon'd the third; except the breeches-maker from Barbican, and Sawny Sinclair the ſnuffman, there is not a mortal can touch him.

SERJEANT.

Peace, puppy; well Mr. Fairplay, leave the papers a little longer with me and—pray who is employ'd againſt you?

FAIRPLAY.

A city attorney, one Sheepſkin.

SERJEANT.

A cunning fellow, I know him; well, Sir, if you will call at Pump-court in a week.

FAIRPLAY.

I ſhall attend you.

SERJEANT.

Jack, open the door for Mr.—[*Exeunt* Fairplay *and* Jack.] Something may be made of this matter: I'll ſee this Sheepſkin myſelf. So much in future for carrying on the ſuit, or ſo much in hand to make it miſcarry: a wiſe man ſhould well weigh which party to take for.

Enter Jack.

So, Jack, any body at chambers to day?

JACK.

Fieri Facias from Fetter-lane, about the bill to be filed by Kit Crape againſt Will Vizard, this term.

SERJEANT.

Praying for an equal partition of plunder?

JACK.

Yes, Sir.

SER-

SERJEANT.

Strange world we live in, that even highwaymen can't be true to each other! [*half aſide to himſelf.*] but we ſhall make maſter Vizard refund, we'll ſhew him what long hands the law has.

JACK.

Facias ſays, that in all the books he can't hit on a precedent.

SERJEANT.

Then I'll make one myſelf; *aut inveniam, aut faciam*, has been always my motto. The charge muſt be made for partnerſhip-profit, by bartering lead and gunpowder, againſt money, watches, and rings, on Epping-foreſt, Hounſlow-heath, and other parts of the kingdom.

JACK.

He ſays, if the court ſhould get ſcent of the ſcheme, the parties would all ſtand committed.

SERJEANT.

Cowardly raſcal! but however, the caution mayn't prove amiſs. [*Aſide.*] I'll not put my own name to the bill.

JACK.

The declaration too is deliver'd in the cauſe of Roger Rapp'em againſt Sir Solomon Simple.

SERJEANT.

What, the affair of the note?

JACK.

Yes.

SERJEANT.

Why he is clear that his client never gave ſuch a note.

JACK.

Defendant never ſaw plaintiff ſince the hour he was born; but, notwithſtanding, they have three

three witneſſes to prove a conſideration, and ſigning the note.

SERJEANT.

They have?

JACK.

He is puzzled what plea to put in.

SERJEANT.

Three witneſſes ready, you ſay?

JACK.

Yes.

SERJEANT.

Tell him Simple muſt acknowledge the note, [Jack *ſtarts*] and bid him, againſt the trial comes on, to procure *four* perſons at leaſt to prove the payment, at the Crown and Anchor, the 10th of December.

JACK.

But then how comes the note to remain in plaintiff's poſſeſſion?

SERJEANT.

Well put, Jack; but we have a *ſalvo* for that; plaintiff happen'd not to have the note in his pocket, but promis'd to deliver it up, when call'd thereunto by defendant.

JACK.

That will do rarely.

SERJEANT.

Let the defence be a ſecret, for I ſee we have able people to deal with. But come, child, not to loſe time, have you carefully conn'd thoſe inſtructions I gave you?

JACK.

Yes, Sir.

SERJEANT.

Well, that we ſhall ſee. How many points are the great object of practice?

JACK.

Two.

SERJEANT.

Which are they?

JACK.

The firſt is to put a man into poſſeſſion of what is his right.

SERJEANT.

The ſecond?

JACK.

Either to deprive a man of what is *really* his right, or to keep him as long as poſſible *out* of poſſeſſion.

SERJEANT.

Good boy! To gain the laſt end, what are the beſt means to be us'd?

JACK.

Various and many are the legal modes of delay.

SERJEANT.

Name them.

JACK.

Injunctions, demurrers, ſham-pleas, writs of error, rejoinders, ſur-rejoinders, rebutters, ſur-rebutters, replications, exceptions, eſſoigns, and imparlance.

SERJEANT.

[*To himſelf.*] Fine inſtruments in the hands of a man, who knows how to uſe them.—But now, Jack, we come to the point: if an able advocate has his choice in a cauſe, (which if he is in reputation he may readily have,) which ſide ſhould he chooſe, the right, or the wrong?

JACK.

A great lawyer's buſineſs, is always to make choice of the wrong.

SERJEANT.

And prythee why ſo?

JACK.

Becauſe a good cauſe can ſpeak for itſelf, whilſt a bad one demands an able counſellor to give it a colour.

SERJEANT.

Very well. But in what reſpects will this anſwer to the lawyer himſelf?

JACK.

In a two-fold way; firſtly, his fees will be large in proportion to the dirty work he is to do.

SERJEANT.

Secondly?—

JACK.

His reputation will riſe, by obtaining the victory in a deſperate cauſe.

SERJEANT.

Right, boy. — Are you ready in the caſe of the cow?

JACK.

Pretty well, I believe.

SERJEANT.

Give it then.

JACK.

Firſt of April, anno ſeventeen hundred and blank, John a Nokes was indicted by blank, before blank, in the county of blank, for ſtealing a cow, contra pacem etcet.—and againſt the ſtatute in that caſe provided and made, to prevent ſtealing of cattle.

SERJEANT.

Go on.

JACK.

Said Nokes was convicted upon the ſaid ſtatute.

SERJEANT.

What follow'd upon?—

JACK.

Motion in arreſt of judgment, made by counſellor Puzzle. Firſt, Becauſe the field from whence the cow was convey'd is laid in the indictment as *round*, but turn'd out upon proof to be *ſquare*.

SERJEANT.

That's well: a valid objection.

JACK.

Secondly, Becauſe in ſaid indictment the colour of the cow is called red, there being no ſuch things in rerum natura as red cows, no more than black lions, ſpread eagles, flying griffins, or blue boars.

SERJEANT.

Well put.

JACK.

Thirdly, ſaid Nokes has not offended againſt form of the ſtatute; becauſe ſtealing of *cattle* is there provided againſt: whereas we are only convicted of ſtealing a *cow*. Now, though cattle may be cows, yet it does by no means follow that cows muſt be cattle.

SERJEANT.

Bravo, bravo! buſs me, you rogue; you are your father's own ſon! go on, and proſper.—I am ſorry, dear Jack, I muſt leave thee. If Providence but ſends thee life and health, I prophecy, thou wilt wreſt as much land from the owners,

owners, and ſave as many thieves from the gallows, as any practitioner ſince the days of king Alfred.

JACK.

I'll do my endeavour. [*Exit* Serjeant. So!—father is ſet off. Now if I can but lay eyes on our Charlot, juſt to deliver this letter, before madam comes home. There ſhe is.—Hiſt, ſiſter Charlot!

Enter CHARLOT.

CHARLOT.

What have you got there, Jack?

JACK.

Something for you, ſiſter.

CHARLOT.

For me! Prythee what is it?

JACK.

A thing.

CHARLOT.

What thing?

JACK.

A thing that will pleaſe you I'm ſure.

CHARLOT.

Come, don't be a boy, let me have it. [Jack *gives the letter.*] How's this! a letter! from whom?

JACK.

Can't you gueſs?

CHARLOT.

Not I; I don't know the hand.

JACK.

May be not; but you know the inditer.

CHARLOT.

Then tell me his name.

JACK.

JACK.

Break open the ſeal, and you'll find it.

CHARLOT.

[*Opening the letter*] "Charles Woodford!"—I am ſure I know nothing of him.

JACK.

Ay, but ſiſter you do.

CHARLOT.

How! when, and where?

JACK.

Don't you remember about three weeks ago, when you drank tea at our chambers, there was a young gentleman in a blue ſattin waiſt-coat, who wore his own head of hair?

CHARLOT.

Well?

JACK.

That letter's from he.

CHARLOT.

What can be his buſineſs with me?

JACK.

Read that, and you'll know.

CHARLOT *reads.*

"Want words to apologize—hum, hum—"very firſt moment I ſaw you—hum, hum—"ſmother'd long in my breaſt—hum, hum—"happieſt, or elſe the moſt wretched of men."—So, Sir, you have undertaken a pretty commiſſion! and what do you think my father will—

JACK.

Why, I hope you won't go for to tell him.

CHARLOT.

Indeed, Sir, but I ſhall.

JACK.

JACK.

No, ſiſter, I'm ſure you won't be ſo croſs. Beſides, what could I do? The poor young lad begg'd ſo hard; and there for this fortnight he has gone about ſighing, and muſing, and moping: I am ſatisfied it would melt you to ſee him. Do, ſiſter, let me bring him this evening, now father is out.

CHARLOT.

Upon my word!—The young man has made no bad choice of an agent; you are for puſhing matters at once.—But harkee, Sir, who is this ſpark you are ſo anxious about? And how long have you known him?

JACK.

Oh! a prodigious long while: above a month I am certain. Don't you think him mighty genteel? I aſſure you he is vaſtly lik'd by the ladies.

CHARLOT.

He is.

JACK.

Yes, indeed. Mrs. Congo, at the Grecian coffee-houſe, ſays, he's the ſobereſt youth that comes to the houſe; and all Mrs. Mittens's 'prentices throw down their work, and run to the window every time he goes by.

CHARLOT.

Upon my word!

JACK.

And moreover, beſides that, he has ſeveral great eſtates in the country; but only for the preſent, he is kept out of 'em all by the owners.

CHARLOT.

Ah, Jack! that's the worſt part of the ſtory.

JACK.

JACK.

Pſhaw! that's nothing at all. His guardian, Mr. Fairplay, has been with father to-day, and ſays, he is certain that he can ſet all to rights in a trice.

CHARLOT.

Well, Jack, when that point is determin'd, it will be time enough to—

JACK.

Then! Lord of mercy! why, ſiſter Charlot, it is my private opinion that if you don't give him ſome crumbs of comfort, he won't live till Midſummer term.

CHARLOT.

I warrant you. Either Cupid's darts were always but poetical engines, or they have been lately depriv'd of their points. Love holds no place in the modern bills of mortality. However, Jack, you may tell your friend, that I have obſerv'd his frequent walks in our ſtreet.

JACK.

Walks! Why one ſhould think he was appointed to relieve the old watchman; for no ſooner one is *off*, but the other comes *on*.

CHARLOT.

And that from his eyes being conſtantly fixed on my window (for the information of which, I preſume he is indebted to you.)——

JACK.

He! he! he!

CHARLOT.

I had a pretty ſhrewd gueſs at his buſineſs; but tell him that unleſs my fa——Huſh! our tyrant is return'd. Don't leave the houſe till I ſee you.

Enter Mrs. CIRCUIT *and* BETTY.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

So, Sir, what makes you loitering from chambers? I thought I told you, you ſhould never be here but at meals? [*Exit* Jack.] One ſpy is enough in a family.—Miſs, you may go to your room; and d'ye hear—I ſhall have company, ſo you need not come down. [*Exit* Charlot.]—Betty, no meſſage or letter?

BETTY.

None, Madam.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

That is amazing!—You know I expect Colonel Secret and Mrs. Simper every inſtant.

BETTY.

Yes, Madam.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Put the fruit and the wine on the table in the next room.

BETTY.

Very well, Madam.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

And, Betty, order the fellow to let nobody in but Sir Luke.

BETTY.

Madam, I ſhall take care. [*Exit.*

Mrs. CIRCUIT *ſits down.*

The ballot muſt be over by this time. Sure there is nothing ſo dreadful as a ſtate of ſuſpence: but ſhould they black ball me!—No, there's no danger of that; miſs Mattadore has inſur'd me ſucceſs.—Well, this is certainly one of the moſt uſeful inſtitutions; it poſitively ſupplies the only point of time one does not

know how to employ. From twelve, the hour of one's riſing, to dinner, is a moſt horrible chaſm; for though teizing the mercers and milliners by tumbling their wares, is now and then an entertaining amuſement, yet upon repetition it palls.—But every morning to be ſure of a party, and then again at night after a rout, to have a place to retire to; to be quite freed from all pain of providing; not to be peſter'd at table with the odious company of clients, and country couſins; for I am determin'd to dine, and ſup at the club, every day. I can tell 'em, they'll have but very few forfeits from me.

Enter BETTY, *in haſte, with a Letter.*

BETTY.

By a chairman, Madam, from the Thatch'd Houſe.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Give it me, Betty, this inſtant;—ay—this is Mattadore's hand. [*opens and reads the letter.*] "My dear Circuit—it is with the utmoſt concern, and confuſion, I find myſelf oblig'd to acquaint you, that notwithſtanding all the pains I have taken, the club have thought fit to reject."—Oh! [*ſhe faints.*]

BETTY.

Bleſs my ſoul! my lady is gone!—John! Will! Kitty! run hither this inſtant.—

Enter two MAIDS *and a Man* SERVANT.

ALL.

What, what's the matter?

BETTY.

Quick! quick! ſome hartſhorn and water [*puts her hand.*] Madam! madam—

SERVANT.

Here! here! here! [*bringing water.*]

BETTY.

John, go for the *potter-carrier* this inſtant—I *believes* to my ſoul ſhe is dead—Kitty, fetch ſome feathers to burn under her noſe;—there, ſtand further off, and give her ſome air—

Enter Sir LUKE.

Sir LUKE.

Hey day! what the deuce is the matter? what's the meaning of all this, Mrs. Betty?

BETTY.

Oh! Sir, is it you—my poor lady! [*cries*] clap the bottle hard to her noſe.

Sir LUKE.

But how came it about?

BETTY.

Some of the *continents* of that curs'd letter, ſhe has there in her hand.

Sir LUKE.

Here, here, take ſome of my eau de luce. [*offering a bottle.*]

BETTY.

There! ſhe recovers a little—ſome water—I believe it is nothing but a *fatirical* fit, I have had them myſelf—now ſhe opens her eyes—ſo, ſo—bend her forward a little.

Sir LUKE.

My ſweet Mrs. Circuit.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Who is that?

BETTY.

Nobody at all madam, but only Sir Luke.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Oh! Sir Luke, ſuch a ſtroke, ſo fatal, ſo ſudden, it is not in nature I ſhould ever ſurvive it.

Sir LUKE.

Marry heaven forbid! but what cauſe—what could—

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Leave the room. [*To the ſervants, who go out.*] Only, look over that letter.

Sir LUKE.

Hum, hum,—[*reads*] "fit to reject you—this—

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

There! there! there!

Sir LUKE.

I own this is the utmoſt malice of fortune—but let me finiſh the letter.—"This calamity, "dear Circuit, is of ſuch a nature as baffles all "advice, or interpoſition of friends, I ſhall "therefore leave you to time, and your own "good underſtanding." [*pretty and ſenſible.*]—"yours," &c.—But let us ſee, what ſays the poſtſcript—[*reads.*] "Perhaps it may give you "ſome comfort to know that you had ſixteen "almonds, and but two raiſins againſt you.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

But two!

Sir LUKE.

No more.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

This muſt be Kitty Cribbage's doing, ſhe has been tattling about the paltry trifle I owe her.

Sir LUKE.

Not unlikely: but come, bear up, my dear madam, and conſider that *two*—

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Is as bad as two thouſand.

Sir LUKE.

Granted; but perhaps it mayn't be too late to repair.—Gadſo! I have thought of a ſcheme —I'll be elected myſelf, and then I warrant we manage—

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

You, Sir Luke? that never can be.

Sir LUKE.

No, Madam, and why not?—why you don't ſuppoſe that they wou'd venture to—

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

It would not only be againſt the ſpirit, but the very letter of their conſtitution to chuſe you a member.

Sir LUKE.

Ay, Madam, how ſo?

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Their ſtatutes are ſelected from all the codes that ever exiſted from the days of Lycurgus to the preſent Czarina.

Sir LUKE.

Well.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

The law that relates to your caſe they have borrow'd from the Roman religion.

Sir LUKE.

As how?

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

As no man can be admitted a monk, who has the leaſt corporal ſpot, or defect; ſo, no candidate can be receiv'd as a member who is depriv'd of the uſe of any one of his limbs.

Sir

Sir LUKE.

Nay, then indeed I am clearly cut out; that incapacity can never be got over.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Indeed, the Serjeant ſays, if the club could be induc'd to *reſolve* in your favour, then the *original law* would ſignify nothing.

Sir LUKE.

Well, well, we'll ſee what can be done. [*A loud knocking.*] But huſh! the company's come; collect yourſelf, ſweet Mrs. Circuit; don't give your enemies the malicious pleaſure of ſeeing how this diſappointment affects you.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Never fear; I know a little too much of the world not to turn this defeat to my credit.

Enter Colonel SECRET *and* Mrs. SIMPER.

Mrs. SIMPER.

Your ſervant, Sir Luke; my dear Circuit, I am frighten'd to death—your people tell me, you are but juſt recover'd from a—

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Oh! nothing at all! a faintneſs, a kind of ſwimming—but thoſe people are ever ſwelling that mole hills to mountains.

Mrs. SIMPER.

I proteſt I was afraid that you had ſuffer'd your late diſappointment to lay hold of your ſpirits.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

What diſappointment, my dear?

COLONEL.

Mrs. Simper hints at the little miſtake made this morning at the Thatch'd Houſe.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

That! ridiculous! I could have told you that a fortnight ago, child—all my own doing.

Mrs. SIMPER.

How!

Sir LUKE.

Entirely.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Oh! I always deteſted the thoughts of the thing;—they would put me up, let me ſay what I would, ſo I was reduc'd to the neceſſity of prevailing upon two of my friends to *black ball* me.

Mrs. SIMPER.

That, indeed, alters the caſe.

COLONEL.

I am vaſtly happy to hear it: your old acquaintance were afraid they ſhould loſe you.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

It is a ſign they know but little of me—but come, my good folks, I have prepared a ſmall collation in the next room, will you— [*Exeunt.*

Enter JACK *and* WOODFORD.

JACK.

I'll watch ſiſter, to ſee that nobody comes; now Woodford make good uſe of your time. [*Exit* Woodford.] There, I have left 'em together; if I had ſtaid, I don't believe they would have open'd their mouths for a month: I never ſaw ſuch an alteration in a lad ſince the day I was born.—Why, if I had not known him before, I ſhould not have thought he had a word to throw to a dog; but I remember the old proverb:

True

True lovers are ſhy,
When people are by.

I'll take a peep to ſee how they go on:—there they are, juſt in the ſame poſture I left them; ſhe folding her fingers, and he twirling his hat; why they don't even look at each other: was there ever ſuch a couple of—ſtay, ſtay: now he opens his mouth—pſhaw!—lord! there he ſhuts it again—huſh! I hear ſomebody coming—no—nothing at all:—mother is ſafe I am ſure,—there is no danger from her—now let us take t'other—[*peeps at the door.*] hum!—gadſo, matters are mightily mended—there! there! very well—there he lays down the law—now he claps his hand on his heart—vaſtly pretty, I vow—there he ſwops with both his knees on the ground—charming!—and ſqueezes his hat with both hands, like one of the actors—delightful! ſhe wants him to riſe, and he won't—prodigious moving indeed!

Enter BETTY.

BETTY.

So Sir, what are you doing there?

JACK.

There! where?

BETTY.

With your eyes glew'd cloſe to the keyhole.

JACK.

I wanted to ſpeak a word to my ſiſter.

BETTY.

Then why don't you open her door?

JACK.

I did not know but ſhe might be ſaying her prayers.

BETTY.

BETTY.

Prayers! a likely ſtory! Who ſays their prayers at this time of the day?—No, no, that won't paſs upon me.—Let me look—very pretty! So, ſo, I ſee there's ſomebody elſe at his prayers too—fine doings!—As ſoon as the company goes, I ſhall take care to inform Madam your mother.

JACK.

Nay, but Mrs. Betty you won't be ſo—

BETTY.

Indeed, Mr. John, but I ſhall—I'll ſwallow none of your ſecrets, believe me.

JACK.

What, perhaps your ſtomach is overloaded already.

BETTY.

No matter for that, I ſhall be even with Miſs for telling Maſter about and concerning my drums.

JACK.

Why, Mrs. Betty, ſurely ſiſter could not—

BETTY.

When ſhe very well knows that I have not ſent cards but twice the whole ſeaſon.

JACK.

Lord! what ſigni—

BETTY.

What would ſhe ſay, if ſhe viſited the great families I do? For tho' I am as I may ſay but a commoner, no private gentlewoman's gentlewoman, has a more prettier ſet of acquaintance.

JACK.

Well but—

BETTY.

My routs indeed!—There is Mrs. Allſpice, who lives with lady Cicily Sequence, has ſix tables every Sunday, beſides looers, and braggers; and moreover propoſes giving a maſquerade, the beginning of June, and I intends being there.

JACK.

Well, but to talk calmly.

BETTY.

And as Miſs is ſo fond of fetching and carrying, you may tell her we are to have a private play among ourſelves, as the quality have: the *Diſtruſtful* Mother, 'tis call'd—Pylades, by Mr. Thomas, Lord Cataſtrophe's butler—Hermione, Mrs. Allſpice; and I ſhall do Andromache myſelf.

JACK.

A play! lord, Mrs. Betty, will you give me a ticket?

BETTY.

All's one for that—and ſo you may tell Miſs that—[*bell rings*] coming, Madam, this minute—and that, Mr. John, is the long and the ſhort on't. [*Bell rings again.*] Lord, I am coming—[*Exit.*

Enter WOODFORD *to* JACK.

WOODFORD.

What's the matter?

JACK.

Here, Betty, my mother's fac totum, has juſt diſcover'd your haunts; and is gone to lay an information againſt you—ſo depend upon it, a ſearch warrant will iſſue directly.

WOODFORD.

Stay but a moment, till I take leave of your ſiſter.

JACK.

Zooks! I tell you the conſtables will be here in a trice, ſo you have not a moment to loſe.

WOODFORD.

How unlucky this is!

JACK.

But I hope you have obtain'd a verdict however.

WOODFORD.

No.

JACK.

No!

WOODFORD.

It would not have been decent, to have preſs'd the judge too ſoon for a ſentence.

JACK.

Soon!—You are a ninny, I tell you ſo:—here you will ſuffer judgment to go by default.—You are a pretty practitioner indeed!

WOODFORD.

This, you may know, my dear Jack, is an equity caſe; I have but juſt fil'd my bill; one muſt give the parties time to put in an anſwer.

JACK.

Time!—How you may come off in court I can't tell, but you will turn out but a poor chamber counſel I fear.—Well, come along, perhaps I may be able to procure another hearing before it is—but lord o'mercy! there is father croſſing the hall—ſhould he ſee us all's over—we have nothing for't but taking ſhelter with ſiſter. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Sir LUKE LIMP, *Mrs.* CIRCUIT, *Colonel* SECRET, *and Mrs.* SIMPER, *diſcover'd at a table, with a collation before them.*

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

OH! by the bye, Sir Luke— take ſome of theſe ſweetmeats, my dear [*to Mrs.* Simper] — did not you promiſe to introduce to me that little agreeable piece of imperfection that belongs to the opera?—Colonel, won't you taſte the champaign?

Sir LUKE.

Who, Signior *Piano?*—Let me aſſiſt Mrs. Simper.—Why, Madam, I made an attempt; but at preſent—ſhan't I ſend you a biſcuit?—he is in the poſſeſſion of a certain lady, who never ſuffers him out of her ſight for a moment.

Mrs. SIMPER.

Oh! the curmudgeon!—I am vaſtly fond of theſe cuſtards.

Sir LUKE.

Yes, they have a delicate flavour—but he promis'd, if poſſible, to eſcape for an hour—won't you? [*to Mrs.* Circuit.]

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

No, it gives me the heart-burn.—Then let us leave him a cover.

COLONEL.

By all means in the world.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

But there is, likewiſe, another party, for whom a place ought to be kept.

Mrs. SIMPER.

Another! Who can that be I wonder?

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

A ſmall appendix of mine.

Sir LUKE.

How, Madam!

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

You need not be jealous, Sir Luke—taſte that tart Mrs. Simper—it is only my huſband the Serjeant.—Ha! ha! ha!—Betty makes them herſelf.

Mrs. SIMPER.

Oh! you abominable creature! How could ſuch a thought come into your head?

Sir LUKE.

Ma'am— [*Offering ſweetmeats to Mrs.* Simper.]

Mrs. SIMPER.

Not a bit more, I thank you.—I ſwear and vow I ſhould ſwoon at the ſight.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

And I ſhould receive him with the polite indifference of an abſolute ſtranger.

Sir LUKE.

Well ſaid, my good Lady Intrepid! But, notwithſtanding, I would venture a trifle that his appearance would give you ſuch an electrical ſhock——

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

You are vaſtly deceiv'd.

Sir LUKE.

Dare you come to the proof? Will you give me leave to introduce Mr. Serjeant? He is not far off.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

What, my huſband?

Sir LUKE.

Even he! I ſaw him as I enter'd the hall.

Mrs.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Impoſſible!

Sir LUKE.

Nay, then I muſt fetch him. [*Exit* Sir Luke.

COLONEL.

I can't conceive what the knight wou'd be at.

Mrs. SIMPER.

Why he is mad.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Or turn'd fool.

Enter Sir LUKE, *with the* SERJEANT'S *peruke on a block.*

Sir LUKE.

Now, Madam, have I reaſon? Is this your huſband or not?

Mrs. SIMPER.

It is he; not the leaſt doubt can be made.

COLONEL.

Yes, yes, it is the Serjeant himſelf.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

I own it; I acknowledge the lord of my wiſhes. [*Kiſſes the block.*]

Mrs. SIMPER.

All his features are there!

COLONEL.

The grave caſt of his countenance!

Sir LUKE.

The vacant ſtare of his eye!

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

The livid hue of his lips!

Mrs. SIMPER.

The rubies with which his cheeks are enrich'd!

COLONEL.

The ſilent ſolemnity when he ſits on the bench!

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

We muſt have him at table; but pray good folks let my huſband appear like himſelf.—I'll run for the gown. *Exit.*

Mrs. SIMPER.

By all means in the world.

Sir LUKE.

Diſpatch, I beſeech you.

Mrs. CIRCUIT *returns with a gown and band.*

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Sir Luke, lend your aſſiſtance.

COLONEL.

There, place him at the head of the table.

[*They fix the head at the back of a chair, and place it at table; then all ſit.*

Mrs. SIMPER.

Madam, you'll take care of your huſband.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

I don't want to be put in mind of my duty.

Mrs. SIMPER.

Oh, Madam! I know that very well.

Sir LUKE.

Come, Hob or Nob, Maſter Circuit—let us try if we can't fuddle the Serjeant.

COLONEL.

O! fye! have a proper reſpect for the coif.

Mrs. SIMPER.

Don't be too facetious, Sir Luke: it is not quite ſo ſafe to ſport with the heads of the law; you don't know how ſoon you may have a little buſineſs together.

Sir LUKE.

But come, the Serjeant is ſulky.—I have thought of a way to divert him:—You know

he is never ſo happy as when he is hearing a cauſe; ſuppoſe we were to plead one before him; Mrs. Circuit and I to be counſel, the colonel the clerk, and Mrs. Simper the cryer.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

The fineſt thought in the world! And ſtay, to conduct the trial with proper ſolemnity, let's rummage his wardrobe; we ſhall there be able to equip ourſelves with ſuitable dreſſes.

Sir LUKE.

Alons, alons!

Mrs. SIMPER.

There is no time to be loſt. [*All riſe.*

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

[*Stopping ſhort as they are going out.*] But won't my huſband be angry, if we leave him alone? Bye, dearee—we ſhall ſoon return to thee again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Serj. CIRCUIT, *not perceiving the collation.*

SERJEANT.

So, my lord not being able to ſit, there was no occaſion for me.—I can't put that girl's nonſenſe out of my head—My wife is young to be ſure, and loves pleaſure I own; but as to the *main* article, I have not the leaſt ground to ſuſpect her in that—No, no!—And then Sir Luke! my *proſien ami*, the deareſt friend I have in the—Heyday! [*ſeeing the collation*] What the deuce have we here?—A collation!—So, ſo—I ſee madam knows how to divert herſelf during my abſence.—What's this? [*ſeeing the block*] Oh, ho! ha! ha! ha!—Well, that's pretty enough I proteſt.—Poor girl, I ſee ſhe could not be happy without having ſomething at table that reſembled me.—How pleas'd ſhe will

will be to find me here in propriâ perſonâ.—By your leave, Mrs. Circuit—[*ſits down and eats*] Delicate eating, in troth—and the wine [*drinks*] —Champaign as I live—muſt have t'other glaſs —They little think how that gentleman there regales himſelf in their abſence—Ha! ha! ha! —quite convenient, I vow—the heat of the weather has made me—Come, brother Coif, here's your health—[*drinks*]—I muſt pledge myſelf I believe—[*drinks again*]—deviliſh ſtrong—pſhut! —Somebody's coming—[*gets up and goes towards the wings*]—What do I ſee? Four lawyers! What the devil can be the meaning of this? I ſhould be glad to get at the bottom of—Hey! By your leave, brother Serjeant—I muſt crave the uſe of your robe—[*ſits down, and gets under the gown*]—Between ourſelves, this is not the firſt time this gown has cover'd a fraud.

Enter Sir LUKE, *Colonel, Mrs.* CIRCUIT, *and Mrs.* SIMPER, *dreſſed as counſellors.*

Sir LUKE.

Come, come, gentlemen, diſpatch, the court has been waiting ſome time. Brother Circuit, you have look'd over your brief?

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

What, do you ſuppoſe, Sir, that like ſome of our brethren I defer that till I come into court? No, no.

Sir LUKE.

This cauſe contains the whole marrow and pith of all modern practice.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

One ſhould think, Sir Luke, you had been bred to the bar.

Sir LUKE.

Child, I was ſome years in the Temple; but

the death of my brother robb'd the robe of my labours.

Mrs. SIMPER.

What a loſs to the public!

Sir LUKE.

You are ſmart, Mrs. Simper. I can tell you, Serjeant Snuffle, whoſe manner I ſtudy'd, pronounc'd me a promiſing youth.

Mrs. SIMPER.

I don't doubt it.

Sir LUKE.

But let us to buſineſs. And firſt, for the ſtate of the caſe: The parties you know are Hobſon and Nobſon; the object of litigation is a ſmall parcel of land, which is to decide the fate of a borough.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

True; call'd Turnbury Mead.

Sir LUKE.

Very well. Then to bring matters to a ſhort iſſue, it was agreed, that Nobſon ſhould on the premiſes cut down a tree, and Hobſon bring his action of damage.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

True, true.

Sir LUKE.

The jury being ſworn, and the counſellors feed, the court may proceed.—Take your ſeats—But hold—I hope no gentleman has been touch'd on both ſides.

ALL.

Oh! fye!

Sir LUKE.

Let ſilence be call'd.

Mrs. SIMPER.

Silence in the court!

Sir

Sir LUKE.

But ſtop. To be regular, and provide for freſh cauſes, we muſt take no notice of the borough and lands, the real objects in view, but ſtick faſt to the tree, which is of no importance at all.

ALL.

True, true.

Sir LUKE.

Brother Circuit, you may proceed.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Gentlemen of the Jury.—I am in this cauſe counſel for Hobſon, the plaintiff.—The action is brought againſt Nebuchadonezer Nobſon, That he the ſaid Nobſon did cut down a tree, value two-pence, and to his own uſe ſaid tree did convert.—Nobſon juſtifies, and claims tree as his tree. We will, gentlemen, firſt ſtate the probable evidence, and then come to the poſitive: and firſt as to the probable.—When was this tree here belonging to Hobſon, and claim'd by Nobſon, cut down? Was it cut down publicly in the day, in the face of the ſun, men, women, and children, all the world looking on?—No; it was cut down privately, in the night, in a dark night, nobody *did* ſee, nobody *could* ſee.—Hum—And then with reſpect and regard to this tree, I am inſtructed to ſay, gentlemen, it was a beautiful, an ornamental tree to the ſpot where it grew. Now can it be thought that any man would come for to go in the middle of the night, nobody ſeeing, nobody *did* ſee, nobody *could* ſee, and cut down a tree, which tree was an ornamental tree, if tree had been his tree?—Certainly no.—And again, gentlemen, we moreover inſiſt, that this

tree was not only ornamental to the ſpot where it grew, but it was a uſeful tree to the owner: it was a plumb-tree, and not only a plum-tree, but I am authoriz'd to ſay the beſt of plum-trees, it was a damſin plum.—Now can it be thought, that any man wou'd come for to go, in the middle of the night, nobody ſeeing, nobody *did* ſee, nobody *could* ſee, and cut down a tree; which tree was not only an ornamental tree, but a uſeful tree; and not only a uſeful tree, but a plum-tree; and not only a plum-tree, but the beſt of plum-trees, a damſin plum? Moſt aſſuredly no.—If ſo be then, that this be ſo, and ſo it moſt certainly is, I apprehend no doubt will remain with the court, but my client a verdict will have, with full coſts of ſuits, in ſuch a manner and ſo forth, as may nevertheleſs appear notwithſtanding.

Sir LUKE.

Have you done, Mr. Serjeant?

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

You may proceed.

Sir LUKE.

Gentlemen of the jury—I am in this cauſe counſel for Hob—Zouns! I think the head moves.

ALL.

Hey!

COLONEL.

No, no, Mrs. Simper jogg'd the chair with her foot, that was all.

Sir LUKE.

For Hercules Hobſon—(I cou'd have ſworn it had ſtir'd)—I ſha'nt gentlemen upon this occaſion, attempt to move your paſſions, by flowing periods, and rhetorical flowers, as Mr. Serjeant

jeant has done; no, gentlemen, if I get at your hearts, I will make my way thro' your heads, however thick they may be—in order to which, I will purſue the learned gentleman, thro' what he calls his probable proofs: and firſt, as to this tree's being cut down in the night; in part we will grant him that point, but, under favour, not a dark night, Mr. Serjeant; no, quite the reverſe, we can prove that the moon ſhone bright, with uncommon luſtre that night—So that if ſo be as how people did not ſee that was none—[Serjeant *ſneezes.*] nay, Mrs. Circuit, if you break the thread of my—

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Me break!—I ſaid nothing I'm ſure.

Sir LUKE.

That's true, but you ſneez'd.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Not I.

Sir LUKE.

I am ſure ſomebody did; it could not be the head—conſider the leaſt interruption puts one out of one's—None of our faults, they might have look'd on and ſeen if they would. And then as to this beautiful tree, with which Mr. Serjeant has ornamented his ſpot—No, gentlemen, no ſuch matter at all; I am inſtructed to ſay quite the reverſe; a ſtunted tree, a blighted, blaſted tree; a tree not only limbleſs, and leafleſs, but very near lifeleſs; that was the true ſtate of the tree: and then as to its uſe, we own it was a plum-tree indeed, but not of the kind Mr. Serjeant ſets forth, a damſin plum; our proofs ſay loudly a bull plum; but if ſo be and it had been a damſin plum, will any man go for to ſay, that a damſin plum is the

beſt kind of plum; not a whit, I take upon me to ſay it is not a noun ſubſtantive plum—with plenty of ſugar it does pretty well indeed in a tart, but to eat it by itſelf, will Mr. Serjeant go to compare it with the queen mother, the padrigons—

SERJEANT.

[*Appearing ſuddenly from under the gown.*] The green gages, or the orlines.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

As I live 'tis my huſband!

SERJEANT.

Nay, Sir Luke don't you run away too—give me a buſs—ſince I was born, I never heard a finer reply; I am ſorry I did not hear your argument out—but I cou'd not reſiſt.

Sir LUKE.

This I own was a little ſurpriſe—had you been long here Mr. Serjeant?

SERJEANT.

But the inſtant you enter'd.

Sir LUKE.

So, then all is ſafe. [*Aſide.*]

SERJEANT.

But come, won't you refreſh you, Sir Luke—you have had hard duty to day.

Sir LUKE.

I drank very freely at table.

SERJEANT.

Nay, for the matter of that, I ha'n't been idle; [*both drink.*] But come, throw off your gown, and let us finiſh the bottle: I ha'n't had ſuch a mind to be merry I can't tell the day when.

Sir LUKE.

Nay then, Mr. Serjeant, have at you—come, here's long life and health to the law. [*Drinks.*]

SER-

SERJEANT.

I'll pledge that toaſt in a bumper.—[*Drinks.*] —I'll take Charlot's hint, and ſee if I can't draw the truth out of the Knight by a bottle. [*Aſide.*]

Sir LUKE.

I'll try if I can't fuddle the fool, and get rid of him that way. [*Aſide.*]

SERJEANT.

I could not have thought it: why where the deuce did you pick up all this? But by the bye, pray who was the cryer?

Sir LUKE.

Did not you know her? Mrs. Simper, your neighbour.

SERJEANT.

A peſtilent jade! ſhe's a good one I warrant.

Sir LUKE.

She is thought very pretty; what ſay you to a glaſs in her favor?

SERJEANT.

By all means in the world! [*they drink*] and that ſpark the clerk?

Sir LUKE.

Colonel Secret, a friend to the lady you toaſted.

SERJEANT.

A friend! oh, ay—I underſtand you—come, let us join 'em together.

Sir LUKE.

Alons. [*drink.*] Egad, I ſhall be caught in my own trap, I begin to feel myſelf fluſter'd already. [*Aſide.*]

SERJEANT.

Delicate white wine, indeed! I like it better every glaſs. [*Sings.*]

Drink and drive care away,
Drink and be merry.

Sir

Sir LUKE.

True, my dear Serjeant—this is the ſearcher of ſecrets—the only key to the heart.

SERJEANT.

Right boy, in veritas vino.

Sir LUKE.

No deceit in a bumper. [*Sings.*] Drink and be merry.

SERJEANT.

Merry! dammee, what a ſweet fellow you are; what would I give, to be half ſo jolly and gay.

Sir LUKE.

[*Appearing very drunk.*] Would you? and yet do you know, Serjeant, that at this very juncture of time, there is a thing has popp'd into my head, that diſtreſſes me very much.

SERJEANT.

Then drive it out with a bumper [*Drink.*] Well, how is it now.

Sir LUKE.

Now!—the matter is not mended at all.

SERJEANT.

What the deuce is the buſineſs that ſo ſticks in your ſtomach.

Sir LUKE.

You know, my dear Serjeant, I am your friend, your real, your affectionate friend.

SERJEANT.

I believe, it Sir Luke.

Sir LUKE.

And yet, for theſe ſix months, I have conceal'd a ſecret, that touches you near, very near—

SERJEANT.

Me near! That was wrong, very wrong; friends ſhould have all things in common.

Sir LUKE.

That's what I ſaid to myſelf; Sir Luke, ſays I, open your heart to your friend; but to tell you the truth, what ſealed up my lips, was the fear that this ſecret ſhould make you ſulky and ſad.

SERJEANT.

Me ſulky and ſad! ha! ha! how little you know of me.

Sir LUKE.

Swear then that you won't be uneaſy.

SERJEANT.

Well, I do.

Sir LUKE.

[*Riſing.*] Soft! let us ſee that all's ſafe;—well, Mr. Serjeant, do you know that you are —a fine, honeſt fellow?

SERJEANT.

Is that ſuch a ſecret?

Sir LUKE.

Be quiet; a damn'd honeſt fellow—but as to your wife—

SERJEANT.

Well?

Sir LUKE.

She is an infamous ſtrum—

SERJEANT.

How! it is a falſhood Sir Luke, my wife is as virtuous a wom—

Sir LUKE.

Oh! if you are angry, your ſervant—I thought that the news would have pleas'd you —for after all, what is the buſineſs to me? What do I get by the bargain?

SERJEANT.

That's true; but then would it not vex any man to hear his wife abus'd in ſuch a—

Sir LUKE.

Not if it's true, you old fool.

SERJEANT.

I ſay it is falſe: prove it; give me that ſatisfaction Sir Luke.

Sir LUKE.

Oh! you ſhall have that pleaſure directly; and to come at once to the point—you remember laſt New-year's day how ſeverely it froze.

SERJEANT.

I do recollect.

Sir LUKE.

Very well; we are all invited to dine at Alderman Inkle's.

SERJEANT.

Very right.

Sir LUKE.

Well, and I did not go: Mrs. Circuit made me dine here, in this houſe—was it my fault?

SERJEANT.

No, no, Sir Luke, no.

Sir LUKE.

At table ſays ſhe—ſhe ſaid, I was the picture of you—was it my fault?

SERJEANT.

Well, and ſuppoſe you are; where's the miſchief in that?

Sir LUKE.

Be quiet, I tell you;—then throwing her arms round my neck,—it is my huſband himſelf I embrace, it is my little old man that I kiſs!—for ſhe has a prodigious affection for you at bottom—was it my fault?

SERJEANT.

But what is there ſerious in this, doſt think I mind ſuch trifles?

Sir LUKE.

Hold your tongue, you fool, for a moment—then throwing her Tereſa aſide—upon my ſoul ſhe is prodigious fine every where here—was it my fault?

SERJEANT.

My fault! my fault! I ſee no fault in all this.

Sir LUKE.

[*Hatching a cry.*] No! why then my dear friend, do you know that I was ſo unworthy, ſo profligate, ſo abandon'd—as to—[*riſes*] ſay no more, the buſineſs is done.

SERJEANT.

Ay, indeed!

Sir LUKE.

Oh! fact! there is not the leaſt doubt of the matter; this is no *bear ſay*, dy'e ſee, I was by all the while.

SERJEANT.

Very pretty! very fine upon my word.

Sir LUKE.

Was it my fault? what could I do? put yourſelf in my place; I muſt have been more, or leſs, than man to reſiſt.

SERJEANT.

Your fault, Sir Luke, no, no—you did but your duty—but as to my wife—

Sir LUKE.

She's a diabolical fiend, I ſhall hate her as long as I live.

SERJEANT,

And I too.

Sir LUKE.

Only think of her forcing me, as it were with a ſword at my breaſt, to play ſuch a trick; you, my dear Serjeant, the beſt, trueſt friend I have in the world. [*Weeps.*]

SERJEANT.

[*Weeping.*] Dry your tears, dear Sir Luke; I ſhall ever gratefully acknowledge your confidence in truſting *me* with the ſecret—[*taking him forward.*] But I think it might be as well kept from the reſt of the world.

Sir LUKE.

My dear ſoul, do you think I would tell it to any mortal but *you?* No, no, not to my brother himſelf—You are the only man upon earth I wou'd truſt.

SERJEANT.

Ten thouſand thanks, my dear friend! ſure there is no comfort, no balſam in life like a friend—but I ſhall make Madam Circuit remember—

Sir LUKE.

We neither of us ought to forgive her—were I you, I'd get a divorce.

SERJEANT.

So I will—provided you will promiſe not to marry her after.

Sir LUKE.

Me! I'll ſooner be torn to pieces by wild horſes—no, my dear friend, we will retire to my houſe in the country together, and there, in innocence and ſimplicity, feeding our pigs and pigeons, like Pyramus and Thiſbe, we will live the paragons of the age.

SERJEANT.

Agreed; we will be the whole earth to each other; for, as Mr. *Shakeſpur* ſays,

"The friend thou haſt and his adoption try'd
"Claſp to thy ſoul, and quit the world beſide."—

Sir LUKE.

Zouns, here comes Madam Serjeant herſelf.

Enter Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Mrs CIRCUIT.

So, Gentlemen! a ſweet tête a tête you have been holding—but I know it all, not a ſyllable you have ſaid has been loſt.

Sir LUKE.

Then, I hope you have been well entertained Mrs. Circuit?

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

And you, you mean ſpirited, daſtardly wretch, to lend a patient ear to his infamous, improbable tales, equally ſhameful both to you and me.

SERJEANT.

How Madam! have you the aſſurance—

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Yes, Sir, the aſſurance that innocence gives; there is not a ſoul, I thank heaven, that can lay the leaſt ſoil, the leaſt ſpot, on my virtue; nor is there a man on earth but yourſelf would have ſat and ſilently liſten'd to the fictions and fables of this intemperate ſot.

SERJEANT.

Why to be ſure the knight is overtaken a little; very near drunk.

Sir LUKE.

I hope he believes it is a lie. [*Aſide.*]

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Do me inſtant juſtice on this defamer, this lyar, or never more expect to ſee me in your houſe.

SERJEANT.

I begin to find out the fraud, this is all a flam of the knight's.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

I'll drive this inſtant to a friend of mine in the Commons, and ſee if no ſatisfaction can be had, for blaſting the reputation of a woman like me —and hark you Sir, what inducement, what devil could prompt?—

SERJEANT.

Ay; what devil could prompt—

Sir LUKE.

Heyday!

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

But I gueſs at your motive; you flatter'd yourſelf

yourſelf, that by marrying Charlot, and diſcarding of me you ſhould engroſs all his affections and—

SERJEANT.

True, true—ſtop, my life, let me come at him, a little: hark you, Mr. Knight, I begin to diſcover that you are a very ſad dog.

Sir LUKE.

Et tu Brute!

SERJEANT.

Brute!—you'll find I am not the brute you would have made me believe—I have conſider'd both ſides of the queſtion.

Sir LUKE.

Both ſides of the queſtion?

SERJEAAT.

Both: if your ſtory is true, you are a ſcoundrel to debauch the wife of your friend; and if it is falſe, you are an infamous lyar.

Sir LUKE.

Well argued.

SERJEANT.

So in both caſes, get out of my houſe.

Sir LUKE.

Nay, but Serjeant—

SERJEANT.

Troop I tell you, and never again enter theſe walls—you have libelled my wife, and I will ſee you no more.

Sir LUKE.

Was there ever ſuch a—

SERJEANT.

March! and as to my daughter, I would as ſoon marry her to a forma pauperis client.

[*Exit Sir Luke.*

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Do you conſider, Mr. Circuit, where you are puſhing the fellow?—That chamber is Charlot's,

Enter Sir LUKE, WOODFORD, CHARLOT, *and* JACK.

Sir LUKE.

Heyday! who the deuce have we here?—Pray walk in, my good folks—your ſervant Miſs Charlot; your ſervant Mr. What-d'ye-call-um.—Mr. Serjeant, you need not trouble yourſelf to cater for Miſs; your family you ſee can provide for themſelves.

SERJEANT.

Heyday! What the deuce is all this! Who are you Sir, and how came you here? [*To* Woodford.]

JACK.

It was I, father, that brought him.

SERJEANT.

How, ſirrah!

Sir LUKE.

Well ſaid my young limb of the law.

JACK.

Come, let us have none o'your—tho' I brought Mr. Woodford, you could not perſuade me to do the ſame office for you—father, never ſtir if he did not make me the proffer, if I would let him into the houſe the night you was at Kingſton, of a new pair of ſilk ſtockings, and to learn me a minuet.

Sir LUKE.

Me! I ſhould never have got you to turn out your toes.

JACK.

Ay, and moreover you made me puſh out my cheſt, and do ſo with my fingers, as if I was taking two pinches of ſnuff.

Sir LUKE.

You ſee, Mr. Serjeant, what a fondneſs, I have for every twig of your family.

SER-

SERJEANT.

I ſhall thank *you* hereafter—but from you, Charlot, I expected other gueſs—

CHARLOT.

When, Sir, you hear this whole matter explain'd, you will acquit I am ſure.

WOODFORD.

Indeed, Sir, *I* am wholly to blame; my being here was as much a ſurprize upon Miſs Charlot as—

SERJEANT.

But now you are here, pray what's your buſineſs?

JACK.

O! father, I can acquaint you with that—he wanted me to bring a love letter to Charlot, ſo I told him he might bring it himſelf, for that I would not do any ſuch thing for never ſo much, for fear of offending of you.

SERJEANT.

You mended the matter indeed—but after all, who, and what are you?

JACK.

It's the young gentleman that lives over our heads, to whom Mr. Fairplay is guardian.

SERJEANT.

Who, Woodford?

JACK.

The ſame.

SERJEANT.

And are you, young man in a ſituation to think of a wife?

WOODFORD.

I am flattered, Sir, that as *juſtice* is with me, I ſhall one day have no contemptible fortune to throw at her feet.

SERJEANT.

Juſtice is! What ſignifies juſtice?—Is the *law* with you, you fool?

WOODFORD.

With your help, Sir, I ſhould hope for their *union*, upon this occaſion at leaſt.

SERJEANT.

Well, Sir, I ſhall re-conſider your papers, and, if there are probable grounds, I may be induc'd to hear your propoſals.

WOODFORD.

Nay then, Sir, the recovering my paternal poſſeſſions makes me anxious indeed.—Could I hope that the young lady's good wiſh would attend me?

CHARLOT.

I have a father, and can have no will of my own.

Sir LUKE.

So then it ſeems poor Pil Garlick here is diſcarded at once.

SERJEANT.

Why, could you have the impudence, after what has happen'd, to hope that——

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

He has given wonderful proofs of his modeſty.

Sir LUKE.

Be quiet, Mrs. Circuit.—Come, good folks, I will ſet all matters to rights in a minute; and firſt, Mr. Serjeant, it becomes me to tell you, that I never intended to marry your daughter.

SERJEANT.

How! never!

Sir LUKE.

Never. She is a fine girl I allow; but would it now, Mr. Serjeant, have been honeſt in me, to have robb'd the whole ſex of my perſon, and confin'd my favors to her?

SERJEANT.

How!

Sir LUKE.

No! I was ſtruck with the immorality of the thing; and therefore to make it impoſſible that you ſhould ever give me your daughter, I invented the ſtory I told you concerning Mrs. Circuit and me.

SERJEANT.

How!

Sir LUKE.

Truth, upon my honour.—Your wife there will tell you the whole was a lye.

SERJEANT.

Nay, then indeed.—But with what face can I look up to my dear? I have injur'd her beyond the hopes of forgiveneſs.—Wou'd you, lovee, but paſs an act of oblivion—

Sir LUKE.

See me here proſtrate to implore your clemency in behalf of my friend.

Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Of that I can't determine directly.—But as you ſeem to have ſome ſenſe of your guilt, I ſhall grant you a reprieve for the preſent; which contrition and amendment may, perhaps, in time ſwell into a pardon.

But if again offending you are caught,

SERJEANT.

Then let me ſuffer, dearee, as I ought.

FINIS.

THE

Engliſhman in *Paris*.

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS,

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*.

Written by SAMUEL FOOTE, Eſq;

THE FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for T. and W. LOWNDES, No. 77, Fleet-Street.

MDCCLXXXIII.

[Price One Shilling.]

MY Bookſeller informs me, that the Bulk of his Readers, regarding in a Work of this Kind the Quantity more than the Quality, will not be contented without an additional Half-Sheet; and he apprehends that a ſhort Dedication will anſwer the Purpoſe.

But as I have no Obligations to any great Man or Woman in this Country, and as I will take care that no Production of mine ſhall want their Patronage, I don't know any Perſon whoſe good Offices I ſo much ſtood in need of as my Bookſeller's: Therefore, Mr. VAILLANT, I think myſelf obliged to you for the Correctneſs of the Preſs, the Beauty of the Type, and the Goodneſs of the Paper, with which you have decorated this Work of

Your humble Servant,

PALL-MALL,
April 21, 1753.

SAM. FOOTE.

PROLOGUE,

Between Mr. MACKLIN and his WIFE.

SHE. *TO contradict me! — Blockhead! Idiot! Fool! Sot!*

HE. *But amidst these hard Names, our Dispute is forgot.*
To contradict you I know is High-Treason;
For the Will of a Wife is always her Reason.

SHE. *No, Sir, for once, I'll give up my Pretension,*
And submit to the Pit our Cause of Dissention.

HE. *I agree; for the Pit is our natural Lord.*
LADIES, ——— ——

SHE. *—Hey! How come you to claim the first Word?*
GENTLEMEN, *my Husband and I have had a Dispute,*
Where the Difference lies 'twixt a Man and a Brute;
Which we beg, whilst the Folks for the Farce are preparing,
You would please to decide, and give us the Hearing.
—Hem! Hem!—
After Plutarch *of* Rome! *and* Virgil *of* Greece!
And Iliads, *and* Eniends, *and Authors like these;*
I boldly affirm, deny it who can,
That in Laughter consists the true Essence of Man:
Whilst my Husband—

HE. ——— *Nay, pray let me state my own Case,*
And I'll make it as clear as the Nose in your Face,
That Hissing in Man preserves the first Place.
To begin then with Critics:—'Tis their capital Bliss,
Than to laugh—don't you find it more pleasing to hiss?
In this all agree;—Jews! Infidels! Turks!

SHE. *I grant it, sweet Sir,—— if you mean at your Works.*
Yet even 'gainst that I've a potent Objection;
For every Rule still has its Exception:
Tho' they hiss'd at your Farces, your Pasquin, *and Stuff,*
At your Tragedy sure they laugh'd hearty enough.

And

And again, Mr. Wiſeman, regard the World round,
'Tis in Mankind alone that Laughter is found;
Whilſt your favourite Hiſſing, ſage Sir, if you pleaſe,
You enjoy but in common with Serpents and Geeſe.
SHE. *And arn't you aſhamed—('tis no Time to diſſemble,)*
O Critics! theſe Creatures in this to reſemble?
HE. *Not a jot; in this Place 'tis of ſingular Uſe,*
Of bad Poets and Players to reform the Abuſe.
In the Practice, kind Sirs! were I fit to adviſe,
The Hiſſing like Geeſe I would have you deſpiſe,
And copy the Serpent,——be ſubtle and wiſe,
But free from his Venom.———Well, Sirs! what d'ye ſay?
Is your Judgment——
SHE. ————*Let us wait 'till the End of the Play:*
In the Progreſs of that we ſhall eaſily find,
Whether Laughing or Hiſſing is moſt to their Mind.
HE. *I'm ſure they will hiſs.*
SHE. *And I hope they'll be kind.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BUCK,	Mr. *Palmer.*
Sir JOHN BUCK,	Mr. *Wrighten.*
SUBTLE,	Mr. *Waldron.*
CLASSIC,	Mr. *Packer.*
MARQUIS,	Mr. *Lamaſh.*
Dancing-Maſter,	Mr. *R. Palmer.*
ROGER,	Mr. *Griffith.*
Mrs. SUBTLE,	Mrs. *Love.*
LUCINDA,	Miſs. *Collet.*

Servants, &c.

THE

Engliſhman in *Paris.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mr. SUBTLE *and Mr.* CLASSIC.

Mr. SUBTLE.

WELL, well, that may be; but ſtill I ſay that a *Frenchman*----

Claſſic. Is a Fop; it is their national Diſeaſe; not one of the Qualities for which you celebrate them, but owes its Origin to a Foible; their Taſte is Trifling, their Gaiety Grimace, and their Politeneſs Pride.

Mr. Sub. Hey-dey! Why what the Duce brings you to *Paris* then?

Claſſ. A Debt to Friendſhip; not but I think a ſhort Reſidence here a very neceſſary Part in every Man of Faſhion's Education.

Mr. Sub. Where's the Uſe?

Claſſ. In giving them a true Reliſh for their own domeſtic Happineſs, a proper veneration for their national Liberties; a contempt for Adulation; and an Honour for the extended, generous Commerce of their Country.

Mr. Sub. Why there, indeed, you have the preference, Maſter *Claſſic*; the Traders here are a ſharp Set; cozening People; Foreigners are their Food; Civilities with a----Aye! aye! a Congee for a Crown, and a Shrug for a Shilling; deviliſh dear, Maſter *Claſſic*, deviliſh dear.

Claſſ. To avoid their Exactions, we are, Mr. *Subtle*, recommended to your Protection.

Mr. Sub. Aye! and wiſely they did who recommended you: Buy nothing but on mine or my Lady's Recommendation, and you are ſafe. But where was your Charge? Where was Mr. *Buck* laſt Night? My Lady made a Party at Cards on purpoſe for him, and my Ward *Lucinda* is mightily taken with him; ſhe longs to ſee him again.

Claſſ. I am afraid with the ſame Set his Father ſent him hither to avoid; but we muſt endeavour to inſpire him with a Taſte for the Gallantries of this Court, and his Paſſion for the lower Amuſements of ours will diminiſh of Courſe.

Mr. Sub. All the Fraternity of Men-makers are for that Purpoſe without; Taylors, Peruquiers, Hatters, Hoſiers——Is not that Mr. *Buck*'s *Engliſh* Servant?

Enter Roger.

Claſſ. Oh! aye, honeſt *Roger*. So, the old

old Doings, *Roger*; what time did your Maſter come Home?

Rog. Between Five and Six, pummell'd to a Jelly: Here been two of his old Comrades follow'd un already; I count we ſhall ha' the whole Gang in a Se'nnight.

Claſſ. Comrades, who?

Rog. *Dick Daylight* and *Bob Breadbaſket* the Bruiſers: They all went to the Shew together, where they had the Devil to pay; belike they had been ſent to *Bridewell*, hadn't a great Gentleman in a blue String come by and releas'd them.—I hear Maſter's Bell; do, Maſter *Claſſic*, ſtep up and talk to'un; he's now ſober, and may hearken to Reaſon.

Claſſ. I attend him. Mr. *Subtle*, you won't be out of the Way.

Mr. Sub. I ſhall talk a little with the Tradeſmen. A ſmoaky Fellow this *Claſſic*; but if *Lucinda* plays her Cards well, we have not much to fear from that Quarter: Contradiction ſeems to be the Life and Soul of young *Buck*.—A tolerable Expedition this, if it ſucceeds——Fleece the Younker!——Pſhaw, that's a Thing of Courſe!——but by his Means to get rid of *Lucinda*, and ſecurely pocket her Patrimony;——aye! that indeed----

Enter Mrs. Subtle.

Oh! Wife! Have you open'd the Plot? Does the Girl come into it greedily, hey?

Mrs.

Mrs. Sub. A little ſqueamiſh at firſt; but I have opened her Eyes. Never fear, my Dear, ſooner or later Women will attend to their Intereſt.

Mr. Sub. Their Intereſt! aye, that's true; but conſider, my Dear, how deeply our own Intereſt is concern'd, and let that quicken your Zeal.

Mr. Sub. D'ye think I am blind? But the Girl has got ſuch whimſical Notions of Honour, and is withal ſo decent and modeſt: I wonder where the duce ſhe got it; I am ſure it was not in my Houſe.

Mr. Sub. How does ſhe like *Buck*'s Perſon?

Mrs. Sub. Well enough! But prythee, Huſband, leave her to my Management, and conſider we have more Irons in the Fire than one. Here is the *Marquis de Soleil* to meet *Madam de Farde* to Night,——and where to put 'em, unleſs we can have *Buck*'s Apartment—Oh! by the bye, has *Count Cog* ſent you your Share out of Mr. *Puntwell*'s Loſings a *Thurſday?*

Mr. Sub. I intend calling on him this Morning.

Mrs. Sub. Don't fail! He's a ſlippery Chap you know.

Mr. Sub. There's no fear. Well, but our pretty Countrywoman lays about her handſomely! Ha!——Hearts by Hundreds! Hum!

Mrs.

Mrs. Sub. Aye! that's a noble Prize, if we could but manage her; but ſhe's ſo indiſcreet, that ſhe'll be blown before we have made half our Market. I am this Morning to give Audience on her Score, to two Counts and a foreign Miniſter.

Mr. Sub. Then ſtrike whilſt the Iron's hot: But they'll be here before I can talk to my People; ſend 'em in prythee.

Enter Tradeſmen.

Mr. Sub. So, Gentlemen; Oh! huſh! we are interrupted: If they aſk for your Bills, you have left them at Home.

Enter Buck, Claſſic, *and* Roger.

Buck. Ecod, I don't know how it ended, but I remember how it begun. Oh! Maſter *Subtle*, how do'ſt, old Buck, hey? Give's thy Paw! And little *Lucy* how fares it with ſhe? Hum!

Mr. Sub. What has been the Matter, Squire? Your Face ſeems a little in Deſhabille.

Buck. A Touch of the Times, old Boy! a ſmall Skirmiſh; after I was down tho', a Set of cowardly Sons of——; there's *George* and I will box any five for their Sum.

Mr. Sub. But how happen'd it? The *French* are generally civil to ſtrangers.

Buck. Oh! damn'd civil! to fall ſeven or eight

eight upon three: Seven or eight! Ecod we had the whole Houſe upon us at laſt.

Mr. Sub. But what had you done?

Buck. Done! Why nothing at all! But Wounds! how the Powder flew about, and the Monſieurs ſcour'd.

Mr. Sub. But what Offence had either they or you committed?

Buck. Why I was telling Domine, laſt Night, *Dick Daylight*, *Bob Breadbaſket*, and I, were walking through one of their *Rues* I think they call them here, they are Streets in *London*; but they have ſuch deviliſh out-of-the-way Names for Things, that there is no remembering them: ſo we ſee Crowds of People going into a Houſe, and *Comedy* paſted over the Door; in we troop'd with the reſt, pay'd our Caſh, and ſat down on the Stage: preſently they had a Dance; and one of the young Women with long Hair trailing behind her, ſtood with her Back to a Rail juſt by me: Ecod what does me I for nothing in the World but a Joke, as I hope for Mercy, but ties her Locks to the Rail; ſo when 'twas her Turn to figure out, ſouſe ſhe flapp'd on her Back; 'twas deviliſh comical, but they ſet up ſuch an Uproar, one whey-fac'd Son of a Bitch, that came to looſe the Woman, turn'd up his Noſe, and call'd me *Bête*; Ecod, I lent him a Lick in his Lanthorn Jaws, that will make him remember the Spawn of old *Marlborough*, I war-

warrant him. Another came up to ſecond him, but I let drive at the Mark, made the Soup-Maigre rumble in his Bread-baſket, and laid him ſprawling. Then in pour'd a Million of them; I was knock'd down in a trice; and what happen'd after I know no more than you. But where's *Lucy?* I'll go ſee her.

Claſſ. Oh fie! Ladies are treated here with a little more Ceremony: Mr. *Subtle* too has collected theſe People, who are to equip you for the converſation of the Ladies.

Buck. Wounds! all theſe! What, Mr. *Subtle*, theſe are Mounſeeres too I ſuppoſe?

Mr. Sub. No! Squire, they are *Engliſhmen.* Faſhion has ordain'd, that as you employ none but Foreigners at home, you muſt take up with your own Countrymen here.

Claſſ. It is not in this Inſtance alone we are particular, Mr. *Subtle*; I have obſerv'd many of our pretty Gentlemen, who condeſcend to uſe entirely their native Language here, ſputter nothing but bad *French* in the Side-boxes at Home.

Buck. Look you, Sir, as to you, and your Wife, and Miſs *Lucy*, I like you all well enough; but the Devil a good Thing elſe have I ſeen ſince I loſt Sight of *Dover*; the Men are all Puppies, mincing and dancing, and chattering, and grinning; the Women a Parcel of painted Dolls: their Food's fit for Hogs; and as for their Language, let them learn it that like it, I'll none

none on't; no, nor their Frippery neither: So here you may all march to the place from whence you —— Harkee! What are you an *Engliſhman?*

Barber. Yes, Sir.

Buck. Domine! look here, what a Monſter the Monkey has made of himſelf! Sirrah, if your String was long enough, I'd do your buſineſs myſelf, you Dog, to ſink a bold *Briton* into ſuch a ſneaking, ſnivelling——the Raſcal looks as if he had not had a Piece of Beef and Pudding in his Paunch theſe twenty Years; I'll be hang'd if the Rogue ha'nt been fed upon Frogs ever ſince he came over. Away with your Trumpery!

Claſſ. Mr. *Buck,* a Compliance with the Cuſtoms of the Country in which we live, where neither our Religion or Morals are concern'd, is a Duty we owe ourſelves.

Mr. Sub. Beſides, Squire, *Lucinda* expects that you ſhould uſher her to public Places, which it would be impoſſible to do in that Dreſs.

Buck. Why not?

Mr. Sub. You'd be mobb'd.

Buck. Mobb'd! I ſhould be glad to ſee that.——No! no! they ha'nt Spirit enough to mob here; but come, ſince theſe Fellows here are *Engliſh,* and it is the Faſhion, try on your Fooleries.

Mr. Sub. Mr. *Dauphine,* come produce

—Upon

——Upon my Word, in an elegant Taſte, Sir: this Gentleman has had the Honour——

Dauph. To work for all the Beaux Eſprits of the Court. My good Fortune commenc'd by a ſmall Alteration in a Cut of the Corner of the Sleeve for Count *Crib*; but the Addition of a ninth Plait in the Skirt of Marſhal *Tonerre*, was applauded by Madam la Ducheſs *Rambouillet*, and totally eſtabliſh'd the Reputation of your humble Servant.

Buck. Hold your Jaw and diſpatch.

Mr. Sub. A Word with you——I don't think it impoſſible to get you acquainted with Madam *de Rambouillet*.

Buck. An't ſhe a Papiſt?

Mr. Sub. Undoubtedly.

Buck. Then I'll ha' nothing to ſay to her.

Mr. Sub. Oh fie! Who minds the Religion of a pretty Woman? Beſides, all this Country are of the ſame.

Buck. For that Reaſon I don't care how ſoon I get out of it: Come, let's get rid of you all as ſoon as we can. And what are you, hey?

Barb. Je ſuis Peruquier, Monſieur.

Buck. Speak *Engliſh*, you Son of a Whore.

Barb. I am a Periwig-maker, Sir.

Buck. Then why could not you ſay ſo at firſt? What are you aſham'd of your Mother Tongue? I knew this Fellow was a

Puppy

Puppy by his Pig-tail. Come, let's ſee your handy Work.

Barb. As I found you were in a Hurry, I have brought you, Sir, ſomething that will do for the preſent: But a Peruque is a different *Ouvrage*, another Sort of a Thing here, from what it is *en Angleterre*; we muſt conſult the Colour of the Complexion, and the *Tour de Viſage*, the Form of the Face; for which end, it will be neceſſary to regard your Countenance in different Lights: — A little to the Right, if you pleaſe.

Buck. Why you Dog, d'ye think I'll ſubmit to be exerciſed by you?

Barb. Oh mon Dieu! Monſieur, if you don't, it will be impoſſible to make your Wig *comme il faut*.

Buck. Sirrah, ſpeak another *French* Word, and I'll kick you down ſtairs.

Barb. Gad's Curſe! Would you reſemble ſome of your Countrymen, who, at their firſt Importation with nine Hairs of a Side to a brawny Pair of Cheeks, look like a *Saracen*'s Head! Or elſe their Water-gruel Jaws, ſunk in a Thicket of Curls, appear, for all the World, like a Lark in a Soup-diſh!

Mr. Sub. Come, Squire, ſubmit; 'tis but for once.

Buck. Well, what muſt I do?

[*Places him in a Chair.*

Barb.

Barb. To the Right, Sir; —now to the Left;—now your Full;—and now, Sir, I'll do your Buſineſs.

Mr. Sub. Look at yourſelf a little; ſee what a Revolution this has occaſion'd in your whole Figure.

Buck. Yes! a bloody pretty Figure indeed! But 'tis a Figure I am damnably aſham'd of: I would not be ſeen by *Jack Wildfire* or *Dick Riot* for fifty Pounds, in this Trim, for all that.

Mr. Sub. Upon my Honour, Dreſs greatly improves you. Your Opinion, Mr. *Claſſic.*

Claſſ. They do mighty well, Sir; and in a little Time Mr. *Buck* will be eaſy in them.

Buck. Shall I! I am glad on't, for I am damnably uneaſy at preſent, Mr. *Subtle.* What muſt I do now?

Mr. Sub. Now, Sir, if you'll call upon my Wife, you'll find *Lucinda* with her, and I'll wait on you preſently.

Buck. Come along, Domine! But harkee, Mr. *Subtle,* I'll out of my Tramels, when I hunt with the King.

Mr. Sub. Well! Well!

Buck. I'll on with my Jemmys; none of your black Bags and Jack Boots for me.

Mr. Sub. No! No!

Buck. I'll ſhew them the Odds on't! Old *Silver-Tail!* I will! Hey!

Mr. Sub. Ay! ay!

Buck. Hedge, Stake, or Stile! over we go!

Mr. Sub. Ay! but Mr. *Claſſic* waits.

Buck. But d'ye think they'll follow?

Mr. Sub. Oh no! Impoſſible!

Buck. Did I tell you what a Chace ſhe carry'd me laſt *Chriſtmas* Eve? We unkennell'd at ———.

Mr. Sub. I am buſy now; at any other Time.

Buck. You'll follow us. I have ſent for my Hounds and Horſes.

Mr. Sub. Have you?

Buck. They ſhall make the Tour of *Europe* with me: And then there's *Tom Atkins* the Huntſman, the two Whippers-in, and little *Joey* the Groom comes with them. Dammy, what a ſtrange Place they'll think this? But no Matter for that; then we ſhall be Company enough of ourſelves. But you'll follow us in?

Mr. Sub. In ten Minutes!—An impertinent Jackanapes! But I ſhall ſoon ha' done with him. So, Gentlemen; well, you ſee we have a good Subject to work upon. Harkee, *Dauphine*, I muſt have more than 20 *per Cent.* out of that Suit.

Dauph. Upon my Soul, Mr. *Subtle*, I can't.

Mr. Sub. Why I have always that upon new.

Dauph. New! Sir! Why as I hope to be—

Mr. Sub. Come, don't lie; don't damn yourſelf, *Dauphine*; don't be a Rogue; did not

not I ſee at Madam *Fripon*'s that Waiſtcoat and Sleeves upon Colonel *Crambo?*

Dauph. As to the Waiſtcoat and Sleeves, I own----but for the Body and Lining---- may I never ſee——

Mr. Sub. Come, don't be a Scoundrel; five and thirty, or I've done.

Dauph. Well, if I muſt, I muſt.

Mr. Sub. Oh! *Solitaire!* I can't pay that Draft of Mr. —— theſe ſix Weeks; I want Money.

Soli. Je ſuis dans le meme cas——Je—

Mr. Sub. What d'ye mutiny, Raſcal? About your Buſineſs, or———

[*Exeunt.*

I muſt keep theſe Fellows under, or I ſhall have a fine Time on't; they know they can't do without me.

Enter Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. The *Calais* Letters! my Dear.

Mr. Sub. (reads) Ah! ah! *Calais*----the *Dover* Packet arrived laſt Night, Loading as follows: Six Taylors, ditto Barbers, five Milliners, bound for *Paris* to ſtudy Faſhions; four Citizens come to ſettle here for a Month by way of ſeeing the Country; ditto their Wives; ten *French* Valets, with nine Cooks, all from *Newgate*, where they had been ſent for robbing their Maſters; nine Figure-dancers, exported in *September* ragged and lean, imported well clad and in good Caſe;

twelve Dogs, ditto Bitches, with two Monkies, and a Litter of Puppies, from Mother *Midnight*'s in the *Haymarket*: A precious Cargo!—*Poſtſcript*. One of the Coaſters is juſt put in, with his Grace the Duke of ——, my Lord —, and an old Gentleman, whoſe Name I can't learn. Gadſo! Well, my Dear, I muſt run, and try to ſecure theſe Cuſtomers; there's no Time to be loſt: Mean while----

Enter Claſſic.

So, Maſter *Claſſic*, what have you left the young Couple together?

Claſſ. They want your Ladyſhip's Preſence, Madam, for a ſhort Tour to the *Tuilleries*. I have received ſome Letters which I muſt anſwer immediately.

Mr. Sub. Oh! Well! Well! no Ceremony; we are all of a family you know. Servant. [*Exit.*

Claſſ. Roger!

Enter Roger.

Rog. Anon!

Claſſ. I have juſt received a Letter from your old Maſter; he was landed at *Calais*, and will be this Evening at *Paris*. It is abſolutely neceſſary that this Circumſtance ſhould be conceal'd from his Son; for which Purpoſe you muſt wait at the *Piccardy* Gate, and deliver a Letter I ſhall give you, into his own Hand.

Rog.

Rog. I'll warrant you.

Claſſ. But, *Roger*, be ſecret.

Rog. Oh! lud! Never you fear!

Claſſ. So, Mr. *Subtle*, I ſee your Aim. A pretty Lodging we have hit upon; the Miſtreſs a Commode, and the Maſter a---- But who can this Ward be? Poſſibly the neglected Punk of ſome riotous Man of Quality, 'Tis lucky Mr. *Buck*'s Father is arriv'd, or my Authority would prove but an inſufficient Match for my Pupil's Obſtinacy. This mad Boy! How difficult, how diſagreeable a Taſk have I undertaken? And how general, yet how dangerous an Experiment is it to expoſe our Youth, in the very Fire and Fury of their Blood, to all the Follies and Extravagance of this fantaſtic Court? Far different was the prudent Practice of our Forefathers:

They ſcorn'd to truck, for baſe, unmanly Arts,
Their native Plainneſs, and their honeſt Hearts;
Whene'er they deign'd to viſit haughty France,
'Twas arm'd with bearded Dart, and pointed Lance.
No pompous Pageants lur'd their curious Eye,
No Charms for them had Fops or Flattery;
Paris *they knew, their Streamers wav'd around,*
There Britons *ſaw a* Britiſh Harry *crown'd.*
Far other Views attract our modern Race,
Trulls, Toupees, Trinkets, Bags, Brocades, and Lace;
A flaunting Form, and a fictitious Face.
Rouſe! re-aſſume! refuſe a Gallic *Reign,*
Nor let their Arts win that their Arms could never gain.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

Enter Mr. Claſſic *and* Roger.

ROGER.

OLD Maiſter's at a Coffee-houſe next Street, and will tarry till you ſend for 'un.

Claſſ. Bye and bye, in the Duſk, bring him up the back Stairs. You muſt be careful that nobody ſees him.

Rog. I warrant you.

Claſſ. Let Sir *John* know, that I would wait on him myſelf, but I don't think it ſafe to quit the Houſe an Inſtant.

Rog. Ay, ay. [*Exit* Roger.

Claſſ. I ſuppoſe, by this Time, Matters are pretty well ſettled within, and my Abſence only wanted to accompliſh the Scene; but I ſhall take Care to———Oh! Mr. *Subtle* and his Lady.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! delightfully! Now, my Deareſt, I hope you will no longer diſpute my Abilities for forming a Female.

Mr. Sub. Never, never: How the Baggage leer'd!

Mrs. Sub. And the Booby gap'd!

Mr. Sub. So kind, and yet ſo coy; ſo free, but then ſo reſerv'd: Oh! ſhe has him!

Mrs.

Mrs. Sub. Ay! ay! the Fiſh is hook'd; but then ſafely to land him.——Is *Claſſic* ſuſpicious?

Mr. Sub. Not that I obſerve; but the Secret muſt ſoon be blaz'd.

Mrs. Sub. Therefore diſpatch: I have laid a Trap to enflame his Affection.

Mr. Sub. How?

Mrs. Sub. He ſhall be treated with a Diſplay of *Lucy*'s Talents; her ſinging, dancing.

Mr. Sub. Pſhaw! her ſinging and dancing!

Mrs. Sub. Ah! you don't know, Huſband, half the Force of theſe Accompliſhments in a faſhionable Figure.

Mr. Sub. I doubt her Execution.

Mrs. Sub. You have no Reaſon; ſhe does both well enough to flatter a Fool; eſpecially with Love for her ſecond: Beſides, I have a Coup de Maitre, a ſure Card.

Mr. Sub. What's that?

Mrs. Sub. A Rival.

Mr. Sub. Who?

Mrs. Sub. The Language-Maſter: He may be eaſily equipt for the Expedition; a ſecond-hand tawdry Suit of Cloaths will paſs him on our Countryman for a Marquis; and then, to excuſe his ſpeaking our Language ſo well, he may have been educated early in *England*. But huſh! the Squire approaches; don't ſeem to obſerve him.

Enter Buck.

For my Part, I never ſaw any Thing ſo alter'd ſince I was born: In my Conſcience, I believe ſhe's in Love with him.

Buck. Huſh! [*Aſide.*]

Mr. Sub. D'ye think ſo?

Mrs. Sub. Why, where's the Wonder? He's a pretty, good-humour'd, ſprightly Fellow; and, for the Time, ſuch an Improvement! Why he wears his Cloaths as eaſily, and moves as genteely, as if he had been at *Paris* theſe twenty Years.

Mr. Sub. Indeed! How does he dance?

Mrs. Sub. Why he has had but three Leſſons from *Marſeil*, and he moves already like *Dupré*. Oh! three Months Stay here will render him a perfect Model for the *Engliſh* Court.

Mr. Sub. Gadſo! No wonder then, with theſe Qualities, that he has caught the Heart of my Ward; but we muſt take Care that the Girl does nothing imprudent.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! diſmiſs your Fears; her Family, good Senſe, and, more than all, her being educated under my Eye, render them unneceſſary: Beſides, Mr. *Buck* is too much a Man of Honour to ——————

[*He interrupts them.*]

Buck. Damn me, if I an't.

Mrs. Sub. Bleſs me! Sir! you here! I did not expect——

Buck.

Buck. I beg pardon; but all that I heard was, that Mr. *Buck* was a Man of Honour. I wanted to have ſome Chat with you, Madam, in private.

Mr. Sub. Then I'll withdraw. You ſee I dare truſt you alone with my Wife.

Buck. So you may ſafely; I have other Game in View. Servant, Mr. *Subtle.*

Mrs. Sub. Now for a puzzling Scene; I long to know how he'll begin. Well, Mr. *Buck*, your Commands with me, Sir.

Buck. Why, Madam,—I ah—I ah——but let's ſhut the Door: I was, Madam,——ah! ah! Can't you gueſs what I want to talk about?

Mrs. Sub. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Buck. Well, but try; upon my Soul I'll tell you if you're right.

Mrs. Sub. It will be impoſſible for me to divine: But come, open a little.

Buck. Why, have you obſerv'd nothing?

Mrs. Sub. About who?

Buck. Why, about me!

Mrs. Sub. Yes; you are new-dreſs'd, and your Cloaths become you.

Buck. Yes! Pretty well; but it an't that.

Mrs. Sub. What is it?

Buck. Why, ah! ah!----Upon my Soul, I can't bring it out.

Mrs. Sub. Nay, then it's to no Purpoſe to wait: Write your Mind.

Buck. No! No! Stop a Moment, and I will tell.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sub. Be expeditious, then.

Buck. Why, I wanted to talk about Miſs *Lucinda.*

Mrs. Sub. What of her?

Buck. She's a bloody fine Girl; and I ſhould be glad to——

Mrs. Sub. To——Bleſs me! What! Mr. *Buck!* And in my Houſe! Oh! Mr. *Buck*, you have deceiv'd me! Little did I think, that, under the Appearance of ſo much Honeſty, you could go to——ruin the poor Girl.

Buck. Upon my Soul you're miſtaken.

Mrs. Sub. A poor Orphan too! Depriv'd in her earlieſt Infancy of a Father's Prudence, and a Mother's Care.

Buck. Why I tell you——

Mrs. Sub. So ſweet, ſo lovely an Innocence; her Mind as ſpotleſs as her Perſon.

Buck. Hey-day!

Mrs. Sub. And me, Sir! Where had you your Thoughts of me? How dar'd you ſuppoſe that I would connive at ſuch a——

Buck. The Woman's bewitch'd!

Mrs. Sub. I! whoſe untainted Reputation the blaſtering Tongue of Slander never blaſted. Full fifteen Years, in Wedlock's ſacred Bands, have I liv'd unreproach'd; and now to——

Buck. Odds Fury! She's in Heroics!

Mrs. Sub. And this from you too, whoſe fair Outſide and bewitching Tongue had ſo far

ſar lull'd my Fears, I dar'd have truſted all my Daughters, nay, myſelf too, ſingly, with you.

Buck. Upon my Soul! and ſo you might ſafely.

Mrs. Sub. Well, Sir, and what have you to urge in your Defence?

Buck. Oh! oh! What you are got pretty well to the End of your Line, are you? And now, if you'll be quiet a Bit, we may make a Shift to underſtand one another a little.

Mrs. Sub. Be quick, and eaſe me of my Fears.

Buck. Eaſe you of your Fears! I don't know how the Devil you got them. All that I wanted to ſay was, that Miſs *Lucy* was a fine Wench; and if ſhe was as willing as me,——

Mrs. Sub. Willing! Sir! What Demon——

Buck. If you are in your Airs again, I may as well decamp.

Mrs. Sub. I am calm; go on.

Buck. Why that if ſhe lik'd me, as well as I lik'd her, we might, perhaps, if you lik'd it too, be married together.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! Sir! if that was indeed your Drift, I am ſatisfy'd. But don't indulge your Wiſh too much; there are numerous Obſtacles; your Father's Conſent, the Law of the Land,——

Buck. What Laws?

Mrs. Sub. All clandeſtine Marriages are void in this Country.

Buck.

Buck. Damn the Country: In *London* now, a Footman may drive to *May-Fair*, and in five Minutes be tack'd to a Countess; but there's no Liberty here.

Mrs. Sub. Some inconsiderate Couples have indeed gone off Post to Protestant States; but I hope my Ward will have more Prudence.

Buck. Well, well, leave that to me. D'ye think she likes me?

Mrs. Sub. Why, to deal candidly with you, she does.

Buck. Does she, by ——

Mrs. Sub. Calm your Transports.

Buck. Well! But how? She did not, did she! Hey! Come now, tell ——

Mrs Sub. I hear her coming; this is her Hour for Music and Dancing.

Buck. Could I not have a Peep?

Mrs. Sub. Withdraw to this Corner.

Enter Lucinda, *with Singing and Dancing-Masters.*

Luc. The News, the News, Monsieur *Gamut*; I die, if I have not the first Intelligence! What's doing at *Versailles?* When goes the Court to *Marli?* Does *Rameau* write the next Opera? What say the Critics of *Voltaire*'s *Duc de Foix?* Answer me all in a Breath!

Buck. A brave-spirited Girl! She'll take a five-barr'd Gate in a Fortnight.

Gam.

Gam. The Converſation of the Court your Ladyſhip has engroſs'd, ever ſince you laſt honour'd it with your Appearance.

Luc. Oh! you Flatterer! have I! Well and what freſh Victims? But 'tis impoſſible; the Sunſhine of a northern Beauty is too feeble to thaw the icy Heart of a *French* Courtier.

Gam. What Injuſtice to your own Charms and our Diſcernment!

Luc. Indeed! nay, I care not; if I have Fire enough to warm one *Britiſh* Boſom, rule! rule! ye *Paris* Belles! I envy not your Conqueſts.

Mrs. Sub. Meaning you.

Buck. Indeed!

Mrs. Sub. Certain!

Buck. Huſh!

Luc. But come, a Truce to Gallantry, *Gamut*, and to the Buſineſs of the Day: Oh! I am quite enchanted with this new inſtrument; 'tis ſo languiſhing and ſo portable, and ſo ſoft and ſo ſilly: But come, for your laſt Leſſon.

Gam. D'ye like the Words?

Luc. Oh! Charming! They are ſo melting, and eaſy, and elegant. Now for a *Coup d' Eſſai.*

Gam. Take Care of your Expreſſion; let your Eyes and Addreſs accompany the Sound and Sentiment.

Luc. But, dear *Gamut*, if I am out, don't interrupt me; correct me afterwards.

Gam.

Gam. Allons, commencés.

SONG.

I.

PAR un matin Liſette ſe leva,
Et dans un bois ſeulette s'en alla.
Ta, la, la, &c.

II.

Elle cherchoit des nids de ça de la,
Dans un buiſſon le Roſſignol chanta.
Ta, la, la, &c.

III.

Tout doucement elle s'en approcha,
Savez vous bien, ce qu'elle denicha.
Ta, la, la.

IV.

C'étoit l'Amour, l'Amour l'attendoit la,
Le bel Oiſeau dit elle que voila.
Ta, la, la.

V.

La pauvre enfant le prit, le careſſa,
Sous ſon mouchoir en riant le plaça.
Ta, la, la.

VI.

Son petit cœur auſſitot s'enflama,
Elle gemit, et ne ſçait ce quelle a.
Ta, la, la.

VII.

VII.

Elle s'en va ſe plaindre à ſon Papa,
En lui parlant la belle ſoupira.
Ta, la, la.

VIII.

Le bon Papa qui s'en doutoit deja,
Lui dit je ſçais un remede à cela.
Ta, la, la.

IX.

Il prit l'Amour, les ailes lui coupa,
D'un double noeud fertement le lia.
Ta, la, la.

X.

Dans la voliere auſſitot l'enferma,
Chantez Fripon autant qu'il vous plaira.
Ta, la, la.

XI.

Heureuſement la belle s'en tira,
Mais on n'a pas toujours ce ſecret la.
Ta, la, la.

XII.

Jeune beauté que l'Amour guetera,
Craignez le tour qu' à Liſſette il joua.
Ta, la, la.

Gam. Bravo! Bravo!

Buck. Bravo! Braviſſimo! My Lady, what was the Song about? [*Aſide to my Lady.*

Mrs. Sub. Love: 'Tis her own compoſing.

Buck.

Buck. What, does ſhe make Verſes then?

Mrs. Sub. Finely. I take you to be the Subject of theſe.

Buck. Ah! D'ye think ſo? Gad! I thought by her ogling 'twas the Muſic-man himſelf.

Luc. Well, Mr. *Gamut*; tolerably well, for ſo young a Scholar.

Gam. Inimitably, Madam! Your Ladyſhip's Progreſs will undoubtedly fix my Fortune.

Enter Servant.

Luc. Your Servant, Sir.

Ser. Madam, your Dancing-Maſter, Monſieur *Kitteau.*

Luc. Admit him.

Enter Kitteau.

Monſieur *Kitteau*, I can't poſſibly take Leſſon this Morning, I am ſo buſy; but if you pleaſe, I'll juſt hobble over a Minuet by way of Exerciſe.

Enter a Servant. [*After the Dance.*

Serv. Monſieur le Marquis de ——

Luc. Admit him this Inſtant.

Mrs. Sub. A Lover of *Lucinda*, a *Frenchman* of Faſhion, and vaſt Fortune.

Buck. Never heed; I'll ſoon do his Buſineſs, I'll warrant you.

Enter

Enter Marquis.

Luc. My dear Marquis!

Marq. Ma chere adorable! 'Tis an Age ſince I ſaw you.

Luc. Oh! An Eternity! But 'tis your own Fault, though.

Marq. My Misfortune, *ma Princeſſe!* But now I'll redeem my Error, and root for ever here.

Buck. I ſhall make a Shift to tranſplant you, I believe.

Luc. You can't conceive how your Abſence has diſtreſs'd me. Demand of theſe Gentlemen the melancholy Mood of my Mind.

Marq. But now that I am arriv'd, we'll dance and ſing, and drive care to the—Ha! Monſieur *Kitteau!* have you practis'd this Morning?

Luc. I had juſt given my Hand to *Kitteau* before you came.

Marq. I was in Hopes that Honour would have been reſerved for me. May I flatter myſelf that your Ladyſhip will do me the Honour of venturing upon the Fatigue of another Minuet this Morning with me?

Enter Buck *briſkly. Takes her Hand.*

Buck. Not that you know of, Monſieur.

Marq. Hey! *Diable! Quelle Bête!*

Buck. Harkee, Monſieur *Ragout*, if you repeat that word *Bête*, I ſhall make you

ſwallow it again, as I did laſt Night one of your Countrymen.

Marq. Quel Sauvage!

Buck. And another Word; as I know you can ſpeak very good *Engliſh*, if you will: When you don't, I ſhall take it for granted you're abuſing me, and treat you accordingly.

Marq. Cavalier enough! But you are protected here. Madamoiſelle, who is this officious Gentleman? How comes he intereſted? Some Relation, I ſuppoſe!

Buck. No; I'm a Lover.

Marq. Oh! oh! a Rival! Eh Morbleu! a dangerous one too. Ha! ha! Well, Monſieur, what, and I ſuppoſe you preſume to give Laws to this Lady; and are determin'd, out of your very great and ſingular Affection, to knock down every Mortal ſhe likes, *A-la-mode d'Angleterre*; Hey! Monſieur Roaſt-Beef!

Buck. No; but I intend that Lady for my Wife; conſider her as ſuch, and don't chuſe to have her ſoil'd by the impertinent Addreſſes of every *French* Fop, *A-la-mode de Paris*, Mounſieur Fricaſſy!

Marq. Fricaſſy!

Buck. We.

Luc. A Truce; a Truce, I beſeech you, Gentlemen: It ſeems I am the golden Prize for which you plead; produce your Pretenſions; you are the Repreſentatives of your reſpectiv

reſpective Countries: Begin, Marquis, for the Honour of *France*; let me hear what Advantages I am to derive from a conjugal Union with you.

Marq. Abſtracted from thoſe which I think are pretty viſible; a perpetual Reſidence in this Paradiſe of Pleaſures; to be the Object of univerſal Adoration; to ſay what you pleaſe, go where you will, do what you like, form Faſhions, hate your Huſband, and let him ſee it; indulge your Gallant, and let t'other know it; run in Debt, and oblige the poor Devil to pay it. He! ma Chere! There are Pleaſures for you!

Luc. Bravo! Marquis! Theſe are Allurements for a Woman of Spirit. But don't let us conclude too haſtily; hear the other Side: What have you to offer, Mr. *Buck*, in Favour of *England?*

Buck. Why, Madam, for a Woman of Spirit, they give you the ſame Advantages in *London* as at *Paris*, with a Privilege forgot by the Marquis, an indiſputable Right to cheat at Cards in Spite of Detection.

Marq. Pardon me, Sir, we have the ſame; but I thought this Privilege ſo known and univerſal, that 'twas needleſs to mention it.

Buck. You'll give up nothing, I find; but to tell you my blunt Thoughts, in a Word, if any Woman can be ſo abandon'd, as to rank amongſt the Comforts of Matrimony, the Privilege of hating her Huſband, and the

Liberty of committing every Folly and every Vice contained in your Catalogue, ſhe may ſtay ſingle for me; for damn me, if I'm a Huſband fit for her Humour; that's all.

Marq. I told you, Madamoiſelle!

Luc. But ſtay, what have you to offer as Counterbalance for theſe Pleaſures?

Buck. Why, I have, Madam, Courage to protect you, Good-nature to indulge your Love, and Health enough to make Gallants uſeleſs, and too good a Fortune to render running in Debt neceſſary. Find that here if you can.

Marq. Bagatelle!

Luc. Spoke with the Sincerity of a *Briton*; and as I don't perceive that I ſhall have any Uſe for the faſhionable Liberties you propoſe, you'll pardon, Marquis, my national Prejudice; here's my hand, Mr. *Buck.*

Buck. Servant, Monſieur.

Marq. Serviteur!

Buck. No Offence!

Marq. Not in the leaſt; I am only afraid the Reputation of that Lady's Taſte will ſuffer a little; and to ſhew her at once the Difference of her Choice, the Preference, which, if beſtowed on me, would not fail to exaſperate you, I ſupport without murmuring; ſo that Favour, which would probably have provok'd my Fate, is now your Protection. *Voila la politeſſe Françoiſe*, Madam; I have

the

the Honour to be—*Bon Jour, Monſieur.* Tol de rol. [*Exit* Marq.

Buck. The Fellow bears it well. Now if you'll give me your Hand, we'll in, and ſettle Matters with Mr. *Subtle.*

Luc. 'Tis now my Duty to obey.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Roger, *peeping about.*

Rog. The Coaſt is clear; Sir, Sir, you may come in now, Maſter *Claſſic.*

Enter Mr. Claſſic *and the Father.*

Claſſ. Roger, watch at the Door. I wiſh, Sir *John*, I could give you a more chearful Welcome, but we have no time to loſe in Ceremony; you are arrived in the critical Minute; two Hours more would have plac'd the inconſiderate Couple out of the Reach of Purſuit.

Father. How can I acknowledge your Kindneſs? You have preſerv'd my Son; you have ſav'd——

Claſſ. I have done my Duty; but of that——

Rog. Maiſter and the young Woman's coming.

Claſſ. Sir *John*, place yourſelf here, and be a Witneſs how near a Criſis is the Fate of your Family.

Enter Buck *and* Lucinda.

Buck. Pſhaw! What ſignifies her? 'Tis odds whether ſhe'd conſent, from the Fear of my Father. Beſides, ſhe told me, we could never be married here; and ſo pack up a few Things, and we'll off in a Poſt-Chaiſe directly.

Luc. Stay, Mr. *Buck*, let me have a Moment's Reflection.——What am I about! Contriving in concert with the moſt profligate Couple that ever diſgrac'd human Nature, to impoſe an indigent Orphan on the ſole Repreſentative of a wealthy and honorable Family! Is this a Character becoming my Birth and Education? What muſt be the Conſequence? Sure Detection and Contempt, Contempt even from him, when his Paſſions cool.——I have reſolv'd, Sir.

Buck. Madam.

Luc. As the Expedition we are upon the Point of taking is to be a laſting one, we ought not to be over-haſty in our Reſolution.

Buck. Pſhaw! Stuff! When a Thing's reſolv'd, the ſooner 'tis over the better.

Luc. But before it is abſolutely reſolv'd, give

give me Leave to beg an Anſwer to two Queſtions.

Buck. Make Haſte then.

Luc. What are your Thoughts of me?

Buck. Thoughts! Nay, I don't know; why that you are a ſenſible, civil, handſome, handy Girl, and will make a deviliſh good Wife. That's all I think.

Luc. But of my Rank and Fortune?

Buck. Mr. *Subtle* ſays they are both great; but that's no Buſineſs of mine, I was always determin'd to marry for Love.

Luc. Generouſly ſaid! My Birth, I believe, won't diſgrace you; but for my Fortune, your Friend, Mr. *Subtle*, I fear, has anticipated you there.

Buck. Much Good may it do him; I have enough for both. But we loſe Time, and may be prevented.

Luc. By whom?

Buck. By Domine; or perhaps Father may come.

Luc. Your Father!—You think he would prevent you then.

Buck. Perhaps he would.

Luc. And why?

Buck. Nay, I don't know; but pſhaw! 'zooks! this is like ſaying one's Catechiſe.

Luc. But don't you think your Father's Conſent neceſſary?

Buck. No! Why 'tis I am to be married, and not he. But come along, old Fellows love to be obſtinate; but Ecod I am as muliſh as he; and to tell you the Truth, if he had propos'd me a Wife, that would have been Reaſon enough to make me diſlike her; and I don't think I ſhould be half ſo hot about marrying you, only I thought 'twould plague the old Fellow damnably. So, my pretty Partner, come along; let's have no more——

Enter Father and Claſſic.

Fath. Sir, I am oblig'd to you for this Declaration, as to it I owe the entire Subjection of that paternal Weakneſs which has hitherto ſuſpended the Correction your abandon'd Libertiniſm has long provok'd. You have forgot the Duty you owe a Father, diſclaim'd my Protection, cancell'd the natural Covenant between us; 'tis Time I now ſhould give you up to the Guidance of your own guilty Paſſions, and treat you as a Stranger to my Blood for ever.

Buck. I told you what would happen, if he ſhould come; but you may thank yourſelf.

Fath. Equally weak as wicked, the Dupe of a raw, giddy Girl. But proceed, Sir; you have nothing farther to fear from me; compleat

compleat your project, and add her Ruin to your own.

Buck. Sir, as to me, you may say what you please; but for the young Woman, she does not deserve it; but now she wanted me to get your consent, and told me that she had never a Penny of Portion into the Bargain.

Fath. A stale, obvious Artifice! She knew the Discovery of the Fraud must follow close on your inconsiderate Marriage, and would then plead the Merits of her prior candid Discovery. The Lady, doubtless, Sir, has other Secrets to disclose; but, as her Cunning reveal'd the first, her Policy will preserve the rest.

Luc. What Secrets?

Buck. Be quiet, I tell you; let him alone, and he'll cool of himself by and by.

Luc. Sir, I am yet the Protectress of my own Honour; in Justice to that, I must demand an Explanation. What Secrets, Sir!

Fath. Oh! Perhaps a thousand! But I am to blame to call them Secrets; the Customs of this gay Country give Sanction, and stamp Merit upon Vice; and Vanity will here proclaim what Modesty would elsewhere blush to whisper.

Luc.

Luc. Modeſty!—You ſuſpect my Virtue then!

Fath. You are a Lady; but the Fears of a Father may be permitted to neglect a little your Plan of Politeneſs: Therefore to be plain; from your Reſidence in this Houſe, from your Connection with theſe People, and from the Scheme which my Preſence has interrupted, I have Suſpicions——of what Nature, aſk yourſelf.

Luc. Sir, you have Reaſon, Appearances are againſt me, I confeſs, but when you have heard my melancholy Story, you'll own you have wrong'd me, and learn to pity her whom now you hate.

Fath. Madam, you miſemploy your Time; there tell your Story, there it will be believ'd; I am too knowing in the Wiles of Women, to be ſoften'd by a Syren Tear, or impos'd on by an artful Tale.

Luc. But hear me, Sir, on my Knee, I beg it, nay I demand it; you have wrong'd me, and muſt do me Juſtice.

Claſſ. I am ſure, Madam, Sir *John* will be glad to find his Fears are falſe, but you can't blame him.

Luc. I don't, Sir, and I ſhall but little treſpaſs on his patience. When you know, Sir, that I am the Orphan of an honourable and once wealthy Family, whom her Father,

ther, miſguided by pernicious Politics, brought with him, in her earlieſt Infancy, to *France*, that dying here, he bequeath'd me, with the poor Remnant of our ſhatter'd Fortune, to the Direction of this rapacious Pair; I am ſure you'll tremble for me.

Fath. Go on!

Luc. But when you know that plunder'd of the little fortune left me, I was reluctantly compell'd to aid this Plot; forced to comply under the Penalty of deepeſt Want; without one hoſpitable Roof to ſhelter me, without one Friend to comfort or relieve me; you muſt, you can't but pity me.

Fath. Proceed!

Luc. To this when you are told, that, previous to your Coming, I had determined never to wed your Son, at leaſt without your Knowledge and Conſent, I hope your Juſtice then will credit and acquit me.

Fath. Madam, your Tale is plauſible and moving; I hope 'tis true; here come the Explainers of this Riddle.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.

Mr. Sub. *Buck*'s Father!

Fath.

Fath. I'll take ſome other Time, Sir, to thank you for the laſt Proofs of your Friendſhip to my Family; in the mean Time, be ſo candid as to inſtruct us in the Knowledge of this Lady, whom, it ſeems, you have choſen for the Partner of my Son.

Mr. Sub. Mr. *Buck*'s Partner ——I choſe —— I —— I ——

Fath. No Equivocation or Reſerve; your Plot's reveal'd, known to the Bottom; who is the Lady?

Mr. Sub. Lady, Sir,---the Lady's a Gentlewoman, Sir.

Fath. By what Means?

Mr. Sub. By her Father and Mother.

Fath. Who were they, Sir?

Mr. Sub. Her Mother was of—— I forget her Maiden Name.

Fath. You han't forgot her Father's?

Mr. Sub. No! No! No!

Fath. Tell it then.

Mr. Sub. She has told it you, I ſuppoſe.

Fath. No Matter, I muſt have it, Sir, from you; here's ſome Myſtery.

Mr. Sub. 'Twas *Worthy*.

Fath. Not the Daughter of Sir *Gilbert*.

Mr. Sub. You have it.

Fath. My poor Girl! I indeed have wrong'd, but will redreſs you; and pray, Sir, after the many preſſing Letters you received from

from me, how came this Truth concealed? but I gueſs your Motive. Dry up your Tears, *Lucinda*, at laſt you have found a Father. Hence ye degenerate, ye abandon'd Wretches, who, abuſing the Confidence of your Country, unite to plunder thoſe ye promiſe to protect.

Luc. Am I then juſtified?

Fath. You are, your Father was my firſt and firmeſt Friend; I mourn'd his Loſs; and long have ſought for thee in vain, *Lucinda.*

Buck. Pray han't I ſome Merit in finding her? She's mine by the Cuſtom of the Manor.

Fath. Yours—Firſt ſtudy to deſerve her; ſhe's mine, Sir, I have juſt redeem'd this valuable Treaſure; and ſhall not truſt it in a Spendthrift's Hands.

Buck. What would you have me do, Sir?

Fath. Diſclaim the Partners of your Riot, poliſh your Manners, reform your Pleaſures, and, before you think of governing others, learn to direct yourſelf. And now, my beauteous Ward, we'll for the Land where firſt you ſaw the Light, and there endeavour to forget the long, long Bondage you have ſuffer'd here. I ſuppoſe, Sir, we ſhall have no Difficulty in

in perſuading you to accompany us; it is not in *France* I am to hope for your Reformation. I have now learn'd, that he who tranſports a profligate Son to *Paris*, by Way of mending his Manners, only adds the Vices and Follies of that Country to thoſe of his own.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miſs MACKLIN.

ESCAPED from my Guardian's tyrannical Sway,
By a fortunate Voyage on a proſperous Day,
I am landed in England, *and now muſt endeavour,*
By ſome Means or other, to curry your Favour.

Of what Uſe to be freed from a Gallic *Subjection,*
Unleſs I'm ſecure of a Britiſh *Protection?*
Without Caſh,---but one Friend---and he too juſt made,
Egad I've a Mind to ſet up ſome Trade.
Of what Sort! in the Papers I'll publiſh a Puff
Which won't fail to procure me Cuſtom enough:
" *That a Lady from* Paris *is lately arriv'd,*
" *Who with exquiſite Art has nicely contriv'd*
" *The beſt Paint for the Face,--the beſt Paſte for the Hands,*
" *A Water for Freckles, for Fluſhings, and Tans.*
" *She can teach you the melior Coeffeure for the Head,*
" *To liſp---amble---and ſimper---and put on the Red;*
" *To rival, to rally, to backbite, and ſneer,*
" *Um---no; that they already know pretty well here.*

" *The Beaux ſhe inſtructs to bow with a Grace,*
" *The happieſt Shrug,---the neweſt Grimace;*
" *To* parler François,---*fib, flatter, and dance,*
" *Which is very near all that they teach ye in* France.

" *Not a Buck, nor a Blood, through the whole* Engliſh
" *Nation,*
" *But his Roughneſs ſhe'll ſoften, his Figure ſhe'll faſhion.*
" *The mereſt John Trot in a Week you ſhall ſee*
" Bien poli, bien frizé, tout à fait un Marquis."

What

EPILOGUE.

What d'ye think of my Plan, is it form'd to your Gout?
May I hope for Diſciples in any of you?
Shall I tell you my Thoughts, without Guile, without Art,
Though abroad I've been bred, I have Britain *at Heart.*
Then take this Advice, which I give for her Sake,
You'll gain nothing by any Exchange you can make;
In a Country of Commerce, too great the Expence,
For their Baubles and Bows, to give your good Senſe.

THE

ENGLISHMAN

Returned from *PARIS.*

A FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE

ENGLISHMAN

Returned from PARIS

TO

PARNASSUS:

OR

A TRIP TO THE MOON.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE

ENGLISHMAN

RETURNED FROM PARIS,

Being the SEQUEL to

The ENGLISHMAN *in* PARIS.

A FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

As it is performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL in *Drury-Lane* and *Covent-Garden.*

By *SAMUEL FOOTE*, ESQ.

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for T. LOWNDES, No. 77, in Fleet-Street.

M, DCC, LXXX.

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PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN

By Mr. FOOTE.

OF all the Paſſions that poſſeſs Mankind,
The Love of Novelty rules moſt the Mind,
In Search of this, from Realm to Realm we roam,
Our Fleets come fraught with every Folly home.
From Lybia's Deſarts hoſtile Brutes advance,
And dancing Dogs in Droves ſkip here from France,
From Latian Lands Gigantic Forms appear,
Striking our Britiſh Breaſts with Awe and Fear,
As once the Lilliputians——Gulliver,
Not only Objects that affect the Sight,
In foreign Arts and Artiſts we delight,
Near to that Spot where Charles beſtrides a Horſe,
In humble Proſe the Place is Charing Croſs;
Cloſe by the Margin of a Kennel's Side,
A dirty diſmal Entry opens wide,
There, with hoarſe Voice, check'd Shirt and callous Hand,
Duff's *Indian Engliſh Trader takes his Stand,*
Surveys each Paſſenger with curious Eyes,
And ruſtic Roger *falls an eaſy Prize,*
Here's China Porcelaine that Chelſea yields,
And India Handkerchiefs from Spittalfields.

With

With Turkey Carpets that from Wilton *came,*
And Spaniſh Tucks and Blades from Bermingham.
Factors are forc'd to favour this Deceit,
And Engliſh Goods are ſmuggled through the Street.]
The rude to poliſh, and the Fair to pleaſe,
The Hero of to Night has croſs'd the Seas,
Tho' to be born a Briton *be his Crime,*
He's manufactur'd in another Clime.
'Tis Buck *begs leave once more to come before ye,*
The little Subject of a former Story,
How chang'd, how faſhion'd, whether Brute or Beau,
We truſt the following Scenes will fully ſhew.
For them and him we your Indulgence crave,
'Tis ours ſtill to ſin and yours to ſave.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by MRS. BELLAMY.

AMONG the Arts to make a Piece go down,
And fix the fickle Favour of the Town,
An Epilogue *is deem'd the ſureſt Way*
To atone for all the Errors of the Play:
Thus, when pathetic Strains have made you cry,
In trips the Comic Muſe, and wipes your Eye.
With equal Reaſon, when ſhe has made you laugh,
Melpomene *ſhould ſend you ſniveling off:*
But our Bard, unequal to the Taſk,
Rejects the Dagger, and retains the Maſque:
Fain would he ſend you chearful home To-night,
And harmleſs Mirth by honeſt Means excite;
Scorning with luſcious Phraſe or double Senſe,
To raiſe a Laughter at the Fair's Expence.
What Method ſhall we chooſe your Taſte to hit?
Will no one lend our Bard a little Wit?
Thank ye kind Souls, I'll take it from the Pit.
The Piece concluded, and the Curtain down,
Up ſtarts that fatal Phalanx, *call'd* The Town:
In full Aſſembly weigh our Author's Fate,
And Surly *thus commences the Debate:*
Pray, among Friends, does not this poiſoning Scene
The ſacred Rights of Tragedy prophane?
If Farce may mimic thus her awful Bowl:
Oh fie, all wrong, ſtark naught, upon my Soul!

Then

Then Buck *cries,* Billy, *can it be in Nature?*
Not the leaſt Likeneſs in a ſingle Feature.
My Lord, Lord love him, 'tis a precious Piece;
Let's come on Friday *Night and have a Hiſs,*
To this a Peruquier aſſents with Joy,
Parcequ'il affronte les François, oui, ma foi.
In ſuch Diſtreſs what can the Poet do?
Where ſeek for Shelter when theſe Foes purſue?
He dares demand Protection, Sirs, from you.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

At COVENT-GARDEN.

BUCK	Mr. *Foote.*
CRAB	Mr. *Sparks.*
LORD JOHN	Mr. *White.*
MACRUTHEN	Mr. *Shuter.*
RACKET	Mr. *Cuſhin.*
TALLYHOE	Mr. *Coſtollo.*
LATITAT	Mr. *Dunſtall.*
SURGEON	Mr. *Wignel.*
LUCINDA	Mrs. *Bellamy.*

La Jonquil, Le Loire, Bearnois, and Servants.

ACT I.

CRAB *discovered reading.*

AND *I do constitute my very good Friend,* Giles Crab, *Esq; of* St. Martin's in the Fields, *Executor to this my Will; and do appoint him Guardian to my Ward* Lucinda; *and do submit to his Direction, the Management of all my Affairs, till the Return of my Son from his Travels; whom I do intreat my said Executor in Consideration of our ancient Friendship, to advise, to counsel,* &c. &c.

JOHN BUCK.

A good, pretty Legacy! Let's see; I find myself Heir, by this generous Devise of my very good Friend, to ten Actions at Common Law, nine Suits in Chancery, the Conduct of a Boy, bred a Booby at Home, and finished a Fop abroad; together with the Direction of a marriageable, and, therefore, an unmanageable Wench; and all this to an old Fellow of Sixty six, who heartily hates Bus'ness, is tired of the World, and despises every Thing in it. Why how the Devil came I to merit——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. *Latitat* of *Staple's Inn.*

Crab. So, here begin my Plagues. Shew the Hound in.

Enter Latitat, *with a Bag*, &c.

Lat. I wou'd, Mr. *Crab*, have attended your Summons immediately, but I was obliged to ſign Judgment in Error at the Common Pleas; ſue out of the Exchequer a Writ of *Quo minus*, and ſurrender in *Banco Regis* the Defendant, before the Return of the *Sci fa*, to diſcharge the Bail.

Crab. Pr'ythee, Man, none of thy unintelligible Law Jargon to me; but tell me, in the Language of common Senſe, and thy Country, what I am to do.

Lat. Why, Mr. *Crab*, as you are already poſſeſs'd of a *Probat*, and Letters of Adminiſtration *de Bonis*, are granted, you may ſue, or, be ſued; I hold it ſound Doctrine for no Executor to diſcharge Debts, without a Receipt upon Record: This can be obtained by no Means, but by an Action. Now Actions, Sir, are of various Kinds: There are ſpecial Actions, Actions on the Caſe, or *Aſſumpſit's*; Actions of Trover, Actions of *Clauſum fregit*, Actions of Battery, Actions of——

Crab. Hey, the Devil, where's the Fellow running now?—But hark'ee, *Latitat*, why I thought all our Law Proceedings were directed to be in *Engliſh*.

Lat. True, Mr. *Crab*.

Crab. And what do you call all this Stuff, ha!

Lat. *Engliſh*.

Crab. The Devil you do.

Lat. Vernacular, upon my Honour, Mr. *Crab*.

Crab. For, as Lord *Coke* deſcribes the Common Law, to be the Perfection—

Crab. So, here's a freſh Deluge of Impertinence. A Truce to thy Authorities, I beg; and as I find it will be impoſſible to underſtand thee without an Interpreter, if you will meet me at Five, at Mr. *Brief's* Chambers, why, if you have any thing to ſay, he will tranſlate it for me.

Lat. Mr. *Brief*, Sir, and tranſlate, Sir!—Sir I would have you to know that no Practitioner in *Weſtminſter Hall*, gives clearer—

Crab. Sir, I believe it; for which Reaſon I have referred you to a Man who never goes into *Weſtminſter Hall.*

Lat. A bad Proof of his Practice, Mr. *Crab.*

Crab. A good one of his Principles, M. *Latitat.*

Lat. Why, Sir, do you think that a Lawyer—

Crab. Zounds, Sir, I never thought about a Lawyer. The Law is an oracular Idol, you are the explanatory Miniſters; nor ſhou'd any of my own private concerns have made me bow to your beaſtly *Baal.* I had rather loſe a Cauſe, than conteſt it. And had not this old, doating Dunce, Sir *John Buck*, plagu'd me with the Management of his Money, and the Care of his Booby Boy, Bedlam ſhou'd ſooner have had me, than the Bar.

Lat. Bedlam, the Bar! Since, Sir, I am provok'd, I don't know what your Choice may be, or what your Friends may chooſe for

you; I wiſh I was your *prochain Ami*: But I am under ſome Doubts as to the Sanity of the Teſtator, otherwiſe he could not have choſen for his Executor, under the Sanction of the Law, a Perſon who deſpiſes the Law. And the Law, give me Leave to tell you, Mr. *Crab*, is the Bulwark, the Fence, the Protection, the *ſine qua non*, the *non plus ultra*———

Crab. Mercy, good Six and Eight-pence.

Lat. The Defence and Offence, the by which, and the whereby, the Statute common and cuſtomary, or as *Plowden* claſſically and elegantly expreſſes it, 'tis

Mos commune vetus mores, Conſulta Sonatus,
Hæc tria Jus ſtatuunt Terra Britanna tibi.

Crab. Zounds, Sir, among all your Laws, are there none to protect a Man in his own Houſe?

Lat. Sir, a Man's Houſe is his *Caſtellum*, his Caſtle; and ſo tender is the Law of any Infringement of that ſacred Right, that any Attempt to invade it by Force, Fraud, or Violence, clandeſtinely, or *Vi & Armis*, is not only deem'd *felonius* but *burglarius*. Now, Sir, a Burglary may be committed, either upon the Dwelling, or the Out-houſe.

Crab. O laud! O laud!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your Clerk, Sir——The Parties, he ſays, are all in waiting at your Chambers.

Lat. I come. I will but juſt explain to Mr.

Mr. *Crab*, the Nature of a Burglary, as it has been deſcrib'd by a late Statute.

Crab. Zounds, Sir, I have not the leaſt Curioſity.

Lat. Sir, but every Gentleman ſhou'd know——

Crab. I won't know. Beſides, your Clients-—

Lat. O, they may ſtay. I ſha'nt take up five Minutes, Sir,——A Burglary——

Crab. Not an Inſtant.

Lat. By the Common Law———

Crab. I'll not hear a Word.

Lat. It was but a *Clauſtrium fregit.*

Crab. Dear Sir, be gone.

Lat. But by the late Acts of Par——

Crab. Help, you Dog. Zounds, Sir, get out of my Houſe.

Serv. Your Clients, Sir——

Crab. Puſh him out [*the Lawyer talking all the while*] So, ho! Hark'ee Raſcal, if you ſuffer that Fellow to enter my Doors again, I'll ſtrip and diſcard you the very Minute. [*Exit Serv.*] This is but the Beginning of my Torments. But that I expect the young Whelp from abroad, every Inſtant, I'd fly for it myſelf, and quit the Kingdom at once.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My young Maſter's travelling Tutor, Sir, juſt arrived.

Crab. Oh, then I ſuppoſe, the Blockhead of a Baronet is cloſe at his Heels. Show him in. This Bear-leader, I reckon now, is ei-

ther the clumſey Curate of the Knight's Pariſh Church, or ſome needy Highlander, the Outcaſt of his Country, who, with the Pride of a *German* Baron, the Poverty of a *French* Marquis, the Addreſs of a *Swiſs* Soldier, and the Learning of an Academy Uſher, is to give our Heir apparent Politeneſs, Taſte, Literature; a perfect Knowledge of the World, and of himſelf.

Enter Macruthen.

Mac. Maiſter *Crab*, I am your devoted Servant.

Crab. Oh, a *Britiſh* Child, by the Meſs.—Well, where's your Charge?

Mac. O, the young Baronet is o'the Road. I was mighty afraid he had o'er ta'en me; for between *Canterbury* and *Rocheſter*, I was ſtopt, and robb'd by a High-way-man.

Crab. Robb'd! what the Devil cou'd he rob you of?

Mac. In gude Troth, not a mighty Booty. *Buchanan's* Hiſtory, *Lauder* againſt *Melton*, and two Pound of high-dry'd *Glaſcow*.

Crab. A good travelling Equipage. Well, and what's become of your Cub? Where have you left him?

Mac. Main you Sir *Charles*? I left him at *Calais*, with another young Nobleman, returning from his Travels. But why caw ye him Cub, Maiſter *Crab?* In gude troth, there's a meeghty Alteration.

Crab. Yes, yes, I have a ſhrewd Gueſs at his Improvements.

Mac.

Mac. He's quite a Phœnomenon.

Crab. Oh, a Comet, I dare ſwear, but not an unuſual one, at *Paris.* The Faux-bourg of St. *Germains*, ſwarms with ſuch, to the no ſmall Amuſement of our very good Friends, the *French.*

Mac. Oh, the *French* were mighty fond of him.

Crab. But as to the Language, I ſuppoſe, he's a perfect Maſter of that.

Mac. He can caw for aught that he need, but he is na quite Maiſter of the Accent.

Crab. A moſt aſtoniſhing Progreſs!

Mac. Suſpend your Judgment awhile, and you'll find him all you wiſh, allowing for the Sallies of Juvenility; and muſt take the Vanity to myſelf of being, in a great Meaſure, the Author.

Crab. Oh, if he be but a faithful Copy of the admirable Original, he muſt be a finiſh'd Piece.

Mac. You are pleaſed to Complement.

Crab. Not a whit. Well, and what—I ſuppoſe you, and your—what's your Name—?

Mac. Macruthen, at your Service.

Crab. Macruthen! Hum! You and your Pupil agreed very well?

Mac. Perfectly. The young Gentleman is of an amiable Diſpoſition.

Crab. Oh, ay: And it wou'd be wrong to ſowre his Temper. You knew your Duty better, I hope, than to contradict him.

Mac. It was na for me, Maiſter *Crab.*

Crab.

Crab. Oh, by no means Maſter *Macruthen*; all your Buſneſs was to keep him out of Frays; to take care, for the ſake of his Health, that his Wine was genuine, and his Miſtreſſes as they ſhou'd be. You pimp'd for him, I ſuppoſe?

Mac. Pimp for him! D'ye mean to affront----

Crab. To ſuppoſe the contrary would be the Affront, Mr. Tutor. What, Man, you know the World. 'Tis not by Contradiction, but by Compliance, that Men make their Fortunes. and was it for you to thwart the Humour of a Lad upon the Threſhold of ten thouſand Pounds a Year?

Mac. Why, to be ſure, great Allowances muſt be made.

Crab. No doubt, no doubt.

Mac. I ſee, Maiſter *Crab*, you know Mankind. You are Sir *John Buck's* Executor.

Crab. True.

Mac. I have a little Thought that may be uſeful to us both.

Crab. As how?

Mac. Cou'd na we contrive to make a Hond o'the young Baronet.

Crab. Explain.

Mac. Why you, by the Will, have the Care o'the Caſh; and I caw make a Shift to manage the Lad.

Crab. Oh, I conceive you. And ſo between us both, we may contrive to eaſe him of that Inheritance which he knows not how properly

ly to employ; and apply it to our own Uſe. You do know how.

Mac. Ye ha hit it.

Crab. Why what a ſuperlative Raſcal art thou, thou inhoſpitable Villain! Under the Roof, and in the Preſence, of thy Benefactor's Repreſentative, with almoſt his ill-beſtowed Bread in thy Mouth, art thou plotting the Perdition of his only Child! And, from what Part of my Life, didſt thou derive a Hope of my Compliance with ſuch a helliſh Scheme?

Mac. Maiſter *Crab*, I am of a Nation——

Crab. Of known Honour and Integrity; I allow it. The Kingdom you have quitted, in conſigning the Care of its Monarch, for Ages, to your Predeceſſors, in Preference to its proper Subjects, has given you a brilliant Panegyric, that no other People can parallel.

Mac. Why, to be ſure——

Crab. And one Happineſs it is, that though national Glory can beam a Brightneſs on Particulars, the Crimes of Individuals can never reflect a Diſgrace upon their Country. Thy Apology but aggravates thy Guilt.

Mac. Why, Maiſter *Crab*, I——

Crab. Guilt and Confuſion choak thy Utterance. Avoid my Sight. Vaniſh. [*Exit Mac.*] A fine Fellow this, to protect the Perſon, inform the Inexperience, direct and moderate the Deſires of an unbridled Boy! But can it be ſtrange, whilſt the Parent negligently accepts a ſuperficial Recommendation to ſo important a Truſt, that the Perſon whoſe

whoſe Wants, perhaps, more than his Abilities make deſirous of it, ſhou'd conſider the Youth as a Kind of Property, and not ſtudy what to make him, but what to make of him; and thus prudently lay a Foundation for his future ſordid Hopes, by a criminal Compliance with the Lad's preſent prevailing Paſſions? But Vice and Folly rule the World—Without, there. [*enter* Serv.] Raſcal, where d'you run, Block-head? Bid the Girl come hither.—Freſh Inſtances, every Moment, fortify my Abhorrence, my Deteſtation of Mankind. This Turn may be term'd Miſanthropy; and imputed to Chagrin and Diſappointment. But it can only be by thoſe Fools, who, through Softneſs or Ignorance, regard the Faults of others, like their own, through the wrong End of the Perſpective.

Enter Lucinda.

So, what, I ſuppoſe your Spirits are all a-float. You have heard your Fellow's coming.

Luc. If you had your uſual Diſcernment, Sir, you wou'd diſtinguiſh, in my Countenance, an Expreſſion very different from that of Joy.

Crab. Oh, what, I ſuppoſe your Monkey has broke his Chain, or your Parrot dy'd in moulting.

Luc. A Perſon leſs cenſorious than Mr. *Crab*, might aſſign a more generous Motive for my Diſtreſs.

Crab. Diſtreſs! a pretty, poetical Phraſe What Motive canſt thou have for Diſtreſs? Has not Sir *John Buck's* Death aſſured thy Fortune? and art not thou——

Luc.

Luc. By that very Means, a helpleſs, unprotected Orphan.

Crab. Pho', pr'ythee Wench, none of thy romantic Cant to me. What, I know the Sex: The Objects of every Woman's Wiſh, are Property and Power. The firſt you have, and the ſecond you won't be long without; for here's a Puppy riding Poſt to put on your Chains.

Luc. It wou'd appear Affectation not to underſtand you. And, to deal freely, it was upon that Subject I wiſh'd to engage you.

Crab. Your Information was needleſs; I knew it.

Luc. Nay, but why ſo ſevere? I did flatter myſelf that the very warm Recommendation of your deceaſed Friend, wou'd have abated a little of that Rigour.

Crab. No wheedling, *Lucy.* Age and Contempt have long ſhut theſe Gates againſt Flattery and Diſſimulation. You have no Sex for me. Without Preface, ſpeak your Purpoſe.

Luc. What then, in a Word, is your Advice with regard to my marrying Sir *Charles Buck?*

Crab. And do you ſeriouſly want my Advice?

Luc. Moſt ſincerely.

Crab. Then you are a Blockhead. Why, where cou'd you mend yourſelf? Is not he a Fool, a Fortune, and in Love?—Look'ee, Girl. [*Enter* Servant.] Who ſent for you, Sir?

Sir?

Ser. Sir, my young Maſter's Poſt-chaiſe is broke down, at the Corner of the Street, by a Coal-cart. His Cloaths are all Dirt, and he ſwears like a Trooper.

Crab. Ay! Why then carry his Chaiſe to the Coach-maker's, his Coat to a Scowcer's, and him before a Juſtice.——Pr'ythee why doſt trouble me? I ſuppoſe you wou'd not meet your Gallant.

Luc. Do you think I ſhou'd?

Crab. No, retire. And if this Application for my Advice, is not a Copy of your Countenance, a Maſk; if you are obedient, I may ſet you right.

Luc. I ſhall, with Pleaſure, follow your Directions. *Exit.*

Crab. Yes, ſo long as they correſpond with your own Inclination. Now we ſhall ſee what *Paris* has done for this Puppy. But here he comes; light as the Cork in his Heels; or the Feather in his Hat.

Enter Buck, *Lord* John, La Loire, Bearnois *and* Macruthen.

Buck. Not a *Word*, *mi Lor! jernie*, it is not to be ſupported!——after being *rompu tout vif*, diſjointed by that execrable *Pavé*, to be tumbled into a Kennel, by a filthy *Charbonnier*; a dirty Retailer of Sea-coal, *morbleu!*

Ld. *J.* An Accident that might have happened any where, Sir *Charles*.

Buck. And then the hideous Hootings of that deteſtable *Canaille*, that murtherous Mob, with

with the barbarous-Monſieur in the Mud, huzza! Ah, *Païs ſauvage, barbare, inhoſpitable!* ah, ah, *qu'eſt ce que nous avons?* Who?

Mac. That is Maiſter *Crab*, your Father's Executor.

Buck. Ha, ha. *Serviteur très humble, Monſieur. Eh bien!* What! is he dumb? *Mac* my Lor, *mort de ma Vie*, the veritable *Jack-Roaſt-beef* of the *French* Comedy. Ha, ha, how do you do, *Monſieur-Jack-Roaſt-beef*, ha, ha?

Crab. Pr'ythee take a Turn or two about the Room.

Buck. A Turn or two! *Volontiers. Eh bien!* Well, have you, in your Life, ſeen any Thing ſo, ha ha, hey!

Crab. Never. I hope you had not many Spectators of your Tumble.

Buck. Pourquoi? Why ſo?

Crab. Becauſe I wou'd not have the public Curioſity foreſtalled. I can't but think, in a Country ſo fond of ſtrange Sights if you were kept up a little, you wou'd bring a great deal of Money.

Buck. I don't know, my Dear, what my Perſon wou'd produce in this Country, but the Counterpart of your very groteſque Figure has been extremely beneficial to the Comedians from whence I came. *N'eſt-ce pas vrài, mi Lor?* Ha, ha.

Ld. *J.* The Reſemblance does not ſtrike me. Perhaps, I may ſeem ſingular; but the particular Cuſtoms of particular Countries, I own, never appeared to me, as proper Objects of Ridicule.

Buck.

Buck. Why ſo?

Ld. *J.* Becauſe, in this Caſe, it is impoſſible to have a Rule for your Judgment. The Forms and Cuſtoms which Climate, Conſtitution and Government have given to one Kingdom, can never be tranſplanted with Advantage to another, founded on different Principles. And thus, though the Habits and Manners of different Countries may be directly oppoſite, yet, in my humble Conception, they may be ſtrictly, becauſe naturally, right.

Crab. Why there are ſome Glimmerings of Common-ſenſe about this young Thing. Harkee, Child, by what Accident did you ſtumble upon this Blockhead? [*to* Buck.] I ſuppoſe the Line of your Underſtanding is too ſhort to fathom the Depth of your Companion's Reaſoning.

Buck. My dear [*gapes.*]

Crab. I ſay, you can draw no Concluſion from the above Premiſes.

Buck. Who I? Damn your Premiſes, and Concluſions too. But this I conclude, from what I have ſeen, my dear, that the *French* are the firſt People in the Univerſe; that, in the Arts of living, they do or ought to give Laws to the whole World, and that whoſoever wou'd either eat, drink, dreſs, dance, fight, ſing, or even ſneeze, *avec Elegance*, muſt go to *Paris*, to learn it. This is my Creed.

Crab. And theſe precious Principles you are come hee to propagate.

Buck. C'eſt vrai, Monſieur Crab: and with the

the Aid of theſe Brother Miſſionaries, I have no doubt of making a great many Proſelytes. And now for a Detail of their Qualities. *Bearnoiz, avances.* This is an Officer of my Houſehold, unknown to this Country.

Crab. And what may he be?—I'll humour the Puppy.

Buck. This is my Swiſs Porter. *Tenez vous droit, Bearnois.* There's a fierce Figure, to guard the Gate of an Hôtel.

Crab. What do you ſuppoſe that we have no Porters?

Buck. Yes, you have Dunces that open Doors; a Drudgery that this Fellow does by Deputy. But for Intrepidity in denying a diſagreeable Viſitor; for Politeneſs in introducing a Miſtreſs, Acuteneſs in diſcerning, and Conſtancy in excluding a Dun, a greater Genius never came from the *Cantons.*

Crab. Aſtoniſhing Qualities!

Buck. Retirez, Bearnois. But here's a *Bijou,* here's a Jewel indeed! *Venez ici, mon cher La Loire. Comment trouvez vous ce Paris ici?*

La L. Très bien.

Buck. Very well. Civil Creature! This, *Monſieur Crab,* is my Cook *La Loire,* and for *Hors d'Oeuvres, Entre Rotis, Ragoûts, Entremets,* and the Diſpoſition of a Deſert, *Paris* never ſaw his Parallel.

Crab. His Wages, I ſuppoſe, are proportioned to his Merit.

Buck.

Buck. A Bagatelle, a Trifle. Abroad but a bare Two Hundred. Upon his cheerful Compliance, in coming hither into Exile with me, I have, indeed, doubled his Stipend.

Crab. You could do no leſs.

Buck. And now, Sir, to compleat my Equipage, *regardez Monſieur La Jonquil*, my firſt *Valet de Chambre*, excellent in every Thing: but *pour l'Accommodage*, for decorating the Head, inimitable. In one Word, *La Jonquil* ſhall, for fifty to five, knot, twiſt, tye, frieze, cut, curl, or comb with any *Garçon Perruquier*, from the Land's End, to the Orkneys.

Crab. Why, what an infinite Fund of public Spirit muſt you have, to drain your Purſe, mortify your Inclination, and expoſe your Perſon, for the meer Improvement of your Countrymen?

Buck. Oh, I am a very Roman for that. But at preſent, I had another Reaſon for Returning.

Crab. Ay, what can that be?

Buck. Why, I find there is a Likelihood of ſome little Fracas, between us. But, upon my ſoul, we muſt be very brutal to quarrel with the dear, agreeable Creatures, for a Trifle.

Crab. They have your Affections then.

Buck. De tout mon cœur. From the infinite Civility ſhewn to us, in *France*, and their friendly Profeſſions in Favour of our Country, they can never intend us an Injury.

Crab.

Crab. Oh, you have hit their Humour to a Hair. But I can have no longer Patience with the Puppy. Civility and Friendſhip, you Booby! Yes, their Civility, at *Paris*, has not left you a Guinea in your Pocket, nor wou'd their Friendſhip to your Nation leave it a Foot of Land in the Univerſe.

Buck. Lord *John*, this is a ſtrange old Fellow. Take my Word for it, my Dear, you miſtake this Thing egregiouſly. But all you *Engliſh* are conſtitutionally ſullen.—November-Fogs, with Salt boil'd Beef, are moſt curſed Recipes for Good-humour, or a quick Apprehenſion. *Paris* is the Place. 'Tis there Men laugh, love and live! *Vive l'Amour! Sans Amour, & ſans ſes Deſirs, un Cœur eſt bien moins heureux qu'il ne penſe.*

Crab. Now wou'd not any Soul ſuppoſe that this yelping Hound had a real Reliſh for the Country he has quitted?

Buck. A mighty unnatural Suppoſition, truly.

Crab. Foppery and Affectation all.

Buck. And you really think *Paris* a Kind of Purgatory, ha, my Dear?

Crab. To thee the moſt ſolitary Spot upon Earth, my Dear.——Familiar Puppy!

Buck. Whimſical enough. But come, *pour paſſer le Tems*, let us, old *Diogenes*, enter into a little Debate. Mi Lor, and you, *Macruthen*, determine the Diſpute between that Source of Delights, *ce Paradis de Plaiſir*, and this Cave of Care, this Seat of Scurvy and the Spleen.

Mac. Let us heed them weel, my Lord. Maiſter *Crab* has met with his Match.

Buck. And firſt for the great Pleaſure of Life, the Pleaſure of the Table; Ah, *quelle Difference!* The Eaſe, the Wit, the Wine, the *Badinage*, the *Perciflage*, the *double Entendre*, the *Chanſons à boire*, Oh, what delicious Moments have I paſs'd *chez Madame la Ducheſſe de Barbouliac.*

Crab. Your Miſtreſs, I ſuppoſe.

Buck. Who, I! *Fi donc!* How is it poſſible for a Woman of her Rank, to have a *Penchant* for me? Hey, *Mac!*

Mac. Sir *Charles* is too much a Man of Honour to blab. But, to ſay Truth, the whole City of *Paris* thought as much.

Crab. A precious Fellow this!

Buck. Taiſez vous, Mac. But we loſe the Point in View. Now, *Monſieur Crab*, let me conduct you to what you call an Entertainment. And firſt, the melancholy Miſtreſs is fixed in her Chair, where, by the bye, ſhe is condemn'd to do more Drudgery than a Dray-horſe. Next proceeds the Maſter, to marſhal the Gueſts, in which as much Caution is neceſſary, as at a Coronation, with, "My Lady, ſit here," and, "Sir *Thomas*, ſit there," till the Length of the Ceremony, with the Length of the Grace, have deſtroy'd all Apprehenſions of the Meat's burning your Mouths.

Mac. Bravo, bravo! Did I na' ſay Sir *Charles* was a Phænomenon?

Crab. Peace, Puppy.

Buck.

Buck. Then, in ſolemn Silence, they proceed to demoliſh the Subſtantials, with, perhaps, an occaſional Interruption, of, "Here's "to you, Friends, "Hob or Nob," "Your "Love and mine." Pork ſucceeds to Beef, Pies to Puddings: The Cloth is remov'd: Madam, drench'd with a Bumper, drops a Curteſy, and departs; leaving the jovial Hoſt, with his ſprightly Companions, to Tobacco, Port, and Politics. *Voilà un Repas à la Mode d'Angleterre, Monſieur Crab.*

Crab. It is a thouſand Pities that your Father is not a living Witneſs of theſe prodigious Improvements.

Buck. C'eſt vrai. But *à propos*, he is dead, as you ſay, and you are——

Crab. Againſt my Inclination, his Executor.

Buck. Peut être; well, and——

Crab. Oh, my Truſt will ſoon determine. One Article, indeed, I am ſtrictly enjoin'd to ſee perform'd; your Marriage with your old Acquaintance *Lucinda.*

Buck. Ha, ha, la petite Lucinde! *& comment*——

Crab. Pry'thee, Peace, and hear me. She is bequeath'd conditionally, that if you refuſe to marry her, twenty thouſand Pounds; and if ſhe rejects you, which I ſuppoſe ſhe will have the Wiſdom to do, only five.

Buck. Reject me! Very probable, hey, *Mac!* But cou'd not we have an *Entrevüe?*

Crab. Who's there? Let *Lucinda* know we expect her.

Mac. Had na'ye better, Sir *Charles*, equip yourſelf in a more ſuitable Garb, upon a firſt Viſit to your Miſtreſs?

Crab. Oh, ſuch a Figure and Addreſs can derive no Advantage from Dreſs.

Buck. Serviteur. But, however, *Mac's* Hint may not be ſo *mal à propos*, *Allons, Jonquil, je m'en vais m'habiller.* Mi Lor, ſhall I treipaſs upon your Patience? My Toilette is but a Work of ten Minutes. *Mac*, diſpoſe of my Domeſtics *à leur aiſe*, and then attend me with my Portfeuille, and read, while I dreſs, thoſe Remarks I made in my laſt Voyage from *Fontainebleau* to *Compeigne*. *Serviteur Meſſieurs.*

Car le bon Vin
Du Matin
Sortant du Tonneau.
Vaut bien mieux que
Le Latin
De toute la Sorbonne. *Exit.*

Crab. This is the moſt conſummate Coxcomb! I told the Fool of a Father, what a Puppy *Paris* would produce him; but travel is the Word, and the Conſequence, an Importation of every foreign Folly: And thus the plain Perſons and Principles of old *England*, are ſo confounded and jumbl'd with the excrementitious Growth of every Climate, that we have loſt all our ancient Characteriſtic, and are become a Bundle of Contradictions; a Piece of Patch-work; a mere Harlequin's Coat.

Ld. *J.*

Ld. *J.* Do you ſuppoſe then, Sir, that no Good may be obtain'd———

Crab. Why, pry'thee, what have you gain'd?

Ld. *J.* I ſhou'd be ſorry my Acquiſitions were to determine the Debate. But do you think, Sir, the Shaking-off ſome native Qualities, and the being made more ſenſible, from Compariſon of certain national and conſtitutional Advantages, Objects unworthy the Attention?

Crab. You ſhew the favourable Side, young Man: But how frequently are ſubſtituted for national Prepoſſeſſions, always harmleſs, and often happy, guilty and unnatural Prejudices!—Unnatural!—For the Wretch who is weak and wicked enough to deſpiſe his Country, ſins againſt the moſt laudable Law of Nature; he is a Traitor to the Community, where Providence has placed him; and ſhou'd be deny'd thoſe ſocial Benefits he has render'd himſelf unworthy to partake. But ſententious Lectures are ill calculated for your Time of Life.

Ld. *J.* I differ from you here, Mr. *Crab.* Principles that call for perpetual Practice, cannot be too ſoon receiv'd. I ſincerely thank you, Sir, for this Communication, and ſhou'd be happy to have always near me ſo moral a Monitor.

Crab. You are indebted to *France* for her Flattery. But I leave you with a Lady, where it will be better employ'd.

Enter

Enter Lucinda.

Crab. This young Man waits here, till your Puppy is powder'd. You may aſk him after your *French* Acquaintance. I know nothing of him; but he does not ſeem to be altogether ſo great a Fool as your Fellow. *Exit.*

Luc. I'm afraid, Sir, you have had but a diſagreeable *Tête à Tête.*

Ld. *J.* Juſt the contrary, Madam. By Good-ſenſe, ting'd with Singularity, we are entertained as well as improved. For a Lady, indeed, Mr. *Crab's* Manners are rather too rough.

Luc. Not a Jot; I am familiarized to 'em I know his Integrity, and can never be diſoblig'd hy his Sincerity.

Ld. *J.* This Declaration is a little particular, from a Lady who muſt have received her firſt Impreſſions in a Place remarkable for its Delicacy to the Fair Sex. But Good-ſenſe can conquer even early Habits.

Luc. This Compliment I can lay no claim to. The former Part of my Life, procured me but very little indulgence. The Pittance of Knowledge I poſſeſs, was taught me by a very ſevere Miſtreſs, Adverſity. But you, Sir, are too well acquainted with Sir *Charles Buck*, not to have known my Situation.

Ld. *J.* I have heard your Story, Madam, before I had the Honour of ſeeing you. It was affecting: You'll pardon the Declaration; it now becomes intereſting. However, it is impoſſible

poſſible I ſhou'd not congratulate you on the near Approach of the happy Cataſtrophe.

Luc. Events that depend upon the Will of another, a thouſand unforeſeen Accidents may interrupt.

Ld. *J.* Cou'd I hope, Madam, your preſent critical Condition wou'd acquit me of Temerity, I ſhou'd take the Liberty to preſume, if the Suit of Sir *Charles* be rejected—

Enter Crab.

Crab. So, Youngſter! what, I ſuppoſe, you are already practiſing one of your foreign Leſſons. Perverting the Affections of a Friend's Miſtreſs, or debauching his Wife, are meer Peccadilloes, in modern Morality. But, at preſent, you are my Care. That Way conducts you to your Fellow-Traveller. [*Exit* Ld. J.] I wou'd ſpeak with you in the Library.

Exit.

Luc. I ſhall attend you, Sir. Never was ſo unhappy an Interruption. What cou'd my Lord mean? But be it what it will, it ought not, it cannot concern me. Gratitude and Duty demand my Compliance with the dying Wiſh of my Benefactor, my friend, my Father. But am I then to ſacrifice all my future Peace? But reaſon not, raſh Girl; Obedience is thy Province.

Tho' hard the taſk, be it my Part to prove
That ſometimes Duty can give laws to Love.

ACT II.

Buck at his Toilet, attended by three *Valets de Chambres* and *Macruthen*.

MAC. Notwithſtanding aw his plain dea'ing, I doubt whether Maiſter *Crab* is ſo honeſt a Man.

Buck. Pr'ythee, *Mac*, name not the Monſter. If I may be permitted a Quotation from one of their paltry Poets,

Who is Knight of the Shire repreſents 'em all.

Did ever Mortal ſee ſuch *Mirroirs*, ſuch Looking-glaſs as they have here too? One might as well addreſs oneſelf, for Information, to a Bucket of Water. *La Jonquil, mettez vous le rouge, aſſez. He bien, Mac, miſerable!* Hey!

Mac. It's very becoming.

Buck. Aye, it will do for this Place; I really cou'd have forgiven my Father's living a Year or two longer, rather than be compelled to return to this. [*Enter* Lord John.] My dear Lord, *je demande mille Pardons*, but the terrible Fracas in my Chaiſe had ſo gateed and diſordered my Hair, that it required an Age to adjuſt it.

Ld. *J.* No Apology, Sir *Charles*, I have been entertain'd very agreeably.

Buck. Who have you had, my dear Lord, to entertain you?

Ld. *J.* The very individual Lady that's ſoon to make you a happy Huſband.

Mac.

Buck. A happy who? Husband! What two very opposite Ideas have you confounded *ensemble?* In my Conscience, I believe there's Contagion in the Clime, and my Lor is infected. But pray, my dear Lor, by what Accident have you discovered, that I was upon the Point of becoming that happy—Oh, *un Mari! Diable?*

Ld. *J.* The Lady's Beauty and Merit, your Inclinations, and your Father's Injunctions, made me conjecture that.

Buck. And can't you suppose that the Lady's Beauty may be possess'd, her Merit rewarded, and my Inclinations gratify'd, without an absolute Obedience to that Fatherly Injunction?

Ld. *J.* It does not occur to me.

Buck. No, I believe not, my Lor. Those Kind of Talents are not given to every Body. *Donnez moi mon Manchon.* And now you shall see me manage the Lady.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Young Squire *Racket*, and Sir *Toby Tallyhoe*, who call themselves your Honour's old Acquaintances.

Buck. Oh the Brutes! By what Accident cou'd they discover my Arrival? My dear, dear Lor, aid me to escape this Embarras.

Racket *and* Tallyhoe *without.*

Hoic a Boy, Hoic a Boy.

Buck. Let me die if I do not believe the *Hottentots* have brought a whole hundred of Hounds with them. But, they say, Forms keep

keep Fools at a Diſtance. I'll receive 'em *en Cérémonie.*

Enter Racket *and* Tallyhoe.

Tally. Hey Boy, hoix my little *Buck.*

Buck. Monſieur le Chevalier, votre très humble Serviteur.

Tally. Hey.

Buck. Monſieur Racket, Je ſuis charmé de vous voir.

Rack. Anon what!

Buck. Ne m'entendez-vous: Don't you know *French?*

Rack. Know *French!* No, nor you neither, I think. Sir *Toby*, foregad I believe the Papiſtes ha bewitch'd him in foreign Parts.

Tally. Bewitch'd, and tranſformed him too. Let me periſh, *Racket*, if I don t think he's like one of the folks we uſed tc read of at School, in *Ovid's Metamorphis*; that they have turned him into a Beaſt.

Rack. A Beaſt! No, a Bird, you Fool. Lookee, Sir *Toby*, by the Lord *Harry*, here are his Wings.

Tally. Hey! ecod and ſo they are, ha, ha. I reckon, *Racket*, he came over with the Woodcocks.

Buck. Voilá des véritables Anglois. The ruſtic rude Ruffians!

Rack. Let us ſee what the Devil he has put upon his Pole, Sir *Toby.*

Tally. Aye.

Buck. Do, dear Savage, keep your Diſtance.

Tally.

Tally. Nay, fore George, we will have a Scrutiny.

Rack. Aye, aye, a Scrutiny.

Buck. En Gruce, La Jonquil, my Lor, protect me from theſe Pyrates.

Ld. *J.* A little Compaſſion, I beg, Gentlemen. Conſider, Sir *Charles* is upon a Viſit to his Bride.

Tally. Bride! Zounds, he's fitter for a Bandbox; *Racket,* Hocks the Heels.

Rack. I have 'em, Knight. Foregad he is the very Reverſe of a Bantam Cock: His Comb's on his Feet, and his Feathers on his Head. Who have we got here! What are theſe three Fellows; Paſtry-Cooks?

Enter Crab.

Crab. And is this one of your newly acquired Accompliſhments, letting your Miſtreſs languiſh for a—but you have Company, I ſee.

Buck. O, yes, I have been inexpreſſibly happy. Theſe Gentlemen are kind enough to treat me, upon my Arrival, with what I believe, they call in this Country, a Rout.—My dear Lor, if you don't favour my Flight. But ſee if the Toads a'n't tumbling my Toilet.

Ld. *J.* Now's your Time, ſteal off; I'll cover your Retreat.

Buck. Mac, let *La Jonquil* follow to re-ſettle my *Cheveux.—Je vous remercie mille, mille Fois, mon cher* my Lor.

Rack. Hola, Sir *Toby,* ſtole away!

Buck. O mon Dieu.

Tally

Tally. Poh, rot him, let him alone. He'll never do for our Purpoſe. You muſt know we intended to kick up a Riot, To-night, at the Play-houſe, and we wanted him of the Party; but that Fop wou'd ſwoon at the Sight of a Cudgel.

Ld. *J.* Pray, Sir, what is your Cauſe of Contention?

Tally. Cauſe of Contention, hey, Faith, I know nothing of the Matter. *Racket*, what is it we are angry about?

Racket. Angry about! Why you know we are to demoliſh the Dancers.

Tally, True, true, I had forgot. Will you make one?

Ld. *J.* I beg to be excuſed.

Rack. May hap you are a Friend to the *French.*

Ld. *J.* Not I, indeed Sir. But, if the Occaſion will permit me a Pun, tho' I am far from being a Well-wiſher to their Arms, I have no Objection to the being entertained by their Legs.

Tally. Aye! Why then if you'll come To-night, you'll ſplit your Sides with Laughing, for I'll be rot if we don't make them caper higher, and run faſter, than ever they have done ſince the Battle of *Blenheim.* Come along, *Racket.* *Exit.*

Ld. *J.* Was there ever ſuch a Contraſt?

Crab. Not ſo remote as you imagine; they are Scions from the ſame Stock, ſet in different Soils. The firſt Shrub, you ſee, flowers moſt prodi-

prodigally, but matures nothing; the laſt Slip, tho' ſtunted, bears a little Fruit; crabbed, 'tis true, but ſtill the Growth of the Clime. Come, you'll follow your Friend. *Exit.*

Enter Lucinda, *with a Servant.*

Luc. When Mr. *Crab*, or Sir *Charles*, enquire for me; you will conduct them hither.

Exit. Serv.

How I long for an End to this important Interview! Not that I have any great Expectations from the Iſſue; but ſtill, in my Circumſtances, a State of Suſpence is, of all Situations, the moſt diſagreeable. But huſh, they come.

Enter Sir *Charles*, *Macruthen*, Ld. *John*, and *Crab.*

Buck Mac, announce me.

Mac, Madam, Sir *Charles Buck* craves the Honour of kiſſing your Hand.

Buck. Tres humble Serviteur. Et comment ſa porte Mademoiſelle. I am raviſh'd to ſee thee, *ma chere petite Lucinde.—Eh bien, ma Reine!* Why, you look divinely, Child. But, *mon Infant*, they have dreſs'd you moſt diabolically. Why, what a *Coiffeuſe* muſt you have, and, *oh mon Dieu*, a total Abſence of Rouge. But, perhaps, you are out. I had a Cargo from *Deffreney* the Day of my Departure; ſhall I have the Honour to ſupply you?

Luc. You are obliging, Sir, but I confeſs myſelf a Convert to the chaſte Cuſtoms of this Country, and, with a commercial People, you know, Sir *Charles*, all Artifice——

Buck.

Buck. Artifice! You miſtake the Point, *ma Chere.* A proper Proportion of red, is an indiſpenſible Part of your Dreſs; and, in my private Opinion, a Woman might as well appear, in public, without Powder, or a Pettycoat.

Crab. And, in my private Opinion, a Woman who puts on the firſt, wou'd make very little Difficulty in pulling off the laſt.

Buck. Oh, Monſieur *Crab*'s Judgment muſt be deciſive in Dreſs. Well, and what Amuſements, what Spectacles, what Parties, what Contrivances, to conquer Father Time, that Foe to the Fair? I fancy one muſt *ennuier conſiderablement* in your *London* here.

Luc. Oh, we are in no Diſtreſs for Diverſions. We have an Opera.

Buck. Italien, I ſuppoſe, *pitoiable*, ſhocking, *aſſommant!* Oh, there is no ſupporting their *hi, hi, hi, hi. Ah mon Dieu! Ah, Chaſſé brillant Soleil,*

Brillant Soleil,
A-t-on jamais veu ton pareil?

There's Muſic and Melody.

Luc. What a Fop!

Buck. But proceed, *ma Princeſſe.*

Luc. Oh, then we have Plays.

Buck. That I deny, Child.

Luc. No Plays!

Buck. No.

Luc. The Aſſertion is a little whimſical.

Buck. Aye, that may be; you have here dramatic Things, farcical in their Compoſition, and ridiculous in their Repreſentation.

Luc.

Luc. Sir, I own myſelf unequal to the Controverſy; but, ſurely, *Shakeſpear*—My Lord, this Subject calls upon you for its Defence.

Crab. I know from what Fountain this Fool has drawn his Remarks; the Author of the *Chineſe Orphan*, in the Preface to which Mr. *Voltaire* calls the principal Works of *Shakeſpear* monſtrous Farces.

Ld. *J.* Mr. *Crab* is right, Madam. Mr. *Voltaire* has ſtigmatized with a very unjuſt and a very invidious Appellation the principal Works of that great Maſter of the Paſſions; and his apparent Motive renders him the more inexcuſable.

Luc. What cou'd it be, my Lord?

Ld. *J.* The preventing his Countrymen from becoming acquainted with our Author; that he might be at Liberty to pilfer from him, with the greater Security.

Luc. Ungenerous, indeed!

Buck. Palpable Defamation.

Luc. And as to the Exhibition, I have been taught to believe, that for a natural Pathetic, and a ſpirited Expreſſion, no People upon Earth———

Buck. You are impos'd upon, Child; the *Lequeſne*, the *Lanoue*, the *Grandval*, the *Dumenil*, the *Gauſſen*, what Dignity, what Action! But, *á propos*, I have myſelf wrote a Tragedy in *French*.

Luc. Indeed!

Buck. En Verité, upon Voltaire's Plan.

Crab.

Crab. That muſt be a precious Piece of Work.

Buck. It is now in Repetition at the *French* Comedy. *Grandval* and *La Gauſſen* perform the principal Parts. Oh, what an *Eclat!* What a Burſt will it make in the Parterre, when the King of *Ananamaboe* refuſes the Perſon of the Princeſs of *Cochineal!*

Luc. Do you remember the Paſſage?

Buck. Entire; and I believe I can convey it in their manner.

Luc. That will be delightful.

Buck. And firſt the King.

Ma chere Princeſſe, je vous aime, c'eſt vrai;
De ma Femme vous portez les charmants Attraits.
Mais ce n'eſt pas honnéte pour un Homme, tel que moi,
De tromper ma Femme, ou de rompre ma Foi.

Luc. Inimitable!

Buck. Now the Princeſs; ſhe is, as you may ſuppoſe, in extreme Diſtreſs.

Luc. No doubt.

Buck. Mon grand Roy, mon Cher adorable,
Ayez pitié de moi; je ſuis inconſolable.

[Then he turns his Back upon her, at which, ſhe in a Fury,]

Monſtre, ingrat, affreux, horrible, funeſte,
Oh que je vous aime, ah que je vous deteſte!

[*Then*

[Then he,]

Penſez vous, Madame, à me donner la Loi,
Vôtre Haine, votre Amour, ſont les mêmes
Choſes à moi.

Luc. Bravo!

Ld. *J.* Bravo, bravo!

Buck. Aye, there's Paſſion and Poetry, and Reaſon and Rhime. Oh how I deteſt Blood, and blank Verſe! There is ſomething ſo ſoft, ſo muſical, and ſo natural, in the rich Rhimes of the *Theatre Francois!*

Ld. *J.* I did not know Sir *Charles* was ſo totally devoted to the *Belles Lettres.*

Buck. Oh, entirely. 'Tis the Ton, the Taſte, I am every Night at the *Caffé* * *Procope*, and had not I had the Misfortune to be born in this curſt Country, I make no Doubt but you wou'd have ſeen my Name among the foremoſt of the *French* Academy.

Crab. I ſhould think you might eaſily get over that Difficulty, if you will be but ſo obliging, as publicly to renounce us. I dare engage not one of your Countrymen ſhall contradict, or claim you.

Buck. No!—Impoſſible. From the Barbarity of my Education, I muſt ever be taken for *un Anglois.*

Crab, Never.

Buck. En Verité?

Crab. En Verité.

Buck. You flatter me.

* A Coffee-houſe, oppoſite the French Comedy, where the Wits aſſemble every Evening.

Crab. But common Juſtice.

Mac. Nay, Maiſter *Crab* is in the Right, for I have often heard the French themſelves ſay, Is it poſſible that Gentleman can be *Britiſh?*

Buck. Obliging Creatures! And you all concur with them.

Crab. Entirely,

Luc. Entirely.

Ld. *J.* Entirely.

Buck. How happy you make me!

Crab. Egregious Puppy! But we loſe Time. A Truce to this Trumpery. You have read your Father's Will!

Buck. No; I read no *Engliſh.* When *Mac* has turn'd it into *French*, I may run over the Items.

Crab. I have told you the Part that concerns the Girl. And as your Declaration upon it will diſcharge me, I leave you to what you will call an *Eclairciſſement.* Come, my Lord.

Buck. Nay, but Monſieur *Crab*, my Lor, *Mac.*

Crab. Along with us. *Ex.*

Buck. A comfortable Scrape I am in! What the Deuce am I to do, in the Language of the Place? I am to make Love, I ſuppoſe. A pretty Employment!

Luc. I fancy my Hero is a little puzzled with his Part. But, now for it.

Buck. A queer Creature, that *Crab*, *ma Petite.* But, *á propos*, How d'ye like my Lord?

Luc. He ſeems to have good Senſe and good Breeding. *Buck.*

Buck. Pas trop. But don't you think he has ſomething of a foreign Kind of Air about him?

Luc. Foreign?

Buck. Aye, ſomething ſo *Engliſh* in his Manner.

Luc. Foreign, and *Engliſh!* I don't comprehend you.

Buck. Why that is, he has not the Eaſe, the *Je na ſcai quoi*, the *bon Ton*—In a Word, he does not reſemble me now.

Luc. Not in the leaſt.

Buck. Ah, I thought ſo. He is to be pity'd, poor Devil, he can't help it. But, *entre nous, ma Chere*, the Fellow has a Fortune.

Luc. How does that concern me, Sir *Charles?*

Buck. Why, *je penſe, ma Reine*, that your Eyes have done Execution there.

Luc. My Eyes Execution!

Buck. Aye, Child, is there any thing ſo extraordinary in that? *Ma foi*, I thought by the Vivacity of his Praiſe, that he had already ſummon'd the Gariſon to ſurrender.

Luc. To carry on the Alluſion, I believe my Lord is too good a Commander, to commence a fruitleſs Siege. He cou'd not but know the Condition of the Town

Buck. Condition! Explain, *ma Chere.*

Luc. I was in Hopes your Interview with Mr. *Crab* had made that unneceſſary.

Buck. Oh, aye, I do recollect ſomething of a ridiculous Article about Marriage, in a Will.

But what a Plot againſt the Peace of two poor People! Well, the Malice of ſome Men is amazing! Not contented with doing all the Miſchief they can in their Life, they are for intailing their Malevolence, like their Eſtates, to lateſt Poſterity.

Luc. Your Contempt of me, Sir *Charles*, I receive as a Compliment. But the infinite Obligations I owe to the Man, who had the Misfortune to call you Son, compel me to inſiſt, that in my Preſence, at leaſt, no Indignity be offered to his Memory.

Buck. Hey-dey! What, in heroics, *ma Reine!*

Luc. Ungrateful, unfilial Wretch! ſo ſoon to trample on his Aſhes, whoſe fond Heart, the greateſt Load of his laſt Hour were his Fears for thy future Welfare.

Buck. Ma foi, elle eſt Folle, ſhe is mad, *ſans doute.*

Luc. But I am to blame. Can he who breaks through one ſacred Relation, regard another? Can the Monſter who is corrupt enough to contemn the Place of his Birth, reverence thoſe who gave him Being?——Impoſſible.

Buck. Ah, a pretty Monologue, a fine Soliloquoy this, Child.

Luc. Contemptible. But I am cool.

Buck. I am mighty glad of it. Now we ſhall underſtand one another, I hope.

Luc. We do underſtand one another. You have already been kind enough to refuſe me. Nothing is wanting but a formal Rejection

jection under your Hand, and ſo concludes our Acquaintance.

Buck. Vous allez trop vite, you are too quick *ma chere*. If I recollect, the Conſequence of this Rejection is my paying you twenty thouſand Pounds.

Luc. True.

Buck. Now that have not I the leaſt Inclination to do.

Luc. No, Sir? Why you own that Marriage——

Buck. Is my averſion. I'll give you that under my Hand, if you pleaſe; but I have a prodigious Love for the *Louis*.

Luc. Oh, we'll ſoon ſettle that Diſpute; the Law——

Buck. But, hold, *ma Reine*. I don't find that my provident Father has preciſely determined the Time of this comfortable Conjunction. So, tho' I am condemned, the Day of Execution is not fixed.

Luc. Sir!

Buck. I ſay, my Soul, there goes no more to your dying a Maid, than my living a Batchelor.

Luc. O, Sir, I ſhall find a Remedy.

Buck. But now ſuppoſe, *ma Belle*, I have found one to your Hand?

Luc. As how? Name one.

Buck. I'll name two. And firſt, *mon Enfant*; tho' I have an irreſiſtable Antipathy to the conjugal Knot, yet I am by no means blind to your perſonal Charms; in the Poſſeſſion of which, if you pleaſe to place me, not

not only the aforeſaid twenty thouſand Pounds, but the whole *Terre* of your devoted ſhall fall at your——

Luc. Grant me Patience.

Buck. Indeed you want it, my Dear. But if you flounce, I fly.

Luc. Quick, Sir, your other. For this is—

Buck. I grant, not quite ſo faſhionable as my other. It is then, in a Word, that you would let this lubberly Lord make you a Lady, and appoint me his Aſſiſtant, his private Friend, his *Ciſſbei.* And as we are to be joint Partakers of your Perſon, let us be equal Sharers in your Fortune, *ma Belle.*

Luc. Thou mean, abject, mercenary Thing. Thy Miſtreſs! Gracious Heaven! Univerſal Empire ſhould not bribe me to be thy Bride. And what Apology, what Excuſe cou'd a Woman of the leaſt Senſe or Spirit make, for ſo unnatural a Connection!

Buck. Fort-bien!

Luc. Where are thy Attractions? Can'ſt thou be weak enough to ſuppoſe thy frippery Dreſs, thy Affectation, thy Grimace, cou'd influence beyond the Borders of a Brothel?

Buck. Trés bien!

Luc. And what are thy Improvements? Thy Air is a Copy from thy Barber: For thy Dreſs, thou art indebted to thy Taylor. Thou haſt loſt thy native Language, and brought home none in Exchange for it.

Buck. Extrêmement bien!

Luc

Luc. Had not thy Vanity ſo ſoon expoſed thy Villainy, I might, in reverence to that Name, to which thou art a Diſgrace, have taken a wretched Chance with thee for Life.

Buck. I am obliged to you for that. And a pretty pacific Partner I ſhou'd have had. Why, look'ee Child, you have been, to be ſure, very eloquent, and upon the whole, not unentertaining: Tho' by the bye, you have forgot, in your Catalogue, one of my foreign Acquiſitions; *c'eſt-à dire*, that I can, with a moſt intrepid *Sang froid*, without a ſingle Emotion, ſupport all this Storm of female Fury. But, *adieu, ma Belle.* And when a cool Hour of Reflection has made you ſenſible of the Propriety of my Propoſals, I ſhall expect the Honour of a Card.

Luc. Be gone for ever.

Buck. Pour jamais! Foregad, ſhe would make an admirable Actrice. If I once get her to *Paris*, ſhe ſhall play a Part in my Piece.

Exit.

Luc. I am aſham'd, this Thing has had the Power to move me thus. Who waits there? De e Mr. *Crab*——

Enter Lord John *and* Crab.

Ld. *J.* We have been unwillingly, Madam, ſilent Witneſſes to this ſhameful Scene. I bluſh that a Creature, who wears the outward Mark of Humanity, ſhou'd be in his Morals ſo much below——

Crab. Pr'thee why didſt thou not call thy Maids, and toſs the Booby in a Blanket?

Ld. *J.* If I might be permitted, Madam, to conclude what I intended ſaying, when interrupted by Mr. *Crab*——

Luc. My Lord, don't think me guilty of Affectation. I believe, I gueſs at your generous Deſign; but my Temper is really ſo ruffled, beſides I am meditating a Piece of female Revenge on this Coxcomb.

Ld. *J.* Dear Madam, can I aſſiſt?

Luc. Only by deſiring my Maid to bring hither the Tea.—My Lord, I am confounded at the Liberty, but——

Ld. *J.* No Apology. You honour me, Madam. *Exit.*

Crab. And pry'thee, Wench, what is thy Scheme?

Luc. Oh, a very harmleſs one, I promiſe you.

Crab. Zounds, I am ſorry for it. I long to ſee the Puppy ſeverely puniſh'd, methinks.

Luc. Sir *Charles*, I fancy, can't be yet got out of the houſe. Will you deſire him to ſtep hither?

Crab. I'll bring him.

Luc. No, I wiſh to have him alone.

Crab. Why then I'll ſend him. *Exit.*

Enter Lettice.

Luc. Place theſe Things on the Table, a Chair on each Side: Very well. Do you keep within Call. But hark, he is here. Leave me, *Lettice.*

Exit Lettice.

Enter

Enter Buck.

Buck. So, ſo, I thought ſhe wou'd come to; but, I confeſs, not altogether ſo ſoon. *Eh bien, ma Belle,* ſee me ready to receive your Commands.

Luc. Pray be ſeated, Sir *Charles.* I am afraid the natural Warmth of my Temper might have hurry'd me into ſome Expreſſions not altogether ſo ſuitable.

Buck. Ah *Bagatelle.* Name it not.

Luc. Voulez-vous du Thé, Monſieur?

Buck. Volontiers. This Tea is a pretty innocent Kind of *Beverage*; I wonder the *French* don't take it. I have ſome Thoughts of giving it a Faſhion next Winter.

Luc. That will be very obliging. It is of extreme Service to the Ladies this Side the Water, you know.

Buck. True, it promotes Parties, and infuſes a Kind of Spirit into Converſation, and that—

Luc. En voulez-vous encore?

Buck. Je vous rends mille Graces.—But what has occaſioned me, *ma Reine,* the Honour of your Meſſage by Mr. *Crab?*

Luc. The Favours I have received from your Family, Sir *Charles,* I thought, demanded from me, at my quitting your Houſe, a more decent, and ceremonious *Adieu,* than our laſt Interview wou'd admit of.

Buck. Is that all, *ma Chere?* I thought your flinty Heart had, at laſt, relented. Well, *ma Reine, Adieu.*

Luc. Can you then leave me?

Buck. The Fates will have it ſo. *Luc,*

Luc. Go then, perfidious Traitor, be gone; I have this Conſolation however, that if I cannot legally poſſeſs you, no other Woman ſhall.

Buck. Hey, how, what?

Luc. And tho' the Pleaſure of living with you is deny'd me, in our Deaths, at leaſt, we ſhall ſoon be united.

Buck. Soon be united in Death?. When, Child?

Luc. Within this Hour.

Buck. Which Way?

Luc. The fatal Draught's already at my Heart. I feel it here; it runs thro' every Pore, Pangs, Pangs, unutterable! The Tea we drank urg'd by Deſpair and Love—Oh!

Buck. Well!

Luc. I poiſon'd.

Buck. The Devil!

Luc. And as my generous Heart wou'd have ſhar'd all with you, I gave you half.

Buck. Oh, curſe your Generoſity!

Luc. Indulge me in the cold Comfort of a laſt Embrace.

Buck. Embrace! O confound you! But it may'nt be too late. *Macruthen, Jonquil,* Phyſicians, Apothecaries, Oil and Antidotes. Oh! *Je meurs, Je meurs.* Ah, la Diableſſe! *Exit.*

Enter Lord John *and* Crab.

Crab. A brave Wench. I cou'd kiſs thee for this Contrivance.

Ld. *J.* He really deſerves it all.

Crab. Deſerves it! Hang him. But the ſenſible Reſentment of this Girl has almoſt reconciled

reconciled me to the World again. But ſtay, let us ſee—Ca'nt we make a farther uſe of the Puppy's Puniſhment? I ſuppoſe, we may very ſafely depend on your Contempt of him?

Luc. Moſt ſecurely.

Crab. And this young Thing here, has been breathing Paſſions and Proteſtations. But I'll take care, my Girl ſha'nt go a Beggar to any Man's Bed. We muſt have this twenty thouſand Pound, *Lucy*.

Ld. *J.* I regard it not. Let me be happy, and let him be——

Crab. Pſha, don't ſcorch me with thy Flames. Reſerve your Raptures; or, if they muſt have Vent, retire into that Room, whilſt I go plague the Puppy.

Enter Buck, Macruthen, Jonquil, Bearnois, La Loire, Phyſician, Surgeon. Buck *in a Cap and Night Gown.*

Surg. This copious Phlebotomy will abate the Inflammation, and if the ſix Bliſters on your Head and Back riſe, why there may be Hopes.

Buck. Cold Comfort. I burn, I burn, I burn—Ah, there's a Shoot. And now, again, I freeze.

Mac. Aye, they are aw Symptoms of a ſtrong Poiſon.

Buck, Oh, I am on the Rack.

Mac. Oh, if it be got to the Vitals, a Fig for aw Antidotes.

Enter Crab.

Crab. Where is this miſerable Devil? What's he alive ſtill?

Mac. In gude Troth, and that's aw. *Buck.*

Buck. Oh!

Crab, So, you have made a pretty piece of Work on't, young Man!

Buck. O what cou'd provoke me to return from *Paris?*

Crab. Had you never been there, this cou'd not have happened.

Enter Racket *and* Tallyhoe.

Rack. Where is he?—He's a dead Man, his Eyes are fix'd already.

Buck. Oh!

Tally. Who poiſon'd him, *Racket?*

Rack. Gad I don't know. His *French* Cook, I reckon.

Crab. Were there a Poſſibility of thy Reformation, I have yet a Secret to reſtore thee.

Buck. Oh give it, give it.

Crab. Not ſo faſt. It muſt be on good Conditions.

Buck. Name 'em. Take my Eſtate, my—ſave but my Life, take all.

Crab. Firſt then renounce thy Right to that Lady, whoſe juſt Reſentment has drawn this Puniſhment upon thee; and, in which ſhe is an unhappy Partaker.

Buck. I renounce her from my Soul.

Crab. To this Declaration you are Witneſſes. Next, your tawdry Trappings, your foreign Foppery, your Waſhes, Paints, Pomades, muſt blaze before your Door.

Buck. What, all?

Crab. All; not a Rag ſhall be reſerv'd. The Execution of this Part of your Sentence ſhall be aſſign'd to your old Friends here. *Buck.*

Buck. Well, take 'em.

Tally. Huzza, come *Racket*, let's rummage.

Crab. And, laſtly, I'll have theſe exotic Attendants, theſe Inſtruments of your Luxury, theſe Pandars to your Pride, pack'd in the firſt Cart, and ſent poſt to the Place from whence they came.

Buck. Spare me but *La Jonquil.*

Crab. Not an Inſtant. The Importation of theſe Puppies makes a Part of the Politics of your old Friends, the *French*; unable to reſiſt you, whilſt you retain your ancient Roughneſs, they have Recourſe to theſe Minions, who would firſt, by unmanly Means, ſap and ſoften all your native Spirit, and then deliver you an eaſy Prey to their Employers.

Buck. Since then it muſt be ſo, *adieu La Jonquil.* *Exeunt.*

Crab. And now to the Remedy. Come forth, *Lucinda.*

Enter Lucinda *and* Lord John.

Buck. Hey, why did not ſhe ſwallow the Poiſon?

Crab. No; nor you neither, you Block-head.

Buck. Why, did not I leave you in Pangs?

Luc. Aye, put on. The Tea was innocent, upon my Honour, Sir *Charles.* But you allow me to be an excellent Actreſs.

Enter Racket *and* Tallyhoe.

Buck. Oh, curſe your Talents!

Crab. This Fellow's public Renunciation, has put your Perſon and Fortune in your own Power

Power: And if you were ſincere in your Declaration of being directed by me, beſtow it there.

Luc. As a Proof of my Sincerity, my Lord, receive it.

Ld. *J.* With more Tranſport, than Sir *Charles* the News of his Safety.

Luc. to Buck. You are not, at preſent, in a Condition to take poſſeſſion of your Poſt.

Buck. What?

Luc. Oh, you recollect; my Lord's private Friend; his Aſſiſtant you know.

Buck. Oh, ho!

Mac. But, Sir *Charles*, as I find the Affair of the Poiſon was but a Joke, had na'ye better withdraw, and tack off your Bliſters?

Crab. No, let 'em ſtick. He wants 'em. And now concludes my Care. But before we cloſe the Scene, receive, young Man, this laſt Advice from the old Friend of your Father: As it is your Happineſs to be born a *Briton*, let it be your Boaſt; know that the Bleſſings of Liberty are your Birth-right, which while you preſerve, other Nations may envy or fear, but can never conquer or contemn you. Believe, that *French* Faſhions are as ill ſuited to the Genius, as their Politics are pernicious to the Peace of your native Land.

A Convert to theſe ſacred Truths, you'll find,
That Poiſon for your Puniſhment Deſign'd
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